★Jan. 18, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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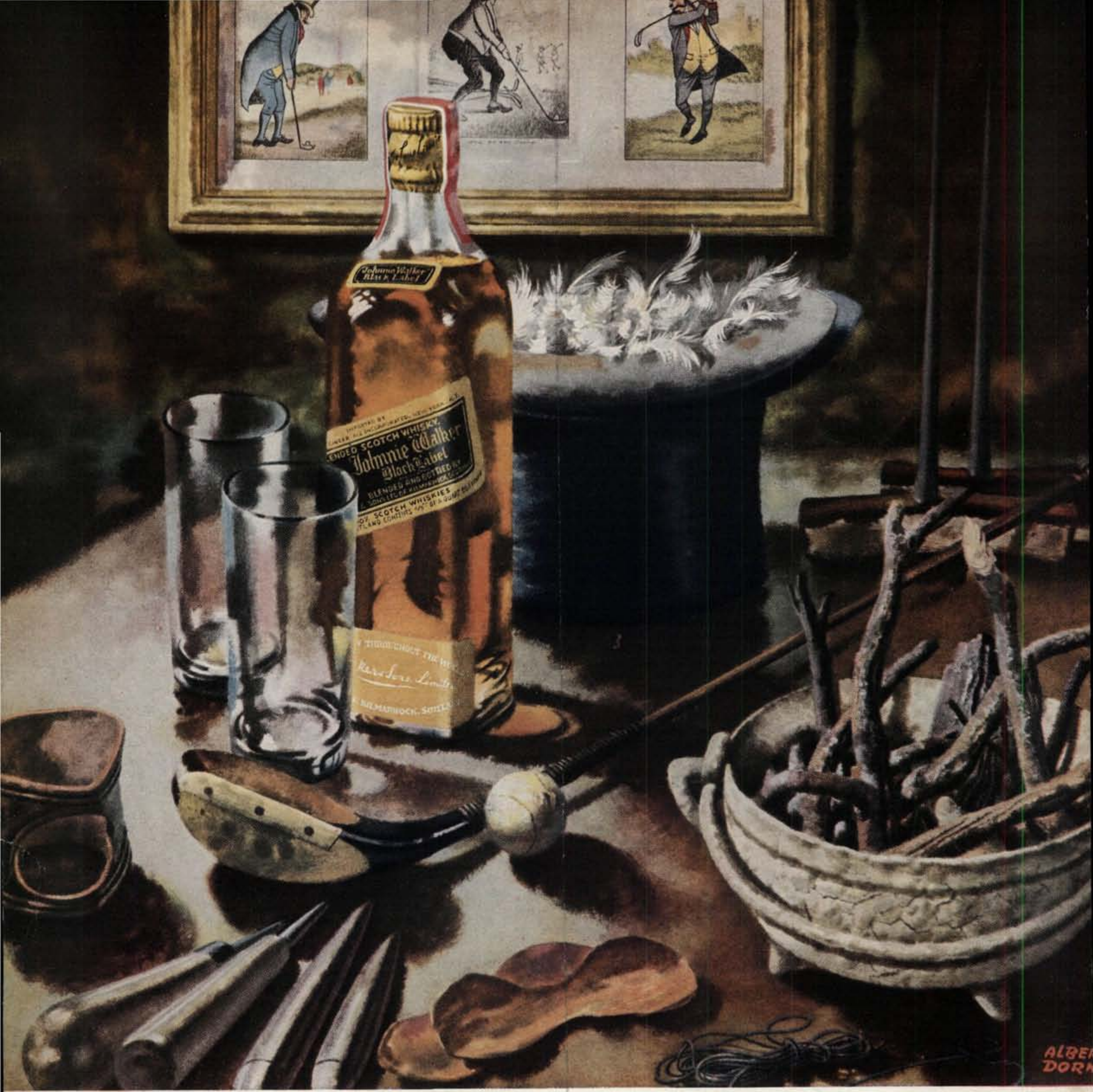

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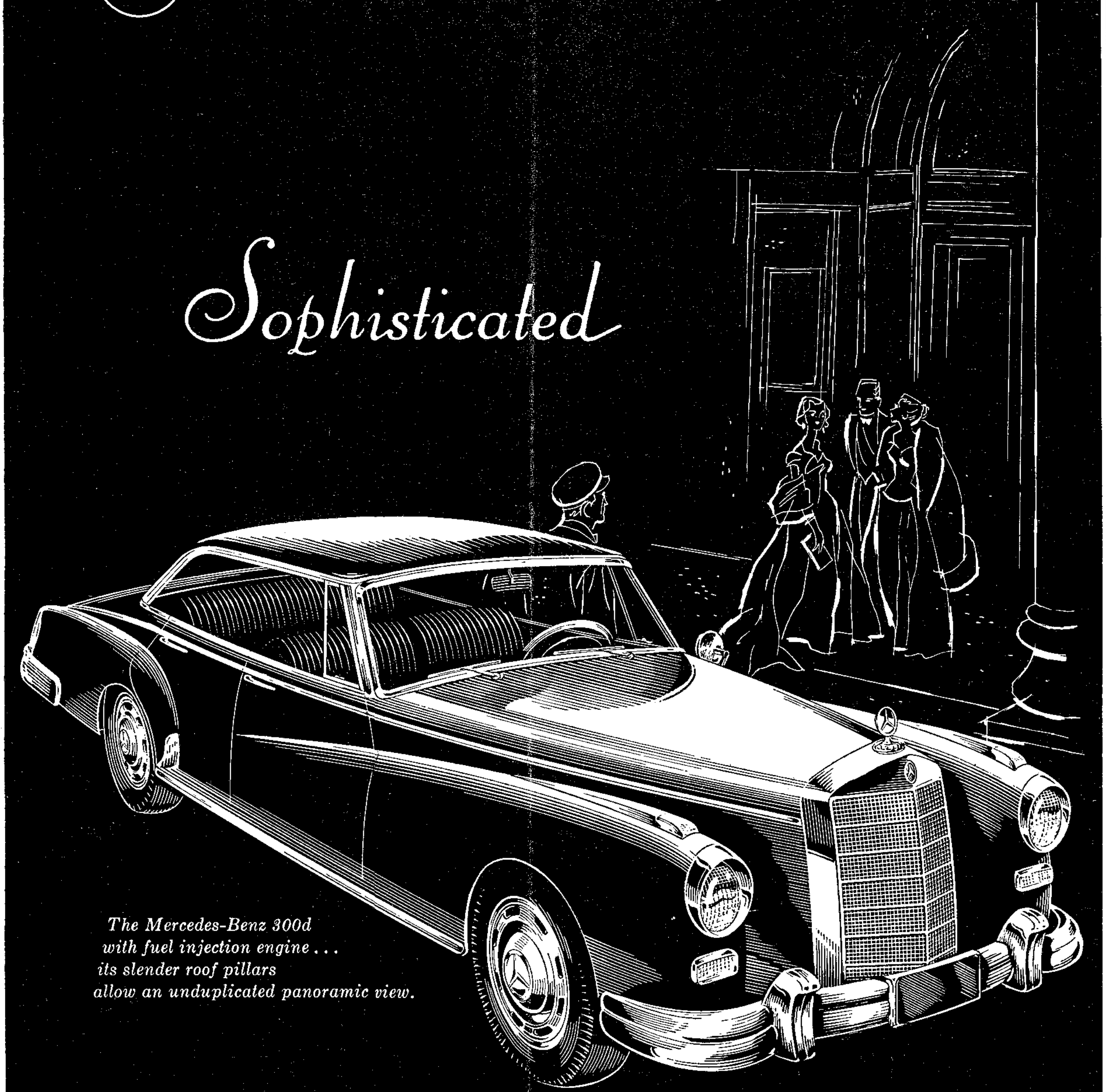

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Compulsion—A very long and very shallow melodrama derived from Meyer Levin's novel about the Leopold-Loeb case. Some four dozen actors figure in the affair, among them Frank Conroy, Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, and Howard Da Silva. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—Maybe William Inge has tried to crowd a little too much into this play about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago, but the drama is, for the most part, quite compelling just the same. Under Elia Kazan's direction, the cast, led by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, performs with notable skill against an effective set created by Ben Edwards. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fair Game—Sam Locke's farce about a virtuous divorcée and all the men who pursue her is cheerful, though familiar, and Sam Levene is wonderfully funny as a middle-aged rake. With Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

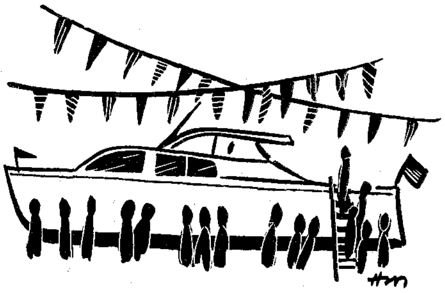
Look Back in Anger—The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody, but he is an entertaining character despite his misanthropy. In the cast are Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. They are all splendid. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 19.)

Look Homeward, Angel—While Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel has some of the faults inevitable in such a major condensation, it is still a work of unusual power and stature. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are superb as young Eugene Gant and his parents, and there are laudable supporting performances by Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, Victor Kilian, Florence Sundstrom, Bibi Osterwald, and Arthur Storch. George Roy Hill directed, and Jo Mielziner designed the chilling Southern sets. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Miss Isobel—Even though Shirley Booth brings all her tremendous charm to this play about a seventy-year-old woman whose mind reverts to childhood, it is still a rather trying enterprise. With Nancy Marchand, Robert Duke, and Edith King. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Nude with Violin—Noël Coward gives an excellent performance in this play of his about hanky-panky in the world of art, but there's more style than substance to the work. Directed by Mr. Coward, the comedy includes Morris Carnovsky, Joyce Carey, and Luba Malina in its cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 8.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov wrote this fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms, and his presence as its star is enough to get it over most of the dull spots. The cast includes Henry Lascoe, Natalie Schafer, and Fred Clark. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna is very impressive in Morton Wishengrad's sombre and not always quite coherent play about a haunted woman, her wastrel husband, and their crippled child. Art Carney, Joan Blondell, and Theodore Bikel do well with other leading roles, and Boris Aronson's tenement set is grimly effective. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes at her miraculous best in an Anouilh comedy crowded with beguiling characters, most of them mad. The play has sets by Oliver Smith, costumes by Miles White, and some pleasing airs by Vernon Duke. Miss Hayes gets fine support from Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**auntie mame:** Rosalind Russell will play the eccentric relative until Monday, Jan. 20, when Greer Garson will take over. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **long day's journey into night:** Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., in Eugene O'Neill's posthumous work exploring the tragedies of his youth. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)... **the tunnel of love:** A bunch of Westport cutups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries. Johnny Carson now has the Tom Ewell role. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne sings superbly (and acts with regal indifference) in this uneven musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the generally distinguished music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. There's nothing to be said for the tedious book. The cast, directed by Robert Lewis, includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's pleasant excursion into the rural area of Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. Simple, amiable, and noisy, the musical stars Robert Preston as a fast operator who is redeemed by contact with prairie honesty. Howard Bay and Raoul Pène duBois designed the sets and costumes, respectively, Onna White staged the dances, and Morton Da Costa handled the direction. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are expert in their support of Mr. Preston. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—The story of Romeo and Juliet has been restated in terms of a teen-age gang war in this generally impressive, if not completely moving, offering, for which Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the particularly fine dances. The cast, directed by Mr. Robbins, includes Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, Carol Lawrence, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. One of the phones she answers is that of Sydney Chaplin, cast as a convivial playwright. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **li'l abner:** A depiction of the dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. Peter Palmer and Joyce Gladmond portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Julie Andrews plays Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Ronald Radd, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Two for the Seesaw—A play by William Gibson, with Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft as the entire cast. Directed by Arthur Penn and presented by Fred Coe. Opens Thursday, Jan. 16. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Marcel Marceau—The classic French pantomimist, assisted by Gilles Segal and Pierre Verry, in a program of mostly new sketches. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 21, and will run through

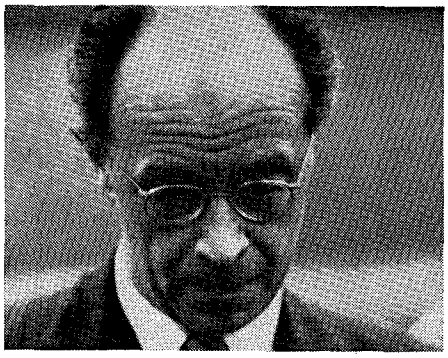
The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 48, January 18, 1958. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

1948 Lp ...THE FIRST Lp RECORD

1949 33⅓ becomes *the* speed, as all the other record companies follow Columbia's lead. Early successes are Edward R. Murrow's *I Can Hear It Now* (1933-45) (ML 4095) and the fabulous *South Pacific* (OL 4180).

1950 The first Casals festival is recorded on location and issued as an elaborate $75 package. Goodman fans cheer as Benny's 1938 Carnegie Hall concert reappears on Lp records (OSL 160).

1951 Everybody loves Rosemary Clooney for singing "Come On-a My House." Louis Armstrong tells his life story on four records (CL 851-4). Critics flip over *Porgy and Bess* (OSL 162).



1952 Rudolf Serkin plays the "Moonlight" Sonata (ML 4432). The Philadelphia records a superb *Symphonie Fantastique* (ML 4467). Columbia switches on the revolutionary 360 phonograph: the whole world plays.

1953 Andre Kostelanetz serves up the first of his best-selling operas-for-orchestra, *La Boheme* (CL 797). $100 buys the impressive "Literary Series" (DSL 190)—readings by Maugham, Huxley, Steinbeck and others.

1954 The year of *Dave Brubeck at Storyville* (CL 590), *The Confederacy* (DL 220), Michel Legrand's *I Love Paris* (CL 555), Bruno Walter's Brahms package (DSL 200) and the Shostakovitch 10th by Mitropoulos (ML 4959).

1955 A rehearsal on records of Mozart's "Linz" Symphony (DSL 224) intrigues Bruno Walter fans. Columbia mikes are present as Noel Coward debuts at Las Vegas (ML 5063). The fabulous *I Like Jazz* sells for 98c.

1956 *My Fair Lady* (OL 5090) sells almost a million albums its first year. Glenn Gould does the impossible and makes Bach a best seller with his lively performance of the "Goldberg" Variations (ML 5060).

1957 Leonard Bernstein records a unique *Messiah* with the New York Philharmonic. Among the year's best: Joseph Szigeti's program of modern sonatas (ML 5178) and Erroll Garner's *The Most Happy Piano* (CL 939).

1958 Lp 10TH YEAR ...LISTEN FOR ALL THE WONDERFUL THINGS TO COME

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

Sunday, Feb. 16. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Summer of the 17th Doll—A comedy, by Ray Lawler, which originated in Australia and has just completed a London run. The all-Australian cast, directed by John Sumner, is headed by the author. Presented by the Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 22. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Body Beautiful—Mindy Carson, Jack Warden, and Steve Forrest in a musical with a book by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, music by Jerry Bock, and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Directed by George Schaefer and produced by Richard Kollmar and Albert Selden. Opens Thursday, Jan. 23. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—A Paris import, Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Alvin Epstein. Alan Schneider is the director. Previews Thursday through Tuesday, Jan. 23-28, at 8:40. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 29. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468.)

Circle in the Square—Henderson Forsythe and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Gate Theatre—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a new dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Heckscher Theatre—The New York Shakespeare Festival production of "As You Like It," with George C. Scott and Nancy Wickwire in a cast under the direction of Stuart Vaughan. The first performance, on Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30, will be a benefit for the New York Shakespeare Festival, sponsored by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA; for tickets, call PL 7-4563. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 20 and will run through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Heckscher Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Free tickets, except for the benefit, can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Phoenix Theatre—A double bill, "The Lesson" and "The Chairs," by Eugene Ionesco, with Eli Wallach, Joan Plowright, and Max Adrian. Staged by Tony Richardson. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Renata Theatre—Ben Hecht's new play "Winkelberg," based on the life of the late poet Maxwell Bodenheim, with Mike Kellin in the title role. Lee Falk is producer-director. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Rooftop Theatre—Claude Dauphin, Tammy Grimes, and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Shakespearewrights—"Julius Caesar," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 2.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—"Tobias and the Angel," a play by James Bridie, directed by Bill Penn. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

York Playhouse—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast, directed by Herbert Machiz, includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Jan. 16: "Serenade," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Gounod Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 17: "Souvenirs," "Still Point," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes" (première).... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 18: "Square Dance," "Agon," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Gounod Symphony."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 18: "Divertimento No. 15," "Pas de Dix," "Agon," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 19: "Fanfare," "Square Dance," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 19: "Symphony in C," "Pas de Dix," "Square Dance," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

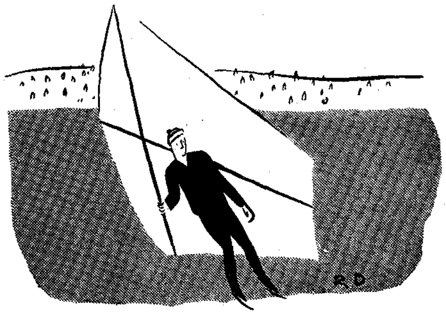
Inbal—The first appearance here of the Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of twenty-eight dancers, singers, and musicians. Presented by S. Hurok, under the auspices of the America-Israel Cultural Foundation. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Dance Drama Company—Emily Frankel, Mark Ryder, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1958," with Frances Dorsey, Andra McLaughlin, and others. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6. Through Sunday, Jan. 26.)

Religious Drama Series—Earle Hyman in "Everyman Today," an adaptation of the medieval morality play, put on by an acting group from Union Theological Seminary. The third in a series of five religious plays, each being presented for a single performance. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 2:45.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a probationary member of the Junior and Ivy Leagues, has dinner music until ten, and dancing after that to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Demonstrations of the care and feeding of peacocks and peahens, the most perishable of all our feathered friends. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—It's so peaceful in the country called the Cotillion Room, where even the gay little trumpet of Joseph Ricardel's dance band wears a mute. There's also a mobile posse of Viennese violins, and twice a night a few songs, sung straight from the shoulder by a concert-stage sort of young lady named Liz Doubleday. Miss D., by the way, bows out on Sunday, Jan. 19. Closed Mondays.... ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dinner and supper amusement in the Persian Room centers on Carol Channing, who is *comme ci comme ça* when she is impersonating her theatrical equals and inferiors but miraculous when she is impersonating that big, cheerful blonde named Carol Channing. The dance tunes are in the hands of Ted Straeter, fashion plate, tenor, pianist, and leader of men—all of them tenors and dance instrumentalists, too—and Mark Monte's smaller group. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays tea-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and filet-mignon music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, as it does winter after winter, offers the Guy Lombardo dance band, gently falling asleep in the deep. Closed Sundays.

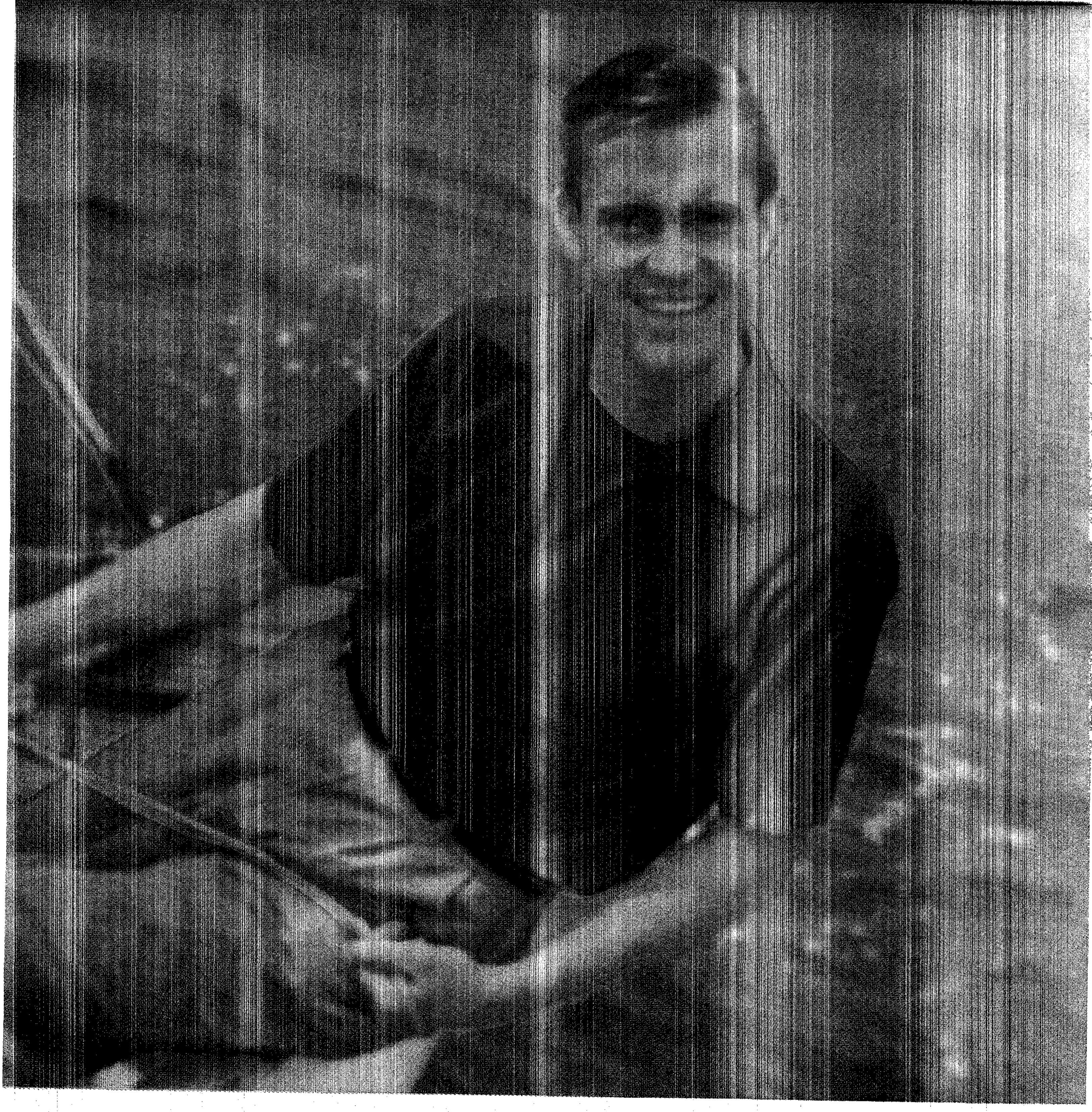
St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a *cordon-bleu* pleasure dome, is occupied during dinner and supper by Doretta Morrow, a girl smart enough to be (in rapid succession) operetta soubrette, heavy, character actress, heroine, and comic. Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small ensembles play, play, play for dancing with inexhaustible glee. All quiet Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, Les and Larry Elgart's orchestra, a big but never run-of-the-mine dance band, breaks loose every now and then. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Three weeks after Christmas, Pearl Bailey is still making out lists of what she wants to find in her stocking and her safe-deposit vault. The lists are rhymed, and sung with all the lady's earthy charm. She shows up at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. Emil Coleman's and Béla Babai's bands, the other tenants, knock out decisive dance music. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Weekdays, between eight and one, a trio belonging to the celebrated Cy Walter and a group run by Jozsi Ribari politely request the next dance in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Sundays, the Babai band takes care of the situation.

Note—At the top of a tall funicular railway is the ski chalet known as the Rainbow Room,



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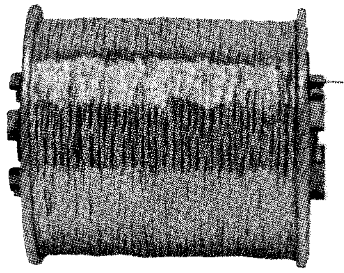
The thread of the story is LUREX



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) where cocktails and swatches of non-dance music are provided. From any window-side table, you can see the city's new landmarks sprouting where the old ones were yesterday. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A parade ground kept in the very best of condition. On a small rise to one side sits the piano of Addison Bailey, who has been the cocktail, dinner, and supper music master for many years. Paul Morse is the Sunday handyman. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Designed and operated for those who are up at the crack of the sunset gun. After ten-thirty, Jack Banan and Irv Manning, two boys who remember when, show what piano and bass can do for good old stuff like "Lazy River" and "Sweet Sue." Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins has just returned to his junior college, where he is sitting in at one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from six until curfew. Late at night, there are occasional non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Mondays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong equerry, is her pianist. In fact, there's piano from the cocktail hour on, by Mr. Hamilton and Don Evans, who converts what he likes best in the several schools of music into his special idiom. Miss Mercer starts around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar is a mass of mixed emotions (passion and nostalgia are prominent), patrols this hall of mirrors. His Latin fandangos run from nine to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The noblest Romans of them all are concerned with the well-being of the guests' taste buds, and Teo Fanidi's mobile unit of string musicians is concerned with the well-being of the guests' ears. After the theatre, one or two people break into song. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the ageless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household full of reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Hugh Shannon, the dusk-to-dawn pianist and tenor from Capri, Acapulco, and St. Thomas (among other mythical isles), will be taking his leave on Sunday, Jan. 19. A trio in which Cecil Young and Denzil Best are involved is staying on. They all lay off Mondays, when a threesome run by Dick Farney performs. The setting is theatrical greenroom. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Night-time Spain as world travellers probably wish it really was. Regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the peripatetic music and the songs, is French. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Just the place to go on a Spanish diet, whether it's native dishes or native music, both of which are served from seven-thirty until very late indeed. The scenery is excellent, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Little old Ruritania, full of happy villagers, all busy cooking with gas, playing piano, violin, and zimbalon, or singing in French, English, Hungarian, and Ruritanian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Wintertime, as well as summertime, the living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urbane eye could wish. The major punctuation is desultory piano by George Feyer from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . **NINO'S,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, a handsome nook, there's moonlight-and-roses piano by Jules Kuti from five to ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, the sort of place where you'd expect millionaire clubmen to pop up (or whatever they do), has Peter Walters rattling away at the piano, from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Nat King Cole, whose voice is as the pipes of Pan, cooks up a fine mess of daydreaming, nostalgia, and romance in a setting in which the feeling is pari-mutuel. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): At the moment, this is quite a novelty counter; to wit—Carolina and Belin, a La Scala alumna and her guitarist daughter, being multilingual as hell; Bobby Short, the West Coast's foremost open-all-night song-and-piano man; Jorie Remus, a *diseuse* simultaneously taking leave of mankind and her senses; and Bobby Lewis, deeply engrossed in old parlor black magic and old parlor jokes. The agile outfielders are the Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays, there's a rantipole session by Mr. Short and the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The town's most prepossessing assortment of *enfants terribles*—Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law—gallivant through the third of Julius Monk's annual series of masques, a pint-sized Pandora's box of glee. The words and music are the darkling brain children of Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding. The pit band is the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell, and tee-off times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Mr. Monk's second habitat, and more salon than anything else—Hubbell Pierce, of the Rome-London-Paris carrousel, singing and playing worldly but mannerly ditties; Jean Arnold, a seraph from "Threepenny Opera," being carefree and gay; and Warren Vaughn, chanting buoyantly to his own piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, the great mouthpiece, is still talking about whatever it is he is talking about, and looking just as bewildered as you are by what he is saying. Appropriately, there's a jazz background—Jimmy Giuffre's trio, in which Bob Brookmeyer is now assisting. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard, who learned everything she knows about acting at an exclusive girls' school of the trauma, is the most cheerful idiot on hand; Tony and Eddie, parodists with a fearsome gleam in their eyes, are the noisiest ones. The music is Jimmie Daniels' airy lyrics, the jovial cacophonies of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, and the new-deal jazz songs of Morgana King. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Igor & H., a young but puissant brain trust, utter their last words of wisdom on Saturday, Jan. 18. Other amusers should be arriving shortly thereafter; those familiar faces, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who never stray far from their twin pianos, will be standing (or sitting) pat. Sundays, there are silent movies; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,**

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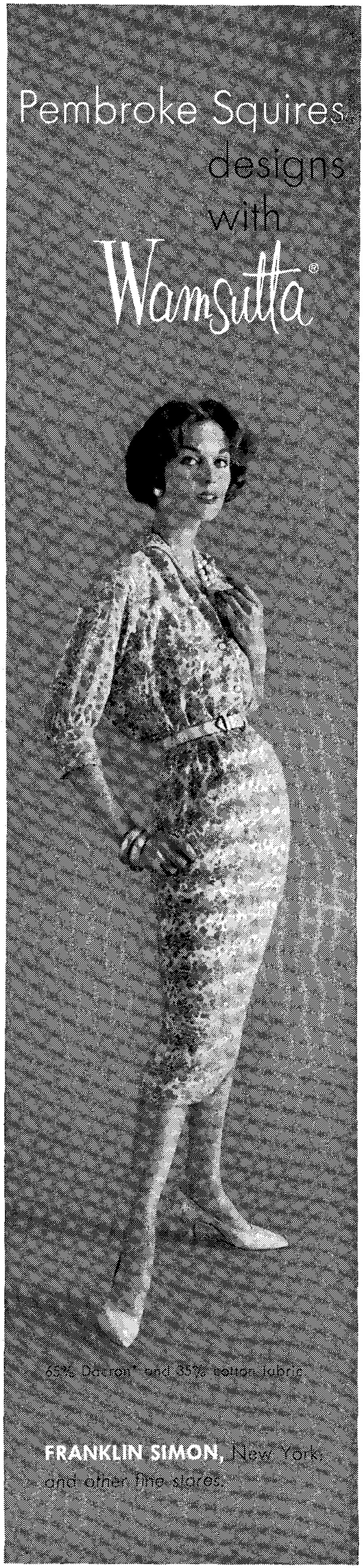

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): The depths in question are under the Hotel Duane, and they are made cozy and livable by the conversation of Milt Kamen, a man who has everything happen to him; the ballads of Isobel Robins, a well-behaved little blond menace; and the midget plays performed by Mike Nichols and Elaine May, to *whom life is real, life is earnest, life is immensely funny*. A pungent instrumental trio broods in one corner. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Sturdy old troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, who believe that the jazz that Grandpa used to make was the best in the land. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): At the back end of this little Steinway Hall, the trios of Mary Lou Williams, one of the first citizens of abstract piano, and Billy Taylor, a later but nevertheless expert practitioner of the cult, leave just about nothing to be desired. The Williamses are on leave Sundays, the Taylors Mondays. Their night starts at nine. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Billy Maxted band is at home on this range, which has a distinctly Southern exposure. *Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons.* Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The gathering of the clan for which music is the end-all, be-all, and be-bop. Kai Winding's septet and Machito's Cuban hurricane have the floor. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar, Marian McPartland exhibits a nice change of pace and great enthusiasm for the new music. Her piano and trio set to at nine-thirty. The soloist is Dick Katz, a pianist in the same state of mind. No action Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): A neat little conservatory of good music, now home base for the trio of Buddy Greco, pianist and tenor. Oscar Nord, the intermission keyboard man, is calm but definitely new-school. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Shooting gallery from the word *go, go, go*. Mid shot and shell are visible Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Vic Dickenson. The cannonade is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Napoleon, and Eldridge hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Youth will be served, principally with foaming flagons of ale and foaming Dixieland. The establishment, a weekend operation, will present on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, such wise old owls as Charlie Shavers, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Johnny Windhurst, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Up on the second floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel, there's solid-silver service by Bobby Hackett's *magic horn*, flanked by the output of such virtuosos as Buzzy Drootin, Bob Wilber, Dick Cary, and John Dengler. The sound effects are New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, and little old New York. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): More an open forum than a listening post nowadays. The professional portion of the noise is produced by the Jonah Jones quartet, which practically lives here, and the threesome of Eugene Smith, from parts unknown. Other hands take over on Sundays. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Easy come, easy go is the rule of thumb here. The current timetable, which may or may not be worth the paper it's printed on, calls for the quartet of Nat Adderley, young man with an eloquent horn, and a quintet headed by Lou Donaldson and Donald Byrd. There are sessions every Sunday from 5 P.M. until midnight. The music is all younger-generation, some of it still damp behind the ears. Closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Peter Blanc—A set of fantasies, playful in mood, all based on the theme of medieval combat; through Feb. 1. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Robert Bliss—Portraits and figure paintings; through Jan. 27. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Non-objective oils; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

José Juan Capuletti—Paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Sylvia Carewe—Paintings, including city scenes and portraits; through Feb. 1. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Emil Carlsen—A memorial exhibition of paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

William Chaiken—Casein paintings; through Jan. 31. (Contemporary Arts, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

Chi Pai-shih—A memorial exhibition of works by one of the leaders of contemporary Chinese painting, who died last year; through Feb. 1. (Mi Chou, 36 W. 56th St. Weekdays, 1 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Thomas Eakins—A loan exhibition of some fifty-six paintings and four sculptures by the nineteenth-century artist and teacher; starting Friday, Jan. 17. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Gustavo Foppiani—Oils; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Large, airy abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Adolph Gottlieb—New abstract oils, mainly based on landscape themes; through Jan. 31. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

Hans Hofmann—Brilliantly colorful new Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

John Hultberg—Recent semiabstract oils; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Leonid—New paintings, almost all the product of a trip to the Orient; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Macri—Bronze and wood sculptures by a contemporary Italian; through Jan. 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Boris Margo—Abstract paintings, generally sombre in tonality; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jan Müller—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Fred Nagler—Paintings on religious subjects; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—The moon is the theme of her latest abstract constructions in wood; through Thursday, Jan. 23. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Emil Nolde—Water colors by the early German Expressionist; through Jan. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Cyril Osborne—Abstract paintings by an English artist fairly new to this country; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Kurt Roesch—A minor retrospective of his abstractions, 1954-57, in his first showing in

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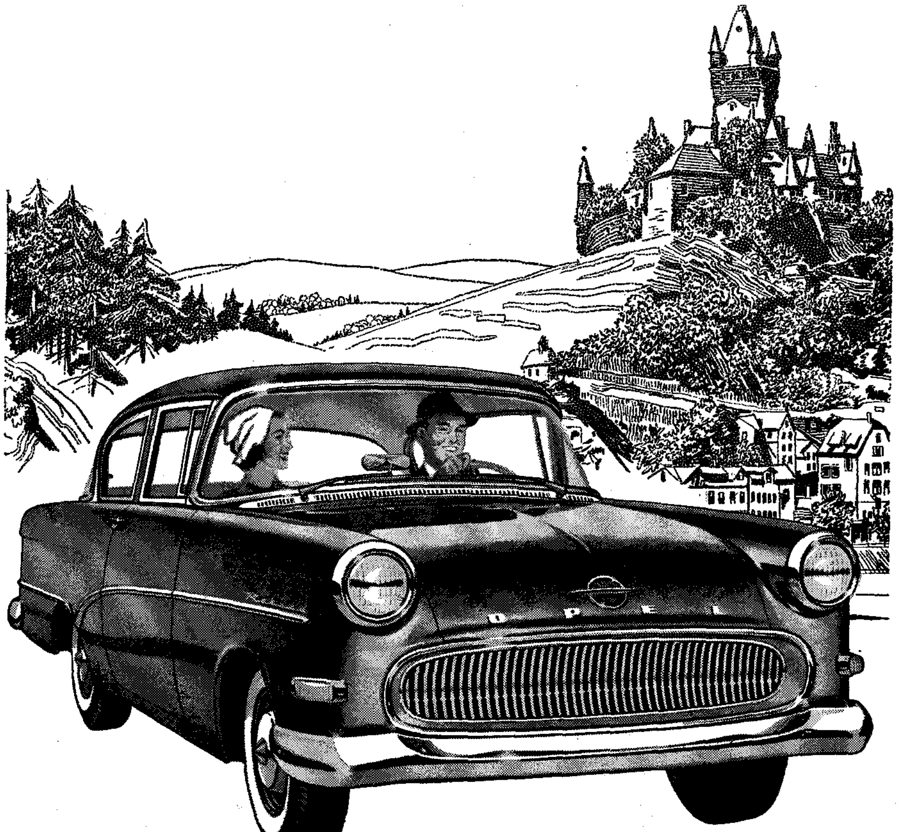

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

four years; through Feb. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Bernard Rosenthal—Metal sculptures; through Feb. 1. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Charles Salerno—Recent sculptures, principally in stone; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Tadashi Sato—Abstractions, delicately symbolic in manner, by a Hawaiian-born artist now living in New York. First one-man show here; through Feb. 1. (Willard, 26 W. 56th St.)

ART : USA : 58—An exhibition, intended as a cross-section of art in this country today, consisting of thirteen hundred and fifty paintings and two hundred and fifty sculptures turned out during the past year; starting Friday, Jan. 17. (Madison Square Garden. Daily, 11 to 11.)

Audubon Artists—Their sixteenth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and non-members; through Feb. 2. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

Paintings from the Atelier Abstração of São Paulo—Abstract paintings by seven artists, including Sanson Flexor and Leopoldo Raimo; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 12:30 and 2 to 6:30.)

Sculptures—At the **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Pieces by Picasso, Jacques Lipchitz, David Smith, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 18. . . . **sculpture center**, 167 E. 69th St.: Barbara Lekberg, William Muir, Milton Hebald, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: An invitation show of paintings and sculptures by living artists (Esteban Vicente, Richard Lippold, and Robert Goodnough, to name a few), selected by private collectors; through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: The thirty-second annual exhibition, comprising paintings by six regular gallery artists, including Stuart Davis and Georgia O'Keeffe, plus a single sculpture by William Zorach; through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Recent paintings by Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, and others; through Feb. 8. . . . **new york city center gallery**, 131 W. 55th St.: The fifth annual exhibition of water colors, chosen this time by Adja Yunkers, Milton Avery, and Mario Cooper; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **jacques seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with items by, for instance, Roger Anliker, Cleve Gray, and Rico Lebrun; through Feb. 1.

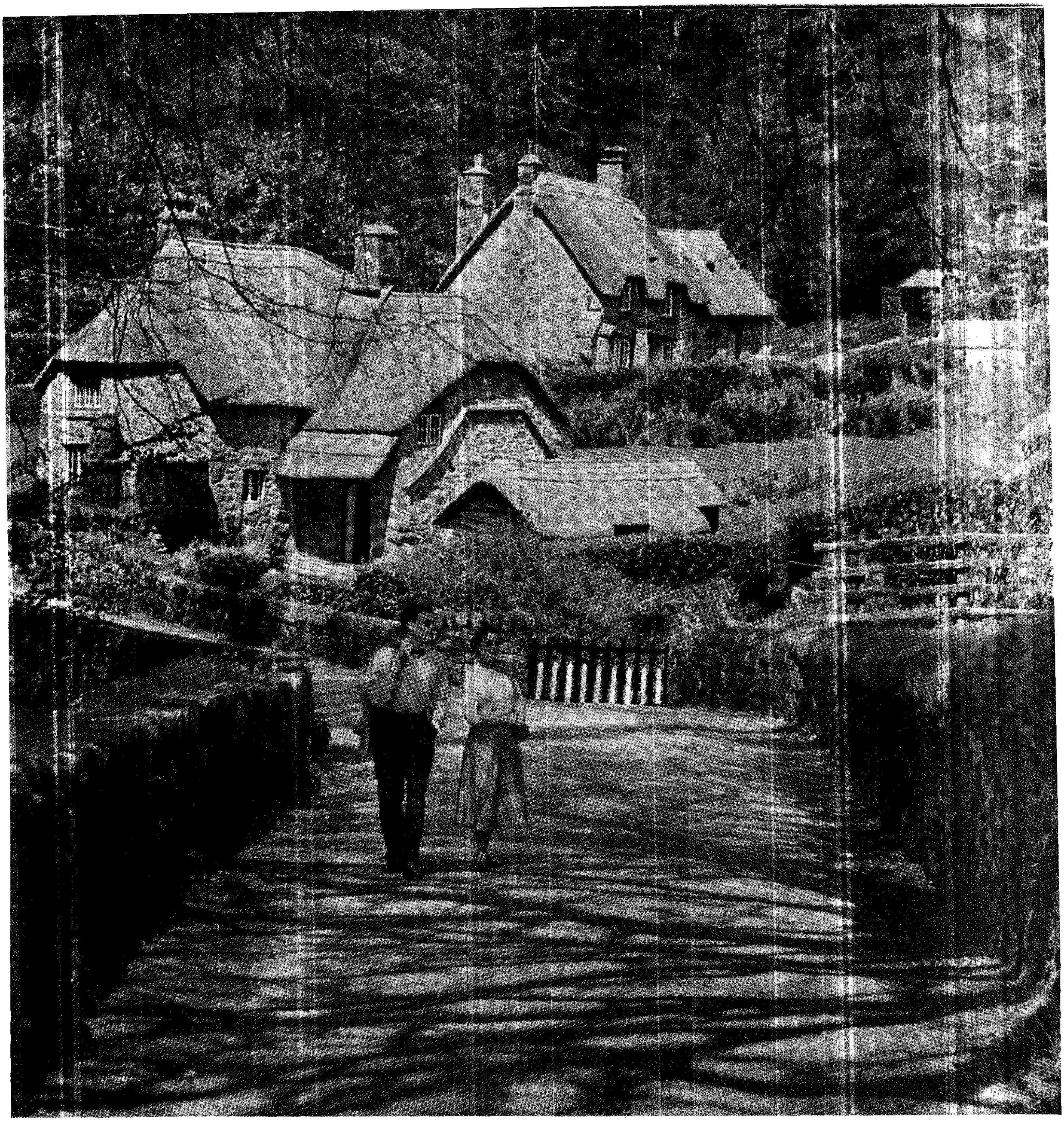
Europeans; Group Shows—At the **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Balla, Giacometti, Ernst, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 25. . . . **saidenberg**, 10 E. 77th St.: A painting apiece by fifteen twentieth-century artists, among them Léger, Gleizes, and Severini; through March 1. . . . **world house**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works by Campigli, Gauguin, Rodin, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Jan. 25.

French; Group Shows—At the **niveau**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Chagall, Utrillo, Pascin, and others; through Jan. 31. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by, among others, Bombois, Braque, and Vlaminck; through Feb. 8. . . . **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters, including Degas, Monet, Renoir, and others; through Feb. 1.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **burr**, 108 W. 56th St.: Gretchen Seltzer; starting Monday, Jan. 20. (Weekdays, noon to 6, and Monday, Jan. 20, until 8.) . . . **castelli**, 4 E. 77th St.: Jasper Johns; starting Monday, Jan. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ Group shows at the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.; starting Monday, Jan. 20. **brata**, 89 E. 10th St.; starting Friday, Jan. 24. (Weekdays, noon to 6.) **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, Jan. 21. For the benefit of the building fund of the Wadsworth Atheneum, in Hartford.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and sculptures, some of them recent acquisitions. Among the artists represented are Homer, Marin, Pollock, and



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DREAM YOURSELF to Devon. You drove down from London this morning, arriving at Buckland-in-the-Moor just in time for tea. Devonshire cream, strawberry jam and scones. What is your pleasure this lovely Spring evening?

In country less compact—you might have turned to your car again. Not so in Devon. You poke your nose down a snug little lane and the miracle happens. You find yourself *walking*.

Not the grim business of knapsacks, blisters and dispiriting distances. But coat-over-shoulder, spring-in-your-feet—gently led on by surprises. You don't know it yet, but there's a 16th Century inn just around the corner, where the cider's as cool as apples and the welcome's as warm as toast.

Would you really like this dream to come true? It can you know—quite easily. Just see your travel agent and plan to see all of Britain this Spring. Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland have lovely lanes too. You can get there *and back* for under $400 (from New York).

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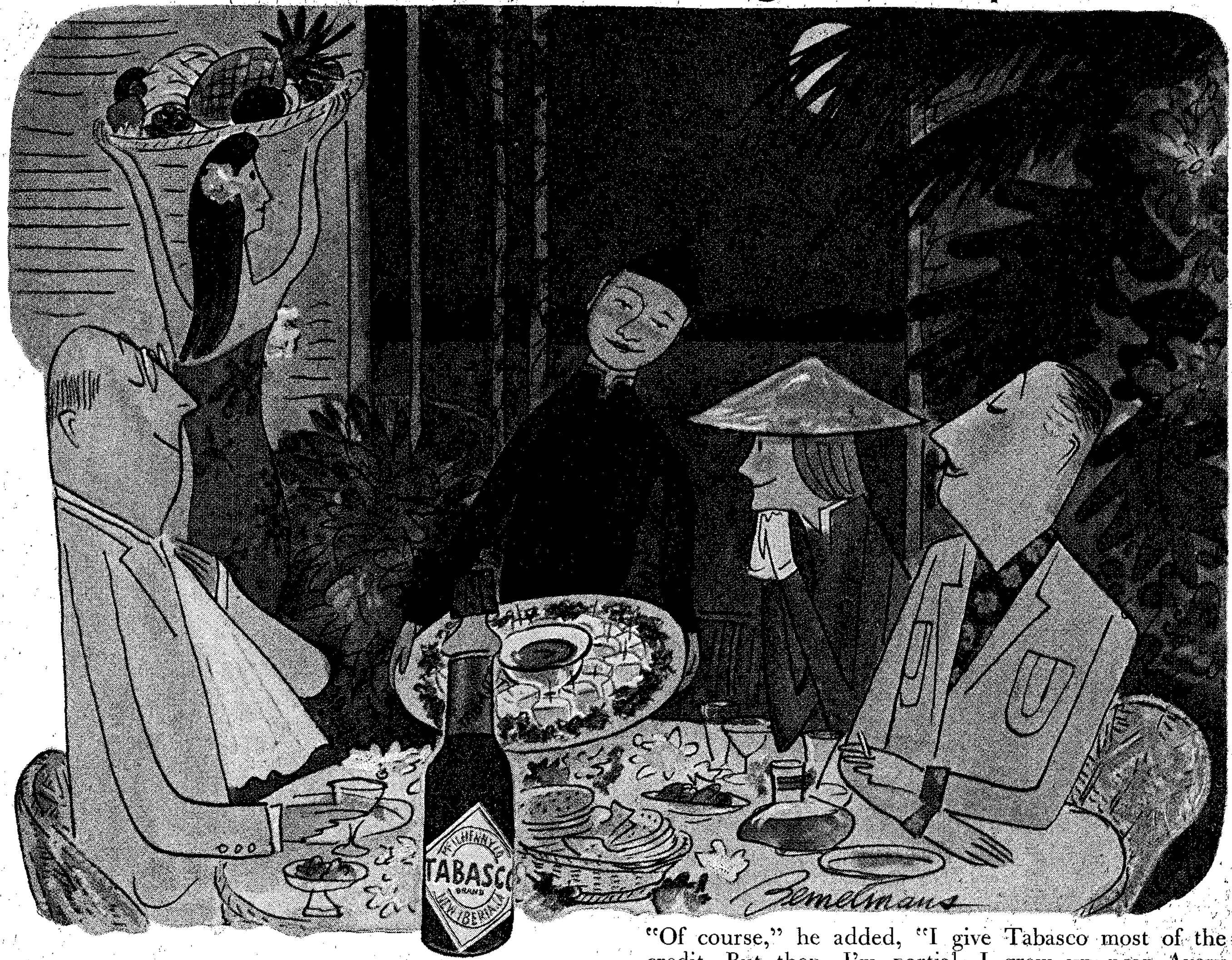


REUNION IN Tahiti

While sailing on a friend's yacht, we were invited to visit an American author who was vacationing in Papeete.

To celebrate our arrival, he gave a dinner of Polynesian dishes. One of these, a fish hors d'oeuvre known as *"I'a Ota"*, was so good that it caused much comment.

"Two things make it distinctive," our host explained. "The fish is 'cooked' at cool temperature for an hour and a half in lime juice, rather than heat. And the exotic tasting sauce is seasoned with Tabasco*."

"Of course," he added, "I give Tabasco most of the credit. But then, I'm partial. I grew up near Avery Island, Louisiana, where Tabasco is made. And I know how those brilliant red peppers are aged like fine wine —till they have an aroma and mellowness that make the *best* food taste even *better.*"

"There *is* a magic to Tabasco," I agreed. "I've found it adds character to the best foods from Tahiti to Tangiers."

I'A OTA— Cut large fish into bite-size pieces; cover with lime or lemon juice. Marinate fish in your refrigerator for 1½ hours in juice. This "cooks" the fish. Drain. Serve with coconut cream sauce, made of grated coconut in coconut milk flavored with grated onion, salt and Tabasco.

**Registered trademark for McIlhenny Co. pepper sauce.*

South Seas Chicken Salad — To your favorite chicken salad recipe for six, add ½ cup pineapple bits drained, and ¼ cup slivered, toasted almonds. For a perfect marriage of flavors, season the mayonnaise with ½ teasp. Tabasco. Chill before serving for better blending.

Shrimp Papeete—Brown shrimp in salad oil; remove. Add to pan 1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes, 1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce, 1 cup each chopped onion and green pepper, celery, 1 teasp. salt, ½ teasp. Tabasco. Add shrimp; simmer 40 min. Stir in dash Tabasco. Serve on rice.

Polynesian Pork Barbecue—Mix ¼ teasp. Tabasco to each teasp. salt. Spread on pork loin. Cut at intervals; fill with ½ slice pineapple. Bake 35 to 45 min. per lb. at 325°. Remove excess fat; add ½ cup pineapple juice, ½ teasp. mustard, 2 teasp. lemon juice, ¼ teasp. Tabasco.

Free recipe booklet—*tells easy ways to use Tabasco to brighten everyday and party dishes. Write Tabasco, Dept. NY-1, Avery Island, La.*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Noguchi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Marc Chagall exhibition celebrating his seventieth birthday. It consists of five oils, water-color designs for the ballet "Aleko," and three series of etchings—for La Fontaine's "Fables," the Bible, and Gogol's "Dead Souls." Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ A display of photomurals, casts of architectural details, and stereo color slides illustrating the work of the Spanish architect Antoni Gaudi (1852-1926); through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ "Seventy Photographers Look at New York City," a showing made up of photographs from the eighteen-fifties to the present, taken by Mathew Brady, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, and others. Through March 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—American portraits of the past two hundred and fifty years, including works by Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Thirty-seven oils and drawings by Piet Mondrian, in a show stressing the earlier (1904-20) years of his career; through Sunday, Jan. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Nature in Abstraction," an exhibition comprising paintings and sculptures by, among others, Arthur Dove, Willem de Kooning, and Leo Amino; through March 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

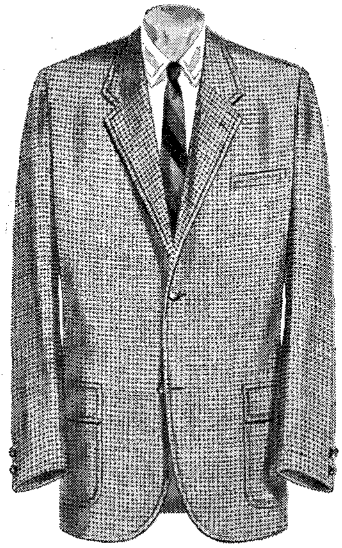
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Patrice Munsel, Brenda Lewis, Daniele Barioni, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 17, at 8: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Helen Vanni, Flaviano Labò, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Risë Stevens, Lucine Amara, and Emilia Cundari. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Mildred Miller, Laurel Hurley, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 19, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Zinka Milanov, Carlo Bergonzi, Walter Cassel, and Gerhard Pechner. (A benefit for the West Side Institutional Synagogue.) . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Thelma Votipka, Flaviano Labò, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Vanessa," with Eleanor Steber, Rosalind Elias, Regina Resnik, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Brenda Lewis, Daniele Barioni, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Aida," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Cesare Bardelli, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Gianni Schicchi," with Emilia Cundari, Belen Amparan, Fernando Corena, and Gabor Carelli; and "Salome," with Inge Borkh, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, and Mack Harrell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Flaviano Labò, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:15: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Emilia Cundari. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 17, at 2:30; and Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3 (all with Jorge Bolet, piano); Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 24, at 2:30 (both with Isaac Stern, violin); and Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:45 (with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano).

Boston Symphony—Pierre Monteux conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:30, with Leonid Kogan, violin.)

CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Dean Eckertsen conducting a program of baroque music. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with Julia De Curtis, soprano, and Eugenie Adamec, eight-year-old pianist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 2.)

STANGER CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Russell Stanger conducting an orchestra made up of twenty-five members of the Boston Symphony. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 2:30.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Arnold Gamson directing a performance of Offenbach's "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," in concert form, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Pierrette Alarie, soprano; Martial Singher, baritone; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; and others. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:45. . . . ¶ Preview, for which all seats have been sold and only standing room is left; Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

EMIL GILELS—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 8:30, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, in the second of two programs presenting the Beethoven concerto cycle.)

MICHAEL RABIN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

AMADEUS QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

DANIEL BARENBOIM—Fifteen-year-old pianist. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:40.)

MUSIC IN OUR TIME: 1900-58—The first in a series of eight concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. It will involve, among others, Julius Baker, flute; Max Pollikoff, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and composers Elliott Carter and Charles Wuorinen. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 5:30.)

JOYCE FLISSLER—Violin. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

RUGGIERO RICCI—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

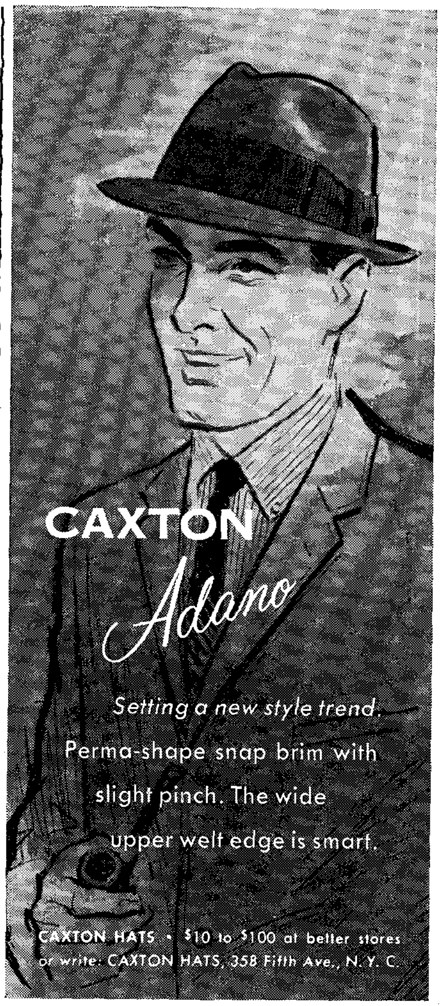
ALFONSO MONTECINO—Piano, in the third in a series of four programs presenting the forty-eight preludes and fugues that make up J. S. Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Jan. 22, at 8:40.)

CHAMBER MUSIC ASSOCIATES—A program by the Lyric Trio. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

GINA BACHAUER—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Rudolf Firkusny will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 26, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 21, in order of written applica-



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SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—Saturday, Jan. 18, at 9: Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 25, at 3: Knicks vs. Minneapolis. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday, Jan. 17, at 9 A.M.: School-figures competition; Women's and Men's Junior Singles, and Juveniles' Singles. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 17, at 6 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Women's Pairs. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 9 A.M.: School-figures competition; Women's and Men's Senior Singles, and Women's and Men's Novice Singles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Mixed Pairs. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 19, at 8:30 A.M.: Dance competition; Veterans, Seniors, and Juniors. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 16-17, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 18, at noon.)

Play—The Theatre for Young People presenting "The Dumb Wife," a musical play. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 11.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "From Dusk to Dawn," depicts the skies of the long winter night, reviews the important celestial events of 1957, and forecasts things to come in 1958. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Jan. 30, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Prose Readings—Mary McCarthy reading from her own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:40.)

National Motor Boat Show—The forty-eighth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Friday, Jan. 17, from 6 to 11; Saturdays, Jan. 18 and 25, from 11 to 11; Sundays, Jan. 19 and 26, from 1 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 20-24, from 1 to 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 1:45: French and other furniture and silver, table and cabinet porcelains, decorative paintings, and bibelots; the property of Benjamin Ostrow and others.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

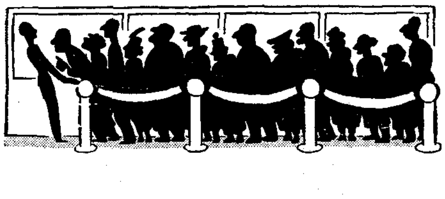
The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this highly entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers who have been captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and who are led by a colonel not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Budd Schulberg, who wrote this work, and Elia Kazan, who directed it, never get far below the surface of the infamous television character they've put under scrutiny, but the film does have its occasional exciting moments. Andy Griffith is splendid as the guitar-playing TV terror. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 19-21.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Jan. 22.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a luminous performance in this French adaptation of a Zola novel revealing the horrendously seamy side of life in France during the Second Empire. Also with François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Gold of Naples—Four stimulating episodes in the lives of some beguiling residents of southern Italy. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, who also figures as an actor in one of the stanzas, this Italian film includes in its admirable cast Sophia Loren, Totò, Paolo Stoppa, Silvana Mangano, and Pasquale Cennamo. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 16.)

Love in the Afternoon—Gary Cooper, as a rich and somewhat jaded American, tries to resist the allure of Audrey Hepburn, as a young and delightful French girl, but he does not have the stamina and she gets him in the end. A great deal of the film takes place in the Ritz, in Paris. Maurice Chevalier plays Audrey Hepburn's father, an unkind cut. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Jan. 22, tentative.)



Man on Fire—A compelling film of a broken marriage, with Bing Crosby as a father who will not permit his son to return to his mother. Crosby is superb, and so are Malcolm Brodrick, as the son, and Anne Seymour, as a judge who has to make a heart-rending decision. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 19-21.)

Paths of Glory—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war has been treated with respect and imagination in this movie adaptation, which features Adolphe Menjou and George Macready as a couple of twisted generals determined to assault an impregnable German position during the First World War, even though it means decimating their troops, and Kirk Douglas as a colonel who recognizes his superiors for the lunatics they are. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Sayonara—Marlon Brando and a Japanese actress named Miiko Taka demonstrating rather happily that East and West can, too, meet. Mr. Brando, equipped with an accent that is strictly from Dixie, plays a major in the Air Force taking a breather in Kobe during the Korean War, and Miss Taka plays a lissome song-and-dance girl who makes him see the advantages of racial tolerance. The film was directed by Joshua Logan, and the cast includes Red Buttons, in the role of another American smitten by a Japanese. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil B. deMille's spectacular survey of the life and times of Moses makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Roaming among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Time Limit—A forceful and melodramatic account of the investigation of a major who collaborated with the enemy during the Korean War. As the major, Richard Basehart is extremely satisfactory, and so is Richard Widmark, who portrays the colonel in charge of the case. Directed by Karl Malden, the picture has few lagging moments. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Jan. 21.)

12 Angry Men—A rewarding exposition of the workings of the jury system, in the course of which the impanelled veniremen work up quite a head of steam while determining the fate of an eighteen-year-old youth accused of patricide. Among the jurors are Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden, talented actors one and all. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Jan. 20-21.)

REVIVALS

Battle Stripe (1950)—Marlon Brando as a paraplegic veteran. Formerly called "The Men." (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Jan. 22.)

Call Me Madam (1953)—A movie based on the Lindsay and Crouse musical about an American ambassadress abroad. With Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, and Billy De Wolfe. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 21.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The old sport himself in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 17.)

The Great Man (1956)—Some of the unsavory aspects of the television industry. José Ferrer and Keenan Wynn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 17-18.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 16.)

Man on a Tightrope (1953)—Fredric March as the proprietor of a Czechoslovakian circus who escapes with his troupe into Bavaria. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Jan. 22.)

Outcast of the Islands (1952)—Conrad's novel about a wandering wastrel of the South Seas. An English film, with Trevor Howard and Robert Morley. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 16.)

The Proud and the Beautiful (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 16.)

We Are All Murderers (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 17.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The last two programs in a series called "Past and Present: A Selection of German Films, 1896-1957"—Through Jan. 18: "The Last Ten Days" (1955), directed by G. W. Pabst.... ¶ Jan. 19-22: "Spies" (1928), directed by Fritz Lang; and "Ghosts Before Breakfast" (1927-28), directed by, and with, Hans Richter. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Franciosa.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Enemy Below," Robert Mitchum, Curt Jurgens.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SAYONARA.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle, Peter Finch.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Tarnished Angels," Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
PATHS OF GLORY.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Jan. 19: "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.
From Jan. 20: "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

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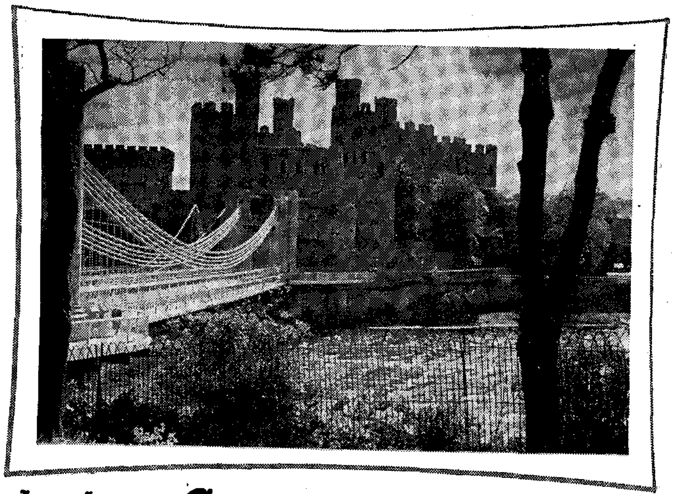

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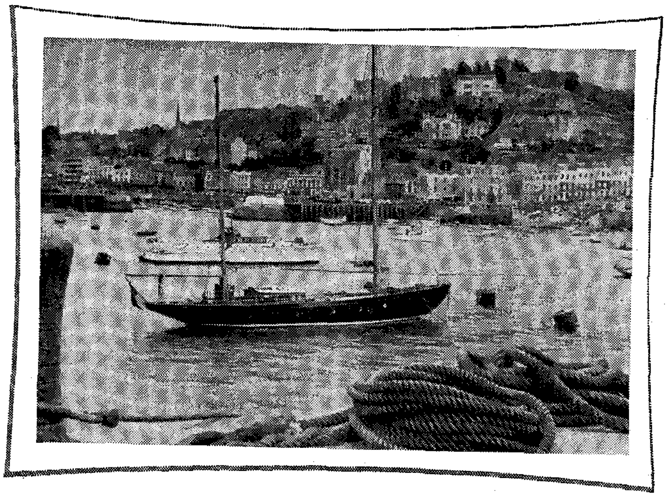

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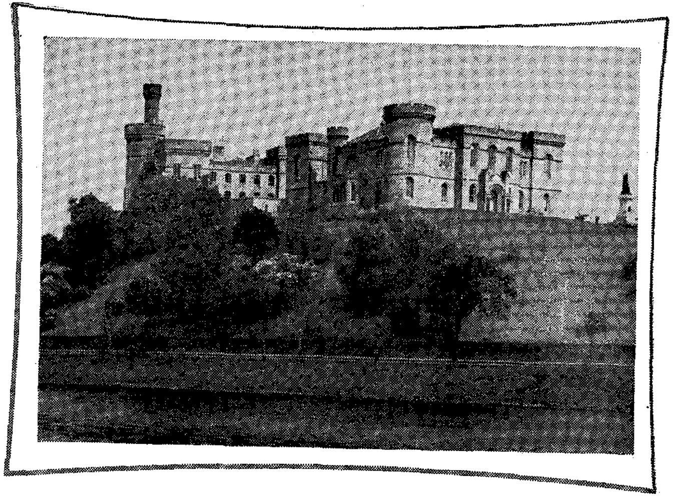

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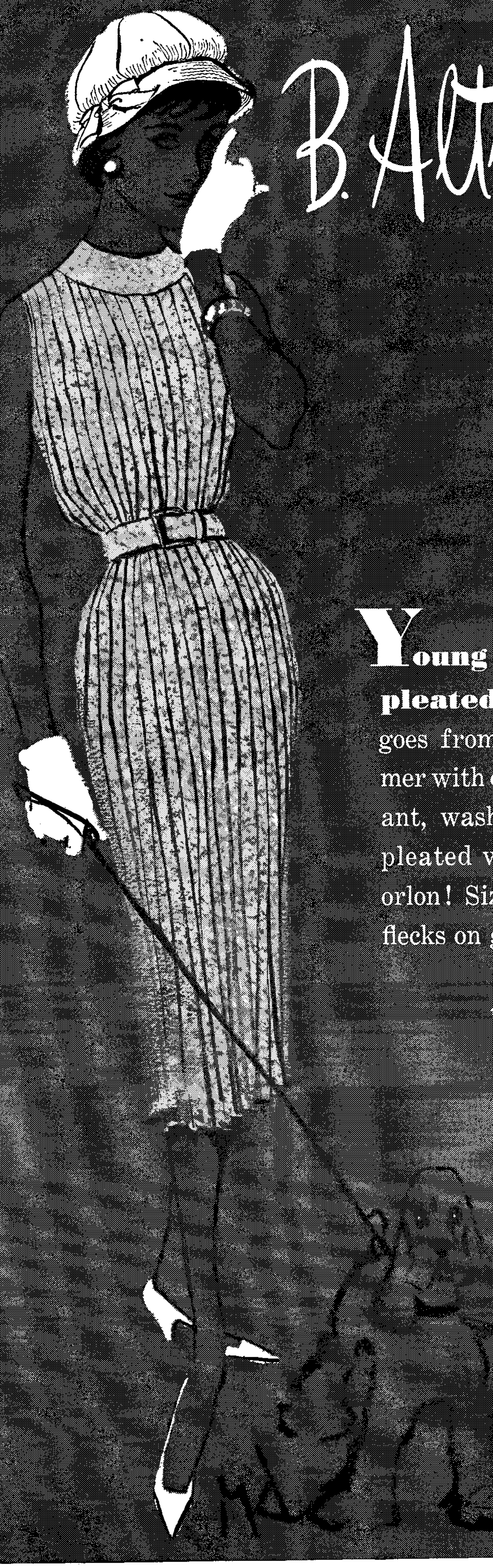

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EVERYBODY has been making economic predictions for 1958, most of them so swathed in hedges that we can't figure them out. The one we like best, because it is plain, brief, and bracing, has been issued by the National Institute of Wood Kitchen Cabinets. The forecast: That 1958 will be a good year, nationally, for wood kitchen cabinets.

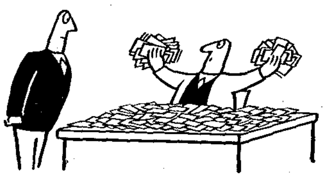
TWO hundred books have recently been donated to the White House library by the American Booksellers Association, which has long been thus replenishing the Presidential shelves quadrennially, though in off-election years. In the main, the latest additions consist of best-sellers (Senator Kennedy will find his own book waiting, provided he ever gets enough electoral votes to match the bookstore votes he has garnered in the *Times* weekly surveys), and there is only one apparent concession to the present incumbent's tastes; namely, that two of the four books about sports are golf books. In Mr. Eisenhower's absence from the premises the day the lot was delivered, Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., the missiles man, accepted it. We wonder if Dr. Killian noticed that while twelve categories—fiction, biography, poetry, and so on—were represented in the collection (there were seventeen volumes in the juvenile group), one fairly prominent category had utterly failed to make the grade: science.

Rockets

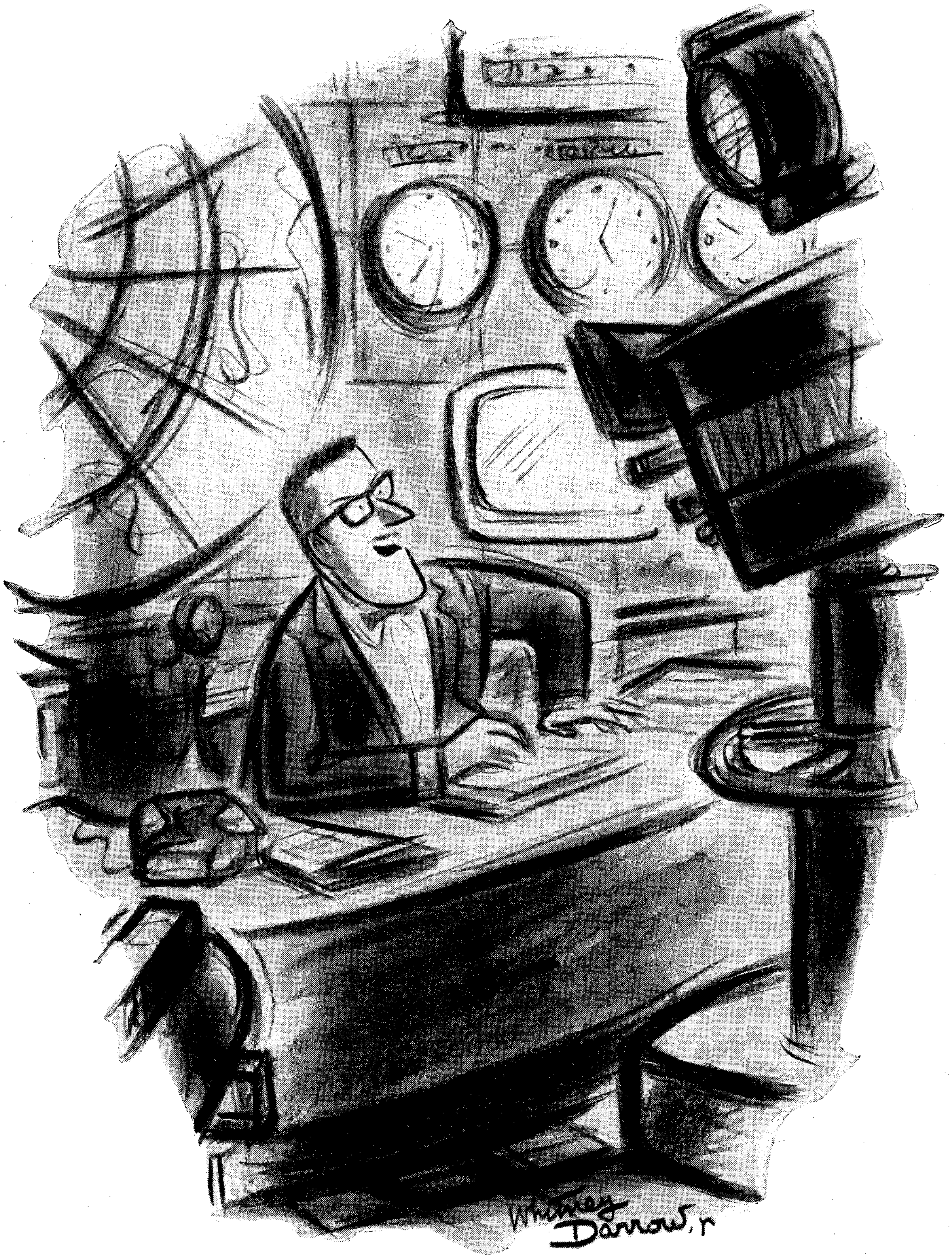
WHAT hath Sputnik wrought? Among other things, a small boom in the business of Mr. Hans P. Kraus, the Grolier Club member and rare-book dealer of East Forty-sixth Street, whose acquisition of the Constance Missal (in the opinion of most experts, the first book ever printed in Europe) for the Morgan Library electrified bibliophilic circles four years ago. In the course of chronicling this coup at the time, we mentioned a Kraus offshoot called Kraus Periodicals, Inc., a mail-order outfit dealing in scientific periodicals, which, unknown to most of his fellow-members of the Grolier Club, Mr. K. operates out of a former factory in Mamaroneck. To this branch, which accounts for two-thirds of his business, he added another a year ago—the Kraus Reprint Corporation, to whose initial galaxy of reprints in the fields of electronics he is now adding, in deference to a lively post-Sputnik demand, complete sets (up to recent issues, which can easily be acquired elsewhere) of the *Journal of the British Interplanetary Society*, founded in 1934, and of its American opposite number, a periodical that was born in 1930 as the *Bulletin of the American Interplanetary Society*, changed its name to *Astronautics* in 1932 and to the *Journal of the American Rocket Society* in 1944, and since 1955 has been known as *Jet Propulsion*. Reprints of the British organ, 1934 through 1955, cost $180; of the American, 1930 through 1952, $148.50. The issues of the latter magazine for the succeeding four years are now in the reprint works and will be available in a few months.

"The demand for rocket literature has rocketed," Mr. Kraus told us when we called on him the other day. "I'm now a missile merchant as well as a missal merchant. Ha! In the beginning, these journals printed only two or three hundred copies, and the early issues were immediately out of print. Universities, research libraries, industries, and a few private collectors have been after me for them. Kraus Periodicals was unable to stock them, so Kraus Reprint is supplying them. Leipzig used to be the world center for second-hand scientific books and periodicals—the libraries of the United States, Japan, and Russia were built up by Leipzig—but ninety per cent of Leipzig's stock was destroyed by fire bombs in 1944, and then, when the Russians took over, the great firms were nationalized and the business was disrupted. To fill the gap, I bought up the complete scientific stocks of publishers all over the world and, in 1948, started my periodicals corporation. I have more than a million volumes in Mamaroneck. General Dynamics buys from me. The Air Force buys from me. Practically nobody exists who doesn't buy from me. It's a completely international business. Look at this morning's mail!"

He picked up batches of letters in both hands, dropped them back on his desk, and, pulling out the first six, showed us orders from Germany, India, Japan, Liechtenstein, Nigeria, and the University of North Carolina. "I have made a stamp collection just from my mail," he said. "I've always collected stamps. I learned geography from stamps. How else would I know where all these crazy places are?"



He handed us some fat Kraus Periodicals catalogues, listing such items as the *Botanisches Zentralblatt*, the *Nouvelles Annales de Mathématique*, and the *Journal of the British Astronomical Association*, and let us examine the first six issues of the *Bulletin of the American Interplanetary Society*, as well as a few contemporary copies of *Jet Propulsion*. The first number of the *Bulletin* consisted of four mimeographed pages and stated that "a trip to the Moon may be possible within 15 years." A recent *Jet Propulsion* ran to just under a hundred



"*That's about it, folks. Cold wave to stay. Thousands laid off in Detroit. Cost of living continues climb. Missile lag called irreparable disaster. Dulles doubts value of summit talks. And now, until tomorrow, a topnotch day to you all.*"

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printed pages, six of them devoted to "The Effect of Meteoric Particles on a Satellite," and contained many jolly ads. "*Jet Propulsion* has twelve thousand subscribers, most of them members of the American Rocket Society," Mr. Kraus said. "I got the early *Bulletins* from Mr. G. Edward Pendray, a founder of the Society. Why don't you have a talk with him?"

Why not, we thought, and, a telephone call later, found ourself in the Engineers' Club with Mr. Pendray, a bright-eyed, bearded man of fifty-six. "Twelve of us founded the Society in April, 1930, in my apartment, at 450 West Twenty-second Street," he said. "They included C. W. Van Devander, then a reporter and now executive assistant to Governor Harriman; the late Nathan Schachner, a lawyer and writer, who also handled public relations for the National Council of Jewish Women; the late Fletcher Pratt, the writer; Hugo Gernsback, a magazine publisher, who built and manufactured the first home radio and invented the osophone, the first electrical instrument enabling people who were hard of hearing to hear through their teeth; David Lasser, then managing editor of *Science Wonder Stories* and now director of the economic and research department of the International Union of Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers; and my wife, who was entertainment editor of the *Delineator* at the time and, under her maiden name, Leatrice Gregory, has written several books, including 'Win Him If You Want Him.' All about how to catch a husband, how to keep a husband, and how to get rid of a husband."

Mr. Pendray, who has been married for thirty years, smiled over his beard and advised us that at the time of the Society's inception he was a free-lance writer of science fiction for *Science Wonder Stories* and a reporter on the *Herald Tribune*. He later became science editor of the *Literary Digest*, and is now in the public-relations business, with a flock of clients, among them Canadian Westinghouse, American Gas & Electric, the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation, the Society of Women Engineers, and the American Rocket Society. "Several of the other founders of the Society were also science-fiction writers, and had a pretty good technical background," he said. "We were convinced that interplanetary travel was around the corner, and decided to develop the rocket. We manufactured rockets in the machine shops of a couple of our members, and shot them off on Staten Island and at Stockton, New Jersey. Later, I bought a place in Westchester, which I still have, and we shot some off there. My wife made the parachutes for them. I helped develop a liquid-fuel rocket engine, edited our journal between 1936 and 1939, and have been, variously, president of the Society and one of its directors. I'm now a consultant. Rockets have been like a religion to me. When we formed the Society, I thought we'd soon have a colony on the moon, but we've been hampered by too many committees, too many economic and political problems, and too much inertia. We're still dragging our feet on the ground when we ought to be garrisoning the moon. The country that will rule the world is the country that first garrisons the moon. I'm sure the Russians have plans for that right now."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On the façade of a building not far from the Little Red School House, on Bleecker Street, somebody last week chalked up the information "Sally is a humpty dumpty with hair."

Mail

HAVING visited the least busy corner of the United Nations—the Meditation Room, where the dropping of a pin would make a downright thunderous sound—we thought it fitting to pay a call on one of its busiest corners, which is officially known as the Public Inquiries Unit of the U.N. Visitors' Service. P.I.U., a large, windowless room in the basement of the General Assembly Building, is filled with secretaries opening letters, filing letters, and, where necessary, clatteringly typing out replies to letters, and is presided over by a charming blond lady named Mrs. Josephine Frank. Across a desk covered with a veritable Mont Blanc of incoming mail, Mrs. Frank told us that 1957 had turned out to be by far the most strenuous year in the Unit's history, and that she expected 1958 to top it. "Thank goodness, Christmas and New Year's are over," she said. "We've been simply deluged with greetings, and all the ones with return addresses have to be answered. Last year, we received more than fifty thousand inquiries, by mail, by phone, or in person. We also got over eight hundred prayer cards, most of them with the Lord's Prayer on them, written in longhand. The majority of our inquiries come from teachers and students. Some of the students are working for Ph.D.s and some of them are in grade school. It makes no difference to us, though I must say the grade-schoolers tend to write the warmest letters."

In any given month, P.I.U. will hear from forty or fifty widely scattered countries—Latvia, Panama, Lithuania, the Fiji Islands, Chile, Liberia, Israel, and the like—on subjects ranging from human rights and the status of women to narcotics and calendar reform. In addition, it will be the recipient of advice from a dazzling assortment of amateur world-remakers. A gentleman in Mexico sends in a weekly five-thousand-word bulletin on how to achieve international peace; a gentleman in Switzerland now and then sends in a private newsletter giving *his* ideas on how to save the world. Mrs. Frank does her best to discourage crackpots. Once, she opened an envelope that held fifty pages of diagrams showing how to cure cancer by the refraction of sunbeams. She didn't dare to assume it was crackpot, so she asked the World Health Organization for advice, and later filed it away. Letters of honest criticism, no matter how bad tempered, are civilly replied to. Not long ago, a grouch out West wrote in heatedly to ask why the blankety-blank the U.N. was spending a million dollars a year to have its windows washed. Mrs. Frank wrote back giving the correct figure—$40,000—which she hopes cooled him off.

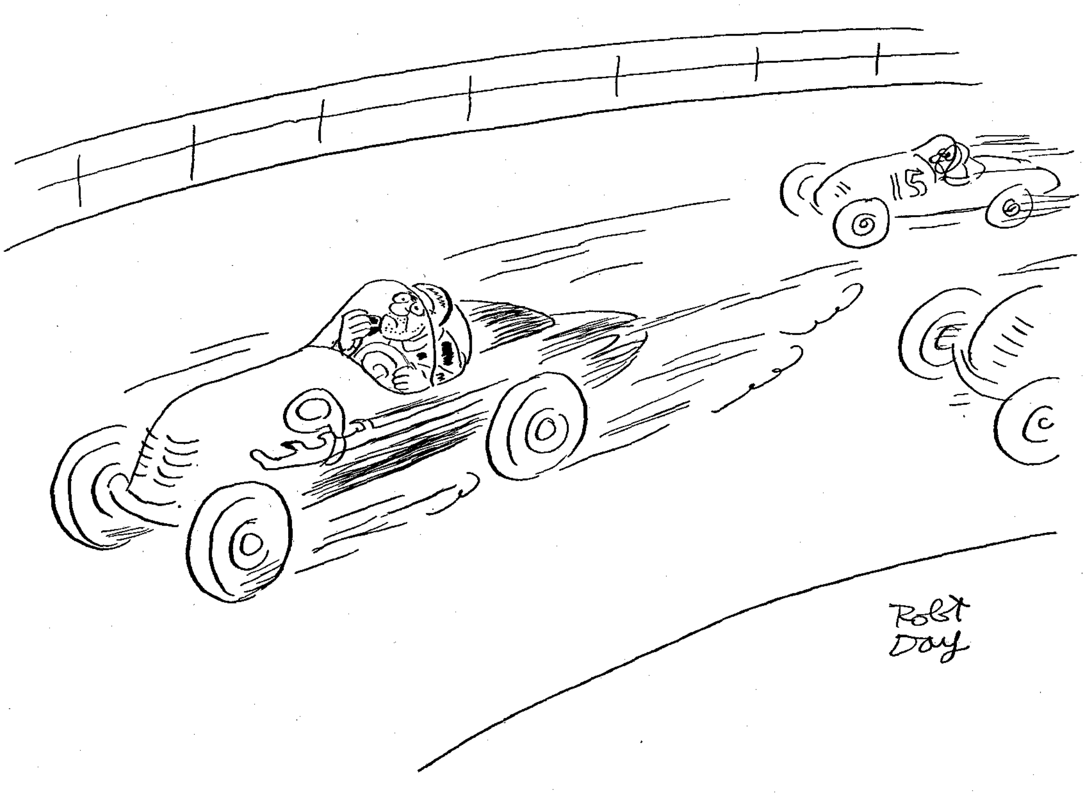
Lately, for reasons unknown to Mrs. Frank, the Unit has been receiving an unprecedented number of letters in Esperanto; when translated, they turn out to bear such friendly sentiments as "Unity is strength" and "Long live the United Nations!" It has also received a round-robin letter from a group of people in West Barnstable, on the Cape, reporting that they often sing an anthem, composed by an octogenarian, that begins, "May the U.N. keep on shining." The U.N. gets hundreds of birthday greetings every year. Mrs. Frank's favorite goes as follows:

Happy birthday to U.N.
You make nations not come to an end
You help people not even die
You stop wars from starting
So nations won't die.
Happy birthday to U.N.
You're twelve years old now;
Just think years ago
You weren't around!

"It's my favorite on the assumption that it was written by an eight- or ten-year-old," Mrs. Frank said. "If it's by an eighty-year-old, I admit that it leaves something to be desired."

Undiluted

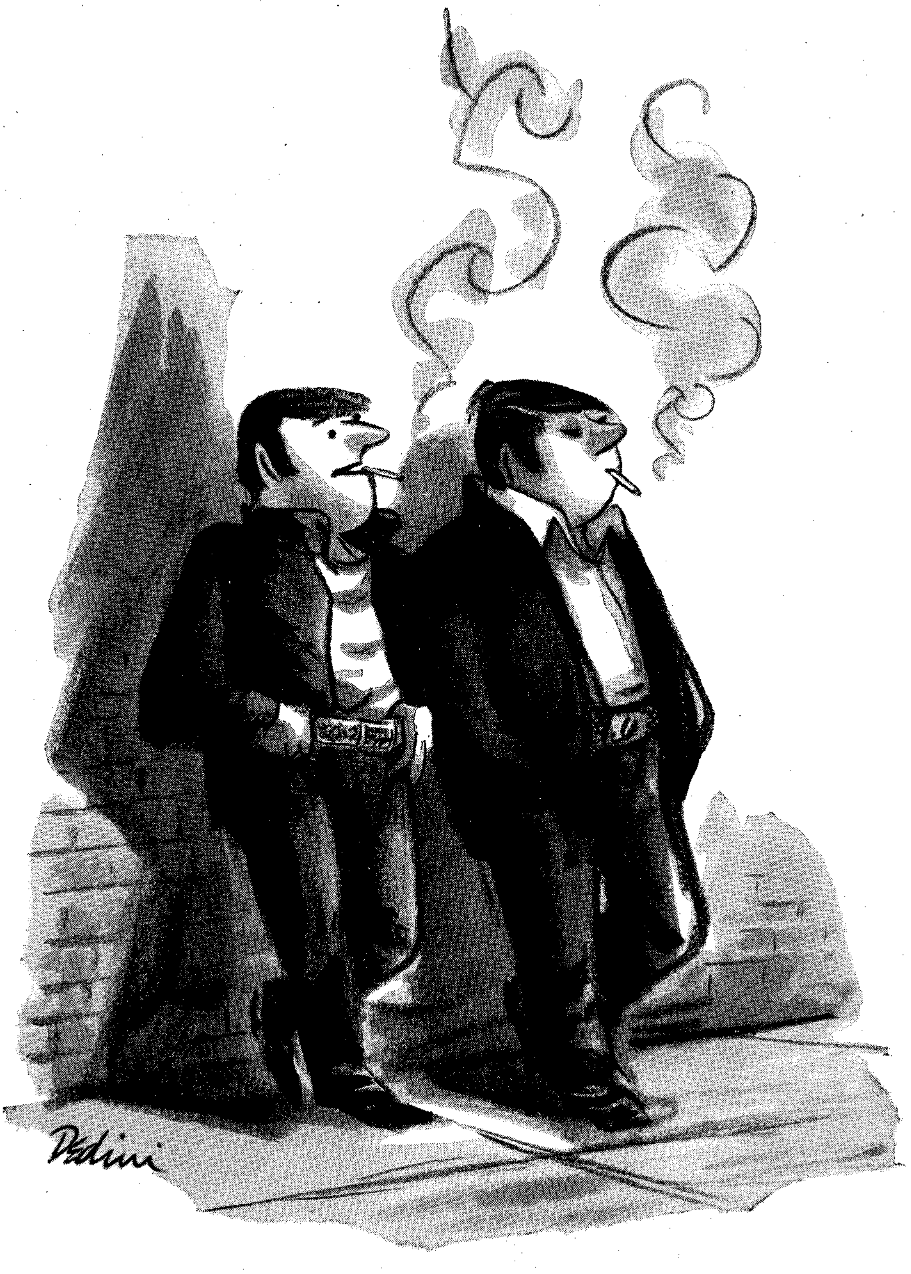
A TRAVELLER of our acquaintance who recently arrived home on the Britannic tells us that in the ship's bar he frequently sat near an elegant elderly lady, who dearly loved her cocktails. He was interested in her method of ordering them. "I should like a Martini, Steward," she would say, invariably, "and be sure it is good



and weak—without vermouth, you know.”

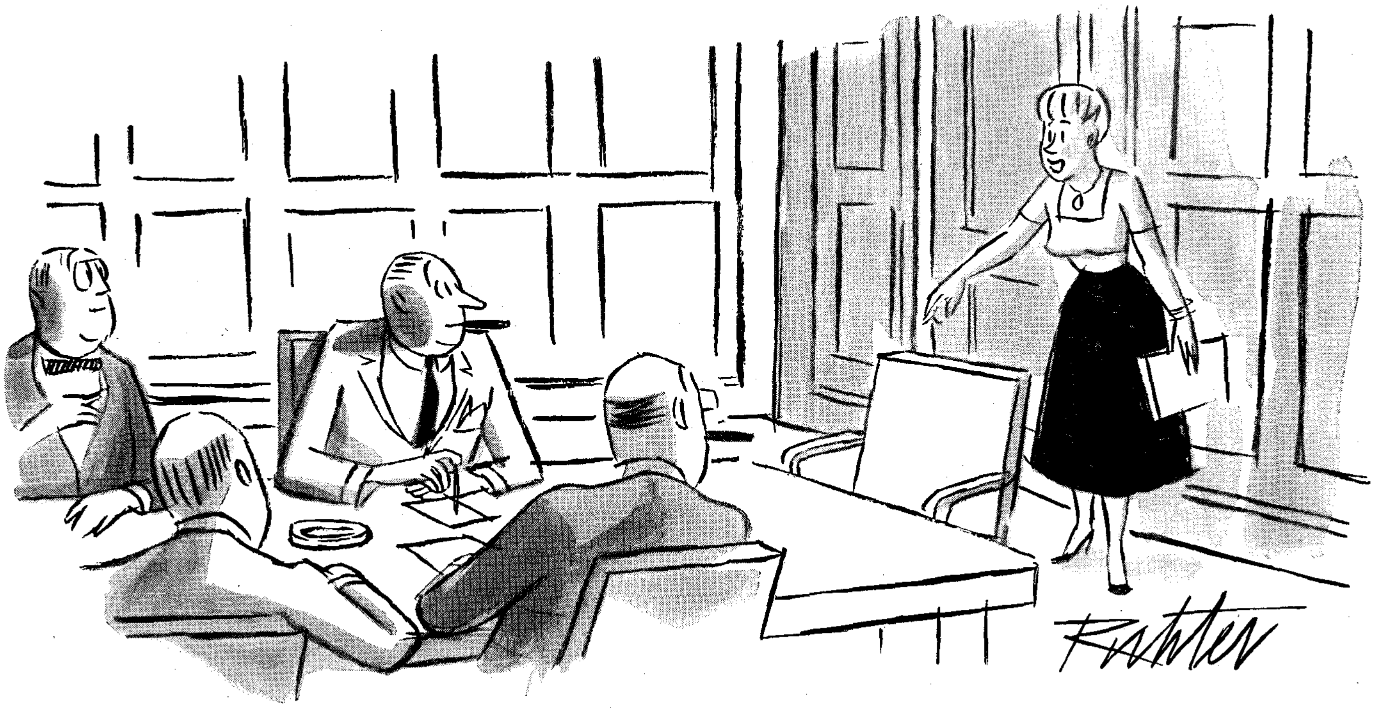
Fish Revisited

ALTHOUGH we often see Hamilton Fish on the Harvard Club block, striding along with a beatific expression, we hadn’t had a talk with the ex-congressman and former Harvard football captain for over fifteen years until last week, when we followed him *into* the Harvard Club and asked him how he’d been getting along in the interim. “I had a tough night last night in Philadelphia,” he said, taking us into a vaulted room full of magazines and seating us under a Sargent portrait of Joseph H. Choate, president of the club from 1874 to 1878 and from 1906 to 1908. “The Football Foundation and Hall of Fame—a group of dedicated men, to which I belong, who are firm believers in the benefits of football—held its annual meeting at the Bellevue Stratford and, at the annual dinner of its Court of Honors (that consists of nine men, myself included, from different geographical districts), elected nine new members to the Hall. I can’t divulge their names yet. They’re selected largely on the basis of their college-football records, but they have to have been out at least ten years to be eligible. We give them a framed certificate—a very handsome thing. Character and what a man’s done in afterlife enter into the selection. We don’t want a man with a bad record or who has possibly been in jail; it would be harmful to football. It’s utterly and totally amazing, the importance Football Hall of Fame members attach to the game, but I entirely agree with them. I think it’s a great character builder, the best preparation for the competition of later on. *Life* had an article recently ridiculing football and holding it up to scorn. An article written for money and to cause a sensation! The fact is, football players, on the average, stand higher than any other group in college and do better in afterlife, as statistics have proved. Let me tell you an amusing story about football. When I was an undergraduate at Harvard, I took a course in the Divinity School under Dr. George F. Moore, a charming clergyman—Church History Since the Reformation. There were three football players in the course, including me, and we all ended up with A’s. None of the divinity students got A’s. None of them! I think I can tell you why I got an A. I knew that Moore was interested in missionary work in China, so I wrote my thesis on how I intended to become a missionary in China. I always got better marks in the football season than at any other time. You don’t drink then, or go to dances, or go out at night. I honestly believe there is not only more physical development in football than in anything else at college but more *mental* development in two hours of afternoon varsity practice than in any single college course. All those signals and assignments—blocking, crossblocking, and psychological plays on both offense and defense! And yet we get no credit for it in the curriculum.”



“I wonder what all the adjusted kids are doing today.”

Mr. Fish, who will be seventy next Pearl Harbor Day, and whose six-foot-four stance and Grecian profile are as commanding as ever, jumped up, went into another room, and came back with two highballs and a plate of fish balls and bread. “I’m exhausted,” he said, offering us these delicacies and digging into them himself. “We met at six yesterday, and the session lasted till one in the morning, when I took the train back to New York. I got in around four-thirty. I’m helping raise a million dollars for a Football Foundation and Hall of Fame building at Rutgers, where the first football game was played, in 1869—Rutgers-Princeton. I still go to four or five games a year, and I watch others on television. But I’d rather talk to you about something I’m just starting to do. I came back from France a couple of months ago, and in Paris, after spending a number of evenings with French officers—many of them from the First World War, in which I served in France as an infantry officer—I was struck with the way the old friendship between France and the United States has simply dwindled away. Nothing is left but suspicion and misunderstanding. Well, we discussed this situation, and it



"Mr. Kenney will be delayed for a few minutes, but he wants you to go ahead and start thinking without him."

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was suggested that we try to organize French and American officers—with me doing the American organizing—who served in France during the First and Second World Wars into a society to be called the Order of Lafayette and based on the same principles as the ancient Society of the Cincinnati, of which I happen to be an active member. Descendants of officers who served in the Continental Army during the Revolution. I've recently been made chairman of the Society's Special Gifts Committee, whose purpose is to raise funds and line up legacies and get paintings and memorabilia and objects of art for the Revolutionary War Museum in our building in Washington. Locks of George Washington's hair have been coming in, and so forth.

"Now, about the Order of Lafayette," Mr. Fish went on, swallowing three fish balls at a clip. "It will be hereditary, like the Cincinnati, so sons of deceased officers will be eligible. Through it, we hope to do away with the cobwebs of misunderstanding between France and the United States and to keep the French from drifting into Communism, which would be the end of NATO and freedom in Europe. Owing to its geographical location, France is the rampart of freedom and democracy in Europe. I've spoken to several hundred people about the project, and the response has been extremely enthusiastic. We're arranging a joint Order of Lafayette-Society of the Cincinnati dinner dance at the Waldorf for next November. I've just been to see Philippe of the Waldorf about it. 'I want the biggest and the best and the most dignified dance in New York,' I said. He said he'd get ten groups to underwrite it for twenty-five thousand dollars. I'll go to France in June to see if I can get de Gaulle or Marshal Juin or the President of France to come. I helped organize the American Legion in 1919, and was one of the three writers of the preamble to its constitution, and I've written the preamble to the constitution of the Order of Lafayette. I believe I have it with me."

Mr. Fish felt in his pocket and drew out a typewritten sheet, which began, "For God, Country, Freedom and Peace we pledge our support to the principles enunciated in the Preamble and to uphold the Constitution of the United States." "We'll hold our annual meetings alternately here and in Paris," he said. "I have oil interests in France and Spain, and I go abroad every year. I have a flat at the Hotel Mansfield, just across the street from the Harvard Club, and I have a house in Washington, where I join my wife weekends, and my wife has a big place in Murray Bay, where I still play tennis and things of that kind. My personal office is on Nassau Street, where I have insurance and other interests, and I also have an office on Madison Avenue, with the Deep South Oil Company, in which I'm an investor. I visit its properties in Texas and Oklahoma. I'm in touch with the big oil people. My son is a lawyer here, my daughter is married to an assistant professor of electrical engineering at Princeton, and I have five grandchildren. I vote in New York. I'm a member of the Republican County Committee here. I was in Congress twenty-four years—until 1944, when they took my Congressional district away from me. It's the luckiest thing that has ever happened to me. I'd have been dead otherwise. I'm called at eight-fifteen, I meet people here at the club around ten, or else go to my downtown office or my oil office, and then I lunch here or wherever I am. I'm perfectly free. If I'm out late at night, I stay in bed late. I don't want to discuss politics, but I believe that the launching of the Sputniks is the best thing that's happened to America in recent years. It's aroused Americans to the dangers of world Communism. I feel very strongly that if there's any country worth defending, or living for, or even dying for, it's America. Our wage earners are the best paid, the best clothed, the most contented, and the freest in the world. No person in his right mind would ever sell America short."

Down to Earth

IT was an elevator operator, zooming us to our nineteenth-floor headquarters, who told us of that Russian who was rumored to have blasted off in a Soviet rocket. "A hundred and eighty-six miles!" he exclaimed. "Why, that's farther than from here to Albany!"

NO ENTRY

Mr. Anthony Lejeune,
In care of Competitions,
Time & Tide,
London, England.

DEAR MR. LEJEUNE:

I DON'T know what's the matter with me. I *love* your Literary Competitions, but I never seem to get around to them at the right time. The last entry I sent you was a year late, and I didn't even *see* the Competition you set on the first of June, 1957, until the following October, when the results were printed and the prize awarded. It was, as you said yourself, a good subject: "A snatch of imaginary conversation such as might be heard in the Elysian Fields" between such couples as Oscar Wilde and Lewis Carroll, Rabelais and Dr. Bowdler, and Browning and Sartre. You seemed happy with the results, too, except for one thing, and I'd better quote you: "My only regret is that competitors were somewhat unadventurous. . . . No one at all tried Browning and Sartre."

Well, Mr. Lejeune, I'm about as unadventurous as they come, but there was something about that "no one at all" that went straight to my heart. It sounded so wistful that I gathered my courage in both hands and went right to work on the following:

"You're some lawyer! You couldn't have got me off even if I'd been innocent."

SCENE: *The Elysian Fields, where Robert Browning is striding, head up, outstripping the sun.*

BROWNING (*breathing magnificently*):

Like a boy set free from his classes
To leap in the bee-sprinkled thyme
And fling a pip-pip as he passes
The Sun of Apollyon's Clime—

(*He breaks off in exasperation.*) I've *got* to stop seeing Kipling—dear, good fellow though he is—I'm picking up his metres! (*He turns a cloud and comes face to profile with Jean-Paul Sartre, who approaches obliquely.*)

SARTRE: *Ah! Pardon, Monsieur, parlez-vous français?*

BROWNING (*arms wide*):

I speak my brother's tongue
And he speaks mine.
What's French? What's Greek?
What's Latin (save for cheek
And rhyming)? *Nothing bars*
But cant and liar's whine.

SARTRE (*speaking now in more or less free translation*): If by "tongue" you mean language, and by language recognition of Other, the *cogito* is concrete. But if you refer *a priori* to the articulated word, we become involved in invention.

BROWNING (*heartily*):

Translation trap.
(Is that your meaning?)
Is more to come?
Drape wording as you will,
Find ready ear. All's easy here.

SARTRE: Monsieur, all is easy when one knows where here *is*. (*He hesitates.*) I seem to have lost connection with facticity. Sir, where *am* I? Conceding, of course, that I ontologically *am*.

BROWNING (*beaming largely*):

Where are you? *Absit omen.*
Vadis—quo? Where *would* you be?
Ask you. Not me.
(A shift of scene, I think,
Traveller much desires.)
Not Mayfair Mall
Nor shiftless Hampstead hearth
Nowise. Bow wow!
Dear Roman *casa*, else,
Or—stop! Substitute, in fashion,
Heaven in sight (*he smiles oddly*),
Or what's an earthling for?

SARTRE (*frowning*): Heaven is gratuitous, contingent, and unjustifiable. If I knew that I knew it *was*, it possibly might *be*, but *if* I know it, I do not *know* that I know it. My consciousness produces no consciousness to produce knowing. (*He pauses. Browning waits politely.*) Heaven, Monsieur, is the thing which is not-what-it-is, since it cannot *be* what-it-is, since I choose it to be what-it-is-not. Presuming, *a priori*, that I exist to choose. Presuming also that I choose to exist.

BROWNING (*lightly*):

Choose *not* to choose
(Or choose a priory),
Sufficit—what's to lose?

SARTRE (*upsurging*): I *have* to choose. Not to choose is in *itself* a choice. The Existentialists are never let off *anything*.

BROWNING:

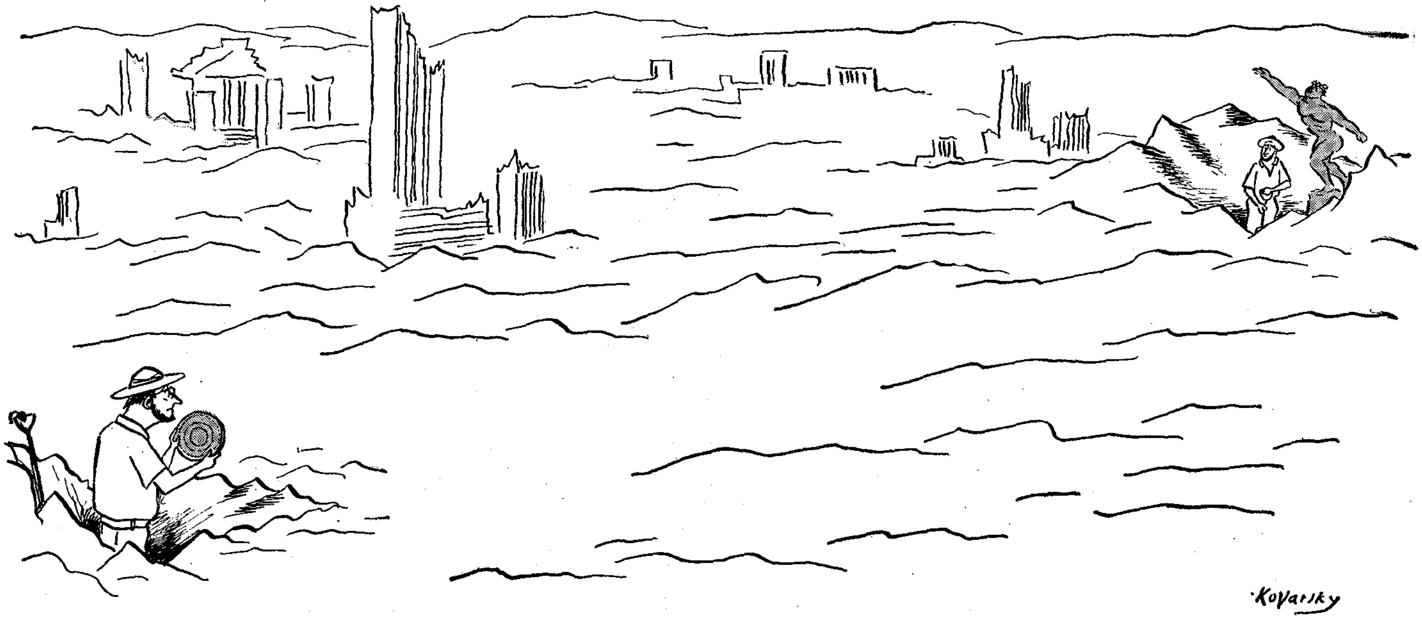
Point that is nice,
Taking the whole of it,
Turn of the dice
Staking the soul of it.

SARTRE (*frowning*): Pardon, Monsieur, if you are going to bring souls into this, I must beg to be excused.

BROWNING (*robustly*):

Pardons, excuses—
Knees creak repentance.
No one accuses,
Light is the sentence.

SARTRE (*mopping his brow*): Sir, I have asked you a simple, noemic, translucent question—where am I? (*As*



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Browning opens his mouth to speak) In prose, I *beg* you.

Browning (*unoffended*): My critics have begged the same. (*Lightly*) Where are you, sir? First, tell me where you think you *should* be.

Sartre (*shrugging*): *Eh bien*—I started out for the Champs-Elysées, not without wondering, naturally, if there *was* a Champs-Elysées apart from my awareness of not being it myself, and—well, I must have lost my way.

Browning (*shining all over*): Not lost it! Found it! Ring bells tremendous! Jig joy stupendous! You have missed the Champs-Elysées, but you have reached the Elysian Fields! (*He makes a brimming bow.*) Welcome!

Sartre (*his glasses clouding*): You mean *the* Elysian Fields? (*Browning nods affirmation.*) Previously I imagined that you implied—Heaven.

Browning (*widely*): I find Heaven in all its annexes!

Sartre (*recoiling in negation*): I reject your Fields. Even if they were intrinsically possible, which they are not, they threaten my egocentric pattern. (*After a moment, warily*) In any case, to reach them I would have to be dead, wouldn't I? And I exist.

Browning (*interestedly*): You do? I had the impression that you were not entirely sure.

Sartre (*drawing himself up*): Monsieur! In a clarifying moment of meaninglessness, I had a formidable revulsion—and there I was!

Browning (*sympathetically*): Something you ate, no doubt.

Sartre (*sternly*): Existence is never palatable. Nevertheless, I swallowed it. I exist. (*Browning does not comment.*) Well, *don't* I?

Browning (*musingly*): "Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask, 'Do I live, am I dead?' " I wrote that before you were born or thought of.

Sartre: No one thought of me. I was born of my own act.

Browning (*twinkling*):

The first could be possible.
As for the other,
Ask father,
Ask mother.

(*Sartre stares at him.*)

Dear *man*, I was jesting with you!

Sartre: Jesting? With *me*? (*Suddenly*) *Now* I know where I am! This is Nothingness. If I don't nihilate it by getting back to Being, it will nihilate *me*. (*He looks at his watch.*) Time is of the Essence, Monsieur. Will you quickly direct me to the exit—(*A familiar note suspends him.*) There *is* an exit, is there not?

Browning (*after an embarrassed pause*): I don't know. I really don't *know*. The subject has never come up for me. (*Explaining*) You see—I have never wanted to *leave*.

Sartre (*urgently*): But if you did?

Browning: Well, I— I—(*Dubiously*) There's the Gate—the entrance, you know.

Sartre: Is it high? Could I climb it?

Browning: Oh, I doubt if it's ever locked, but—

Sartre: Then direct me to it!

Browning (*head low in chagrin*): Monsieur—the truth is, you find me at a loss. I cannot direct you. I do not know the way.

Sartre: But don't you *live* here?

Browning (*wryly*): I could answer that with a joyful affirmative, but I fear it would tend to confuse you. (*He spreads his hands helplessly.*) As other time goes, I have been here a long age, but in *this* time—I have barely arrived.

Sartre: *Mon Dieu!* What is this *this*?

Browning (*humbly*):

This is Eternity, this the clockless shelf
On which I rest—a stranger here myself.

Sartre (*blanching*): Eternity! Then even if I *found* the Gate—

Browning (*agreeing compassionately*): There's still the getting back. I *wish* I could help you. (*He brightens as optimism returns.*) I'll tell you, though, I believe there's a Mrs. Besant here—if you could run across *her*—(*But Sartre, obeying an overwhelming compulsion, has gone.*)

Browning (*looking after him*):
Poor fellow!
So eager-glad to leave the light for dark!
(Did I say dark? I found existence flame.)
Poor twilight moth befuddled in his aim,
Had he but kept his head when all about—

(*He breaks off as before.*) Oh, *plague* Kipling! (*He turns as Shelley skylarks by.*)

Ah! *There's* existence! An it so be.
Hail there! *Percy*—wait for Bobbie!

WELL, that's it, Mr. Lejeune, and I hope it will cheer you up a bit. It's too late to be an entry, but at least you will know that *somebody* cares.

With love, and a hand across the sea,

Respectfully,
Patricia Collinge

THE SEED MONEY

IN the afternoon after school, Bau took the cow out of the shed and walked slowly along the ditch that led to the upper valley. He was taking the cow for mating. Why did his animal and a strange one need to touch each other like a pair of chopsticks for a calf to be born, he asked himself and, partly, his mother, whom he did not dare to ask openly. He would have to go back to the cattleman another day if his cow was not ready this afternoon, his mother said before she left for diving. And if he didn't go, his mother would say, "Do I have to tell you to go east to make you go west? As you eat more ages, you do more things opposite from what your mother tells you to do."

The cow kicked the pebbly earth with her hoofs, pulling her halter restlessly forward at times, reminding the little boy to walk faster. He and his mother were strangers in this part of Korea. They had lived here only a few months. They were island people, who had come over to the mainland after Bau's father died. Here and there, weeding in their green paddies, the farmers stooped over with knees unbent. Often when they stood up to stretch their backs, he heard an outburst of voices in the heavy-headed barley patches on the hill as they called to scare away the hordes of sparrows. Echoes came back, as though they were the cries of scarecrows fighting the hungry birds. With a rusty tin scoop slung under a tripod, one farmer was diligently pouring pond water onto his thirsty field.

Bau left the ditch and followed an upward path with occasional poplar trees. A group of children were half circling a black snake across the path and chanting, "Get away quickly, slow snake. Jesus people are coming after you. Jesus people are behind you!" The cow halted, mooing, and Bau waited until the children finally drove the snake into the grass at the edge of a rice field, and then, in triumph, scattered, some skipping, some yelling.

Bau went on, looking for cow dung, which would be an indication that cattle were near, but he found none at all. He was almost at the gray thatched houses at the foot of the mountain when he heard the rattle of a pencil box behind him. He turned and saw a girl holding a round basket by the rim and a school bundle in the crook of her other arm. Bau knew her. She was in the sixth grade. Her name was Songha. She was the one who had brought the teacher to him and his mother that first day, as they stood waiting at the edge of the schoolyard. She put her things down on the ground and tied the silk cords of her limpid white bodice, which she had perhaps untied for the breeze, momentarily, when no one was around.

"Where is the bull's house?" Bau asked. Then he added, complaining, "My mother said I could either hear or smell it, but I can't."

"Don't you call my home a dung-smelling house!" she replied as she picked up her books and her basket. Her lovely fingers were buried in the mulberry leaves that filled the basket to the brim. "When our animals hurt just one ear of another's grain, the neighbors call our house by that name. My father doesn't mind, but my mother and I do." She lifted her perspiring, dainty nose and asked, "Can't you smell that?" She was looking, Bau saw, up at the yellow blooms of a persimmon tree at the first house. "Come over in peony time and you can find my house after dark."

"Is that your house?" Bau asked, walking along beside her.

"Don't use your finger when you point to my tree! Use your fist! If you point at growing fruit with one finger, you stunt the growth, and my father will see you and do something about it. A well-wisher should hold his strong wish in his closed hand, so that each fruit will grow many times larger than his fist."

Bau stopped walking and stared, with his mouth open, at the gay, umbrella-like tree. Songha looked at him carefully; then, as though she had discovered something, she asked in a changed, softer voice, "What do you want?"

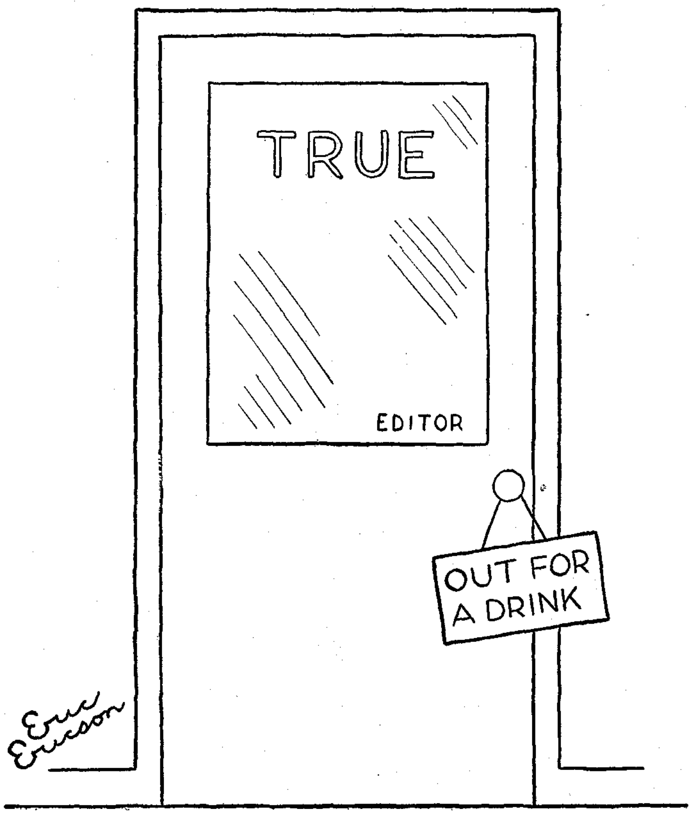
"Can you tell your father that my cow wants— wants—" he stammered, looking at his sleek-haired cow.

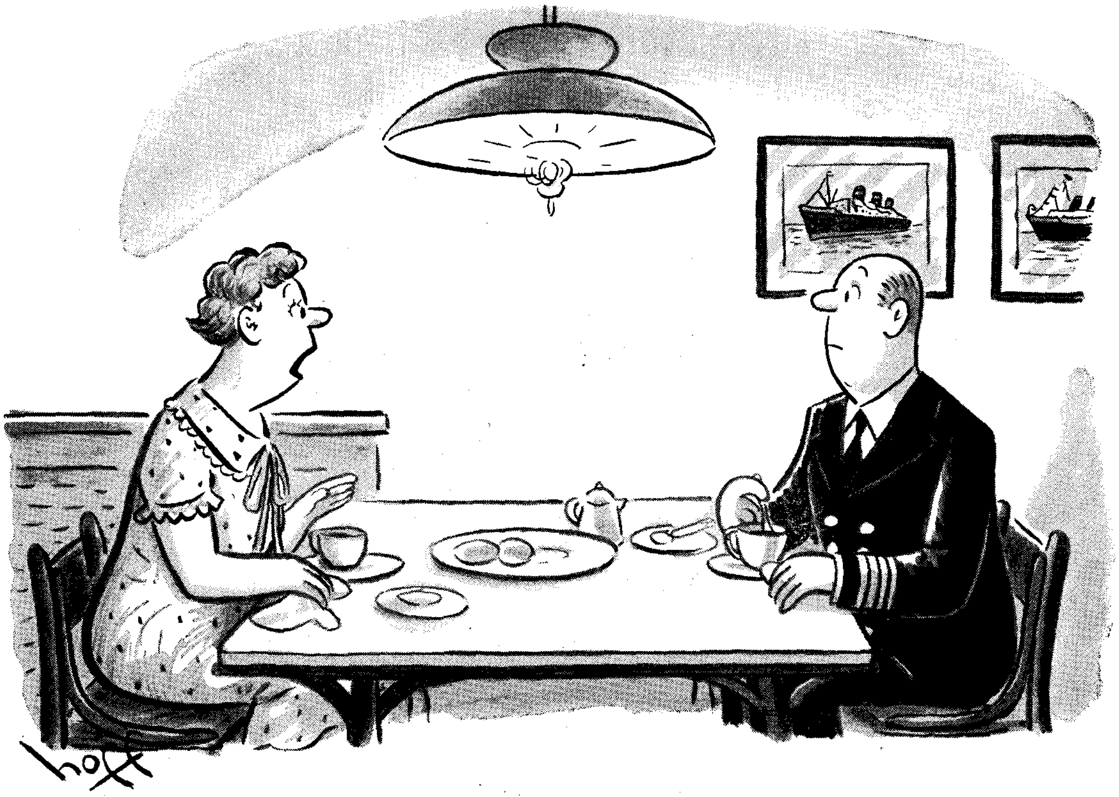
"You ask him yourself," Songha said. "But not until after you tie your cow down here, at one of these poplar trees. The bull can smell a cow that wants a calf, and he might try to jump over the stall. I have to hurry to feed my silkworms. Tie your cow. Then come and watch them eating. They will make thread soon." She left him and began to run, but paused to look at the half-buried big white shells along the path, in the shade of the roof over her gate, then at a row of brittle piddocks, bay scallops, and abalones, along the reed fence. Hopping along, she called out, "*Oma!*"

Bau did not tether his cow but stayed outside the fence, trying to decide what to do. The shadows caused by the persimmon branches gave the cow the appearance of a dappled animal, with sunny-brown and shady-brown spots on her back. Through the fence reeds he could see the courtyard between the upper and the lower house. "Don't run around and dampen your new clothes like a boy!" he heard a woman command from the porch of the upper house, where she sat ripping a garment apart. "One can tell a nun on a far mountain road by her gray gown and her shaved head, and a good girl by her quiet poise."

Songha came and sat down by the woman. "*Oma,*" he heard her say. "I saw the blue-eyed boy outside. He will come in soon to buy our bull seed."

"Now, now, your father won't let me sleep again tonight, talking about how he had the foresight to keep his bull through the hard time





"It's all very well for you, but I'm the one who has to explain to the neighbors how come you've had five ships sink under you and you've never gone down with any of them."

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of war. . . . You have mentioned this island boy before. I don't think I like such strange eyes."

"Why, *Oma!*" the girl exclaimed. "They are the color of the jade in your marriage ring—the color of high sky!"

"Jade is all right in my ring and in the sky, but not in eyes."

"They did look strange at first, but when I looked at them closely—"

"Don't be looking at boys' eyes," the woman cautioned. "Besides, the boy may not like to be looked at too closely."

A thick, hoarse voice came from the farther corner of the lower house. "How long are you and your daughter going to go on talking?" It was the cattleman. He came out of the lower house and started across the courtyard. His face was yellow with dust and pieces of dried manure. Bau recognized the cattleman by his pushed-out stomach and his dangling tobacco pouch. The man stomped his big foot threateningly and slipped a pack board off his shoulder. "You are making me find another woman in your place. I can't see even supper smoke, when the front of my stomach is touching the back."

Leaning slightly backward, Bau pulled his cow toward the gate.

"Run to the lean-to kitchen," the woman commanded Songha, who was now slipping on her rubber shoes. "Wash a pot and pour rice in. I'll get up as soon as I finish this seam."

"Haven't my sons come back from school?" the man said. "That damn teacher puts too many hard things into my sons' soft heads." He turned to the gate and, at the sight of Bau, grumbled something.

His wife called back in a hushed voice, "My children's father, before you go out again, pull up your trousers! How often your sisters criticize me for not reminding you!"

The cattleman pulled up the belt of the once white, now dusty trousers, which had drooped halfway down his legs, and, covering his large stomach, he complained, "I fill the big jars with rice and barley, but you never fill my stomach at the neediest moment. That is why my trousers fall down."

Putting his hands behind his back like an important village elder and swinging his shoulders as he walked, he approached Bau and said, as though he were still talking to his wife, "Three hungry village people send their boys to me to borrow rice bran I keep for my cattle."

Bau, holding his two fists tight, stepped forward. "I want to buy your bull seed."

The cattleman moved his head back in surprise and then looked from Bau to the cow at the gate. Then he laughed, with his hand on his abdomen, until the cow turned toward him, her bold look folded in thick eyelids. Still laughing, he asked, "For that old cow? Why?"

Bau raised his voice high. "My mother said we would give you a tubful of tangleweed, and a bundle of dried seaweed that you could use for birthdays."

"You are the son of the sea woman?" the cattleman grunted. He stooped over, breathing noisily and reddening to his ears. He looked at the cow's low-hung stomach, at her udder and teats, and then at the low knee joints of the legs. Straightening up, he ran his hand over the mass of muscle along the spine that extended in a ridge to the rear, and, taking hold of the halter, pulled on it slightly. The cow mooed once, disapprovingly. The cattleman stepped back and said, "About as much chance of a calf from her with my bull's seed as there is of getting a baby from an unpregnant woman."

Bau pulled on the cow's halter, and the cattleman said, "Tell your mother that if she wants to lessen the trouble of looking for a mate for the cow, she could sell the animal to me. I'll pay the sum of money for which one could sell his son's lucky name." He turned and went back into the courtyard, and Bau started down the path to the lower valley, leading his cow.

He felt relieved that he didn't have to leave her. The fact that the cow was returning unseeded didn't worry him any more than the conversation between Songha and her mother about the strangeness of his eyes. When the cow began to graze on the edge of a rice-field pond, he squatted down and forgot his original errand entirely and began to wonder why Songha had thought about the color of his eyes. He studied his reflection in the water, but the pond was rippled slightly by the bugs, and reflected only a dim shadow of his figure and the brown mass of his cow.

When he returned home, his mother was waiting for him, and she was disappointed by the failure of his errand. "The poor cow!" she exclaimed. "It's like a fertile land not being plowed, and another summer coming on. Oh, it's worse. The land can wait, but the cow—this is her last spring. If we had offered money, the cattleman would not have closed his barn door against us. No one spits on money."

WHEN other schoolboys were around and Bau saw his mother, with the tub on her head, peddling the sea urchins, abalones, and edible seaweed she had caught that morning, he never called to her, and he wished she would not chant the peddler's song, mentioning everything she had to sell, even the bean sprouts. On rainy days, she would go out early to peddle, saying to him, "The price is good on a day like this." It was as though she welcomed the rain. At the end of the day, she would return wet through to the skin.

"*Oma*, can't you wait till the rains stop and the sun comes out?" Bau asked one night, partly for her sake and partly because he wished she had not called at Songha's house in her mud-spotted, drenched clothes.

She answered cheerfully, "When the sun comes out, take the cow across West Mountain. I learned today that there is a bull over there, and I also had the good luck to empty my tub. You have to earn in the rain to spend in the sun."

When at last the rains stopped, school was dismissed for the coming season of weeding and barley flailing. On a cloud-scattered morning, Bau had his breakfast as early as a monk, so that he could drive the cow along the shore path and across West Mountain and find the bull's owner at home. Along the way, he let the cow graze on the moistened grass. If the creature was mated today, he was to take her, after the mating, to the school barn overnight. The school had paid the carpenter for making Bau's desk and chair, and now, in return, Bau must furnish the means for plowing the school farm.

He held the seed money in his fist and, in the other hand, the halter and a dragonfly net on a bamboo pole. The early-summer breeze blew in through his well-starched clothes, which were made of rough hempen material. He had already seen a few dragonflies, as young as the summer, fluttering their flimsy wings in the shadowed opal sky.

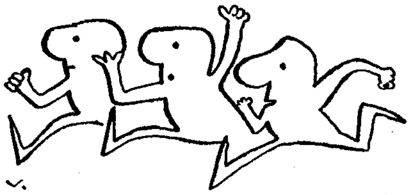
"Bau! Bau!" A voice rang out from below. It was Songha, shading her eyes with her rolled-up sleeve against the mountain-touched sun. She had been gathering shells and putting them in a basket, which she held in front of her. Her black skirt was lifted above her knees and tied with a piece of cloth around her waist, and she had a hoe for digging.

Bau opened his clenched hand and showed her the two ten-hwan notes, boasting, "It's for bull seed—not yours this time but someone else's."

"I wish my father would let you have it," she said.

A dragonfly trembled down and landed on a rocky ledge above the rain-washed path. Bau handed Songha the cow's halter to hold and walked toward the dragonfly, raising the pole. As he lowered the net, Songha giggled and the dragonfly flew far into the air, where Bau could not see it. "A dragonfly has blue eyes all over its head," she commented. "Come down and catch the dragonfly by its tail, with your hand, not with that net."

He jumped down, and they walked on, Songha still holding the halter.



When they did not find any more dragonflies, she said, "Catch one female dragonfly, attach it to a string, swirl the string gracefully around, then male dragonflies will stick to the female fly, and you can catch many more."

"You have to wait for the mating season to do that," said Bau importantly, remembering other days, when he had caught them in the rice fields. However, he did not admit to the girl that he could not tell a male dragonfly from a female. Songha's countenance, with a few streaks of hair over her forehead, shone like a snow-washed face.

Then he took the halter from her, and she showed him the contents of her basket—a few scallops and conchs. "I'm collecting beautiful shells after the rains, to complete the shell row outside my house. I must hurry to get them before the morning tide."

"I'll find some abalone shells for you," he declared.

Finding both his hands occupied, he walked back away from the sandy curve of shore and tied his cow to a twisted five-needle pine tree that shaded a spot of grazable grass. Then he ran down

SONG FOR STRANGERS IN WALES

Between Red Roses and St. Clears
I met an old man all eyes and ears;
Hands trembling twigs, head snowing snow,
He had no mortal place to go
To lay his cheek or say his prayers
Between Red Roses and St. Clears.

Between Red Roses and St. Clears,
"Father," I said, "persuade your tears
Toward one who has sore need of them."
"Son," he replied, "do not condemn
The spittle and phlegm of all these years
Between Red Roses and St. Clears."

Between Red Roses and St. Clears,
Hail-fellow-met, we palmed our fears,
His for the world, mine for me,
Two blossoms on the apple tree,
Then linked our arms and clinked our beers
Between Red Roses and St. Clears.

Between Red Roses and St. Clears
I said so long to his white hairs
And watched him go, humped in his age,
Under the stars and over the bridge.
Nobody knows, nobody cares
Between Red Roses and St. Clears.

Between Red Roses and St. Clears
I skulked for owls and polar bears.
The sun rose sober, as did I.
Something was smoking in the sky:
"Beware yourselves! yourselves! my dears,
Between Red Roses and St. Clears."

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

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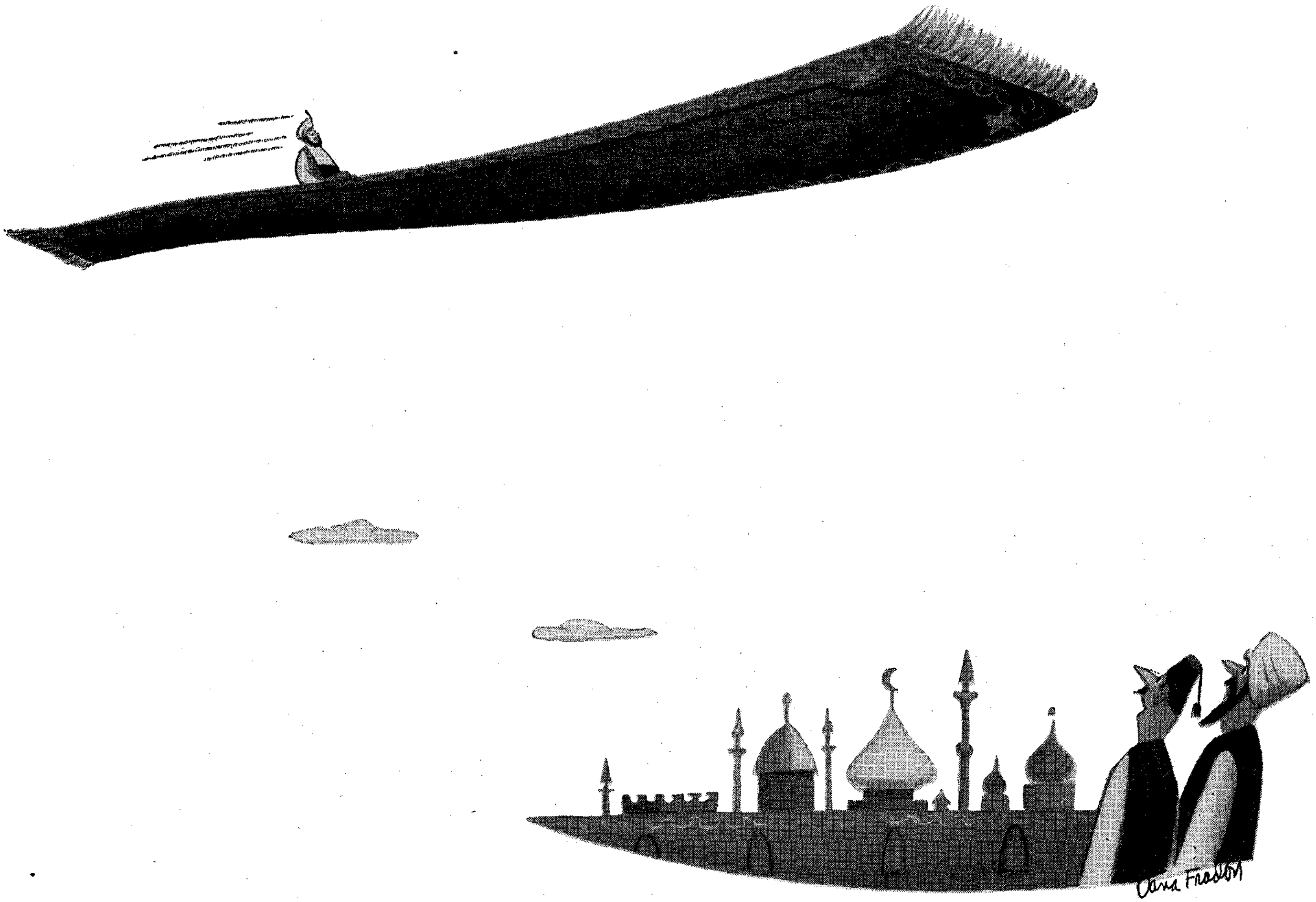


"To me, that's vulgar."

to join Songha, who was digging a hole in the sand with her hoe, near a clump of waving cattail and ragweed. As he came up, she said, "Bau, you bury the seed money here, before we wade out into the water, or else the money will become worthless wet pieces of paper."

Bau dropped the two ten-hwan notes into the hole, which was as large as the ring of the dragonfly net, and their four hands filled it and made a mound like a small sand dune. While Bau slipped off his shoes and rolled up his trousers, his eyes followed the finger that was printing his name in the soft sand. Songha said, "When we come back, we will find your name."

There were driftwood pieces, green seaweed, straws, and innumerable sparkles from holes made by shellfish buried in the sand, and clams' feeble breathing was manifested in delicate bubbles. They sat in front of shrimp holes to lure the shellfish out. On the way to the place where they hoped to find abalone shells, they gathered clamshells, square crab backs, periwinkles, and mussels half buried in rolling pebbles. A yellow butterfly landed on Songha's black skirt, then flew just above the incoming wave—such tiny wings over the vast stretch of water—perhaps in search of a dozing white sail on which to rest at night.

Gulls flew down like fluffs of snow, and on a rock sat a solitary duck. Each time a wave came in and broke in foam, the children trailed the retreating water, Songha's feet squeezing water out over the tops of her rubber shoes, Bau barefoot. He loved the feel of oozing mud between his toes but clenched his teeth in anticipation of the cold water around his ankles. Songha's face was radiant, and Bau exclaimed, "Your face is an abalone!"

"Yours, too," she replied.

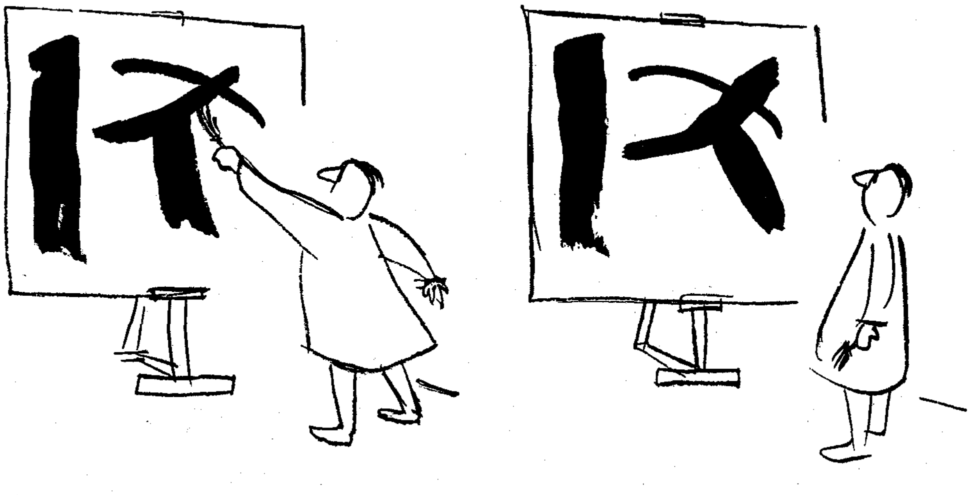
As their hands touched each other's cheeks, immediately the feeling he had between his toes came trembling to his fingers.

Songha dropped her hands, saying, "I just *touched* your cheek, but you *pinched* mine, Bau."

A sea gull dived right in front of them. Then a flock of gulls came down to the dazzling surface and soared up and then down again, piping their shrill cries, so like a wheel turning. Songha threw the meat of a mussel up into the air, but it was blown back into her skirt. Bau tried it, but again it was blown back to her skirt. Bau took a shrimp from Songha's basket and threw it high. The birds surrounded them, circling. Songha kept handing Bau shell meats, one by one, and he threw them up in the air as high as he could. Songha cracked clams and periwinkles open on a rock, and they threw them into the air, too, until there was nothing more in the basket. Laughing, Songha said, "I am hungry. I haven't had any breakfast. Let's go back!" They turned and ran toward the patch of cattails and ragweed, and for a while the gulls followed.

Bau could not find the tiny sand dune where he and Songha had buried the money, nor could he find the letters of his name. They dug frantically along the shallow, narrow strip of sand, below the cattails, and then in other spots here and there, but they saw only sand, broken clamshells, pebbles, and sandworms. Songha saw the bamboo pole with the dragonfly net floating in the water, and rescued it. The two of them held the pole and raked the sea floor with the net. No money floated up. They examined the surface of the water, searching the seaweed, straw, and leaves that floated in. Then they looked below the tall grasses.

Finally, Songha opened her parched mouth to whisper, "We should go



home, and come back when the tide has gone out again."

"No, I won't!" Bau cried, seeing in his mind his mother's angry look, and then a picture of her peddling in the rain saddened his whole body. He cried aloud, "She earned that money in the driving rain!"

"Songha! Songha!" a voice called from afar.

"I'll be back later," she said to him weakly, and departed into the upper distance, blurring as Bau cried hard, his shoulders shaking.

Later, he took the cow to the teacher to use for the plowing, and came back to the shore. All day he walked along the sea's edge, back and forth, searching. Songha came, bringing him boiled sweet potatoes in her aluminum lunchbox. They dug again, in many spots where the water had receded. Then Bau squatted down, resting his chin on his knees, and refused to eat what Songha had brought, and would not go home. At last, Songha promised, "On the first day of the next rain, I'll bring out my father's bull, and you meet me with your cow."

Bau raised his head rigidly. "My cow is in the school barn *now*," he said impatiently, hoping Songha might think of bringing the animal to him in the coming darkness.

"I suppose we will have to wait till it rains, so my parents won't hear the sound of hoofs," she explained. "When it rains hard and the drops are tapping the ground, my father does not go out to visit the stall but takes a nap in my mother's room or goes to my uncle's to talk."

Making a mound with his hands, Bau worried again, then wrote his name letters in the sand, the way Songha had. "My mother won't send me to school," he said, "nor will she let me see you again, if she knows I have lost the money here."

"Tell your mother your cow met its mate across West Mountain today and after that you took her to the school barn," Songha whispered. "The cow will have a calf anyway."

With his mouth open, Bau did not move. He was thinking.

Songha warned, "Don't tell your mother or anyone else what I have told you, including that I told you not to tell."

How could he tell his mother her cow had received the seed? It would be like saying he had jade in his empty fist, he thought. His mother would soon find out, when his clenched hand opened in his sleep.

His two palms, perspiring, collected sand. Songha stared up for a while, as though she were looking for the lost money in the shadowed high sky. "I hope the moon doesn't come up late," she said. "I must go to the mulberry tree several more evenings to gather the fresh leaves for the full-grown silkworms."

When Bau had washed his hands and wiped them off on his hips, Songha let him use the underside of her skirt to wipe the traces of tears from his face. Receiving the potatoes in his hands, he walked slowly home, alternately taking a bite and pondering.

HIS mother was home already. She came out of the kitchen, and asked, "Can we wait for a calf now?"

Without looking up, he replied, "I think so, and I— I took the cow to the school."

She smiled at him. "We shouldn't lend our cow any more from now on," she said. "A working cow might miscarry her calf." Then she asked eagerly, "Can't you tell me what happened?"

Bau faced the empty cowshed, kicking a stepstone.

"Are you grown too shy to talk to your own mother about what happened?" she asked teasingly. Bau entered the living room and hung over the jar of growing bean sprouts and watered them many, many times more than necessary, studying the pale-yellow shoots with their yellow caps. His mother did not ask any more about the cow.

Later, she brought his supper tray out onto the porch and called, "Come out, Bau! What you have done today deserves a big farmer's meal."

Bau came out quietly. His mother looked at him attentively and said, "Why, Bau, you look dispirited. Did the bull scare you?"

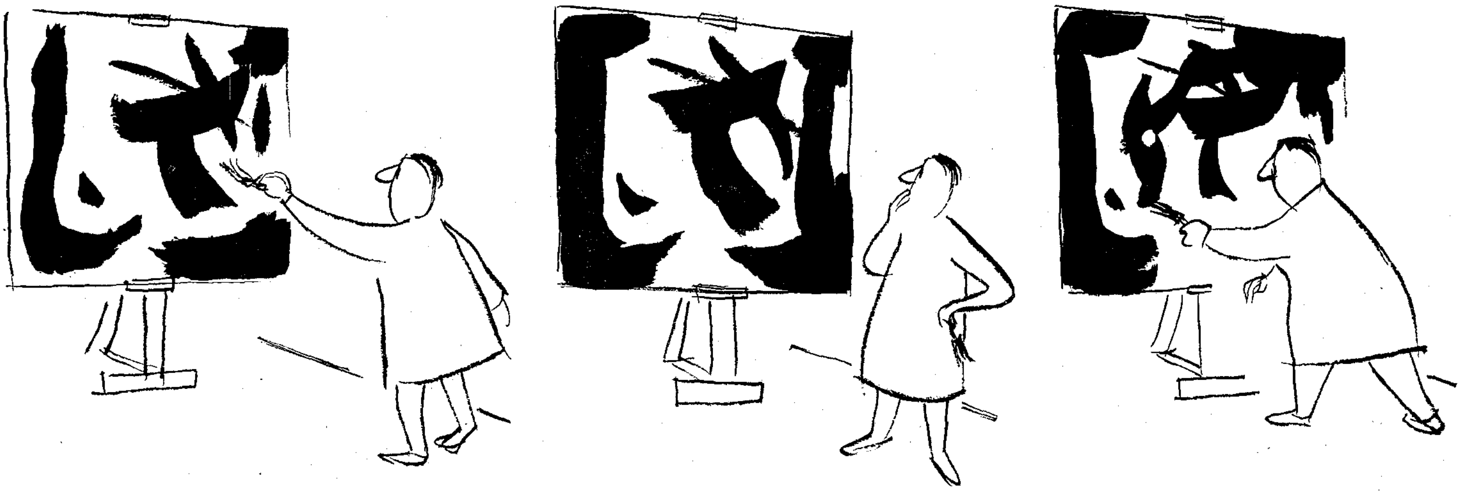
"No," Bau replied. He took up his spoon to touch the unusually large mound of rice, which seemed ready to spill out over the bowl's rim. As he moved his spoon, the rice bowl reminded him of the unfortunate sand mound where he and Songha had buried the money. He was surprised to find abalone meat sprinkled with sesame powder in his bowl. His mother always sold this delicious meat, just as a poor rice farmer often sells his rice and buys the poor man's rice, which is barley. He said to himself, "Is my mother celebrating what I have lost?" The very thought pained his insides, and he had to drink often to make the rice and abalone go down his too tight throat.

His mother was talkative. "If one of us has that dragon dream, which people say brings good luck, the cow might bear twin calves." Then, half jokingly, "We should buy a dragon dream from somebody if we don't see the dragon in our own sleep." She went on with tender affection that seemed to brim her throat. "The calf will light the cowshed for the mother cow. I haven't dived for nothing, after all. You have already grown up to do a man's business with another man."

The hunchback woman came through the red-pepper patch in the kitchen garden. She saw Bau having supper on the porch, and she started to leave, talking sadly to herself, with her black head against her shoulder. "Again the moon! Does it mean just saving oil on another sleepless night?"

Bau's mother turned to greet her neighbor gaily. "My son finally bought the bull seed. Is it possible the cow could fail to become a mother?" She seldom asked a neighbor's opinion.

The hunchback turned and hurried toward them. "Not your cow! Oh, oh, animals don't waste their seeds. You can count on it, as much as farmers do after they deposit their grain in the spring earth. In a lonely world, you



have a wonderful thing to look forward to—the unseen calf, the unseen fruit, sister."

Whenever the hunchback called on his mother, she talked about her sad life. "Today I crossed West Mountain again," the hunchback woman said now, "to talk at a marriageable boy's home, for the daughter of the Oak Tree house, and on the way back, in the breezy mountain pass, I sat for a long time looking at my blistering feet and the worn-out soles of my shoes. I lamented, 'Why do I hurt my feet to arrange others' marriages—I, a woman whose marriage hung on the too flimsy thread of fate in a stormy world?' If the boy and girl live happily, they think they do because they themselves are wonderful. But if they find one crack on the round rim of their union, they blame the matchmaker."

Bau's mother turned from the hunchback and watched Bau raise his spoon to his lips. The neighbor woman jogged her knee, to get her attention, as well as to show that they were on terms of intimacy. "Many say my words are as insincere as the early spring or the moonlight that often fools shy buds. Sister, the reward for matchmaking is thin. If I arrange a marriage, usually I receive a pair of silken shoes, to wear to the wedding in place of my old ones. But what I want is to see the happy shadows of a boy and a girl on the tiny paper window in the mud wall—the shadows of their noses touching, exchanging their breath talks in the dimly lit room. And I have a heart for their unborn fruits . . ."

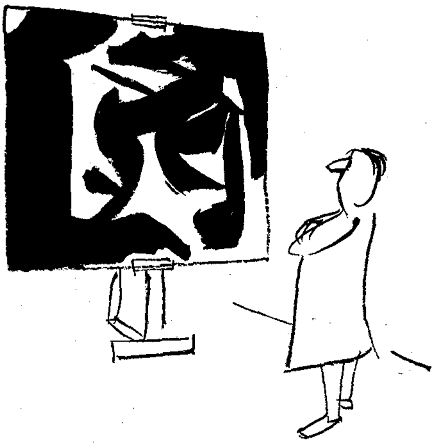
The neighbor was too busy now talking about herself, but Bau was afraid that later she might ask him for the details of the day's business. Without having emptied his rice bowl, he stood up from the supper tray, stealthily watching his mother's reaction. Strangely, her face showed approval of his leaving. She seemed to think he had grown to a man, and it is proper for a man to leave when a visiting woman starts to relate intimate matters. She herself seemed hardly to be listening to the unfortunate hunchback.

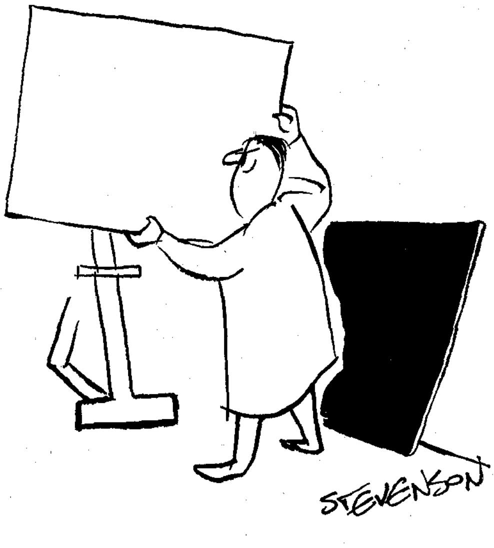
Bau started walking toward the school. Soon he found himself in front of the barn where his cow was, and there he waited for Songha. The school was near the mulberry grove. He hoped she would bring her bull that night, while his cow was there.

The night had more movements than the day—fireflies sweeping across the valley, in which dogs barked, stars over wavering leaves of dark cherry trees, and white clouds piled up to make a deep blue dome, which held the moon. In his mind he heard his mother praying aloud to the moon in the dome for the safe birth of a good calf. She was wishing for twin calves, even, when *he* knew that the cow had not yet been mated and she might be too old soon to bear a calf. He shivered in the early-summer evening.

Later, he saw Songha crossing the schoolyard on her way to the mulberry grove. She was alone; she didn't have the bull with her. He did not call her but brought out his cow, who was mooing restlessly, and started home.

AFTER that, whenever Bau saw Songha he followed her, but she never talked about the seed. He was angry inside, but somehow he couldn't ask her to bring the animal at night. One evening, when the rain frogs were croaking, he waited for her on the road to the school. He had decided, at last, to remind her of her promise, and he hoped that her silkworms still ate so many leaves that she had to go for their food at night as well as in the daytime. In the damp darkness, he saw a square paper lantern moving. As it came nearer, the light from the lantern revealed the white bodice of a girl, then the slender jaw line and the round





mouth of Songha. She saw him and stepped back, frightened, almost dropping the lantern. Then she recognized him. “Bau!” she exclaimed in happy relief. “Why didn’t you say anything? You *are* naughty.”

As they walked along together, she thanked him for coming to keep her company on the night road, but he was thinking about his cow and how to remind her of her promise. They passed the schoolyard and arrived at the pine-scented cemetery. They walked cautiously between the headstones, as if they were afraid of waking the dead in their graves. Soon they came to the mulberry grove. Below the wild-rose thorn fence, scarecrows flapped in white rag coats among the barley. Songha handed her lantern to him, saying, “Be careful. Don’t move it.” When he jumped up to catch a higher branch for her, she cautioned again, “Be careful; I forgot to bring a match.”

Inside the paper lantern sat a white candle, burning and flickering. Songha’s white hand moved busily among the branches, the tender, broad leaves touching her tight lips as she picked. “I won’t come back any more till the trees bear red fruits,” she said. “The leaves and the silkworms grow together, you know.”

Bau was wishing he could touch the dimples in her pearly cheeks, but Songha chided, “Don’t move the lantern too close to me. Hold it steady. I told you I didn’t have a match.”

The leaves nearly filled her basket. She won’t come here any more, Bau was thinking. Her indifference to him made him angry. He realized that his tightly gripped hand was not holding the seed money but just her lantern. He opened his mouth for a few seconds, then impulsively blew down at the lantern. The flame scattered and hugged the wick. He let out his remaining breath, and everything disappeared into darkness. The lantern in his hand wavered.

“What are you doing?” Songha screamed, dropping her basket on Bau’s toe. “I told you I didn’t bring a match!”

Bau didn’t know why he had done this. As she picked up her basket, she cried, “Half the leaves are gone!”

When Bau began to rake the leaves up, she cried “Don’t put in any leaves that have touched the ground!” and she covered the basket with her hands. “Why did you do such a nasty thing? I won’t talk to you any more.”

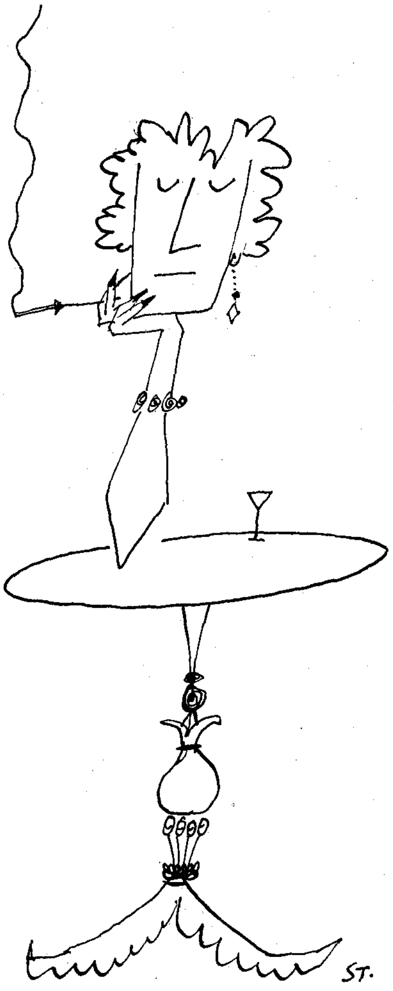
In the dark came the rustling sound of shadows in motion. Bau and Songha, holding hands, groped their way out of the grove of trees. In their path a dark figure suddenly jutted out, and Songha clung to him. “It’s only a tombstone,” Bau said.

As he remembered how she had looked in the light of the lantern, he felt a warmth from her dissolving in his throat, diffusing all over him and downward. He walked with happy, awkward steps. Tipping on the side of Songha’s hand, he grasped hard, feeling all Songha within himself. He did not notice how far they had walked until Songha suddenly pulled her perspiring hand away and took the lantern from him. They were at her gate.

Amid the rasping sounds of rain frogs from the rice paddies on both sides of the path, they went straight on up to Songha’s house. With her lips almost touching Bau’s ear, she said loudly, above the frog sounds, “If it rains tomorrow morning, bring your cow to the neck of West Mountain. Can you hear me?”

“Yes. I will come as soon as my mother goes out.” Then, making his hand into a mouthpiece at her ear, he complained, “I do not know the place.” A strange fear made his heart beat faster.

“Just walk along the shore westward until you find me. Farmers will come out to watch the rain, so we can’t meet in the village. Understand?”



Bau nodded, and turned toward the ditch path, lifting his face and hands toward the sky as he walked along, despite the darkness, hoping to receive raindrops on the way back to his house.

IN the morning, the rain hit the yard, deluged the kitchen garden, and blew slantwise onto the porch. By the time Bau had finished his breakfast, the rain was whirling down and making red water pools. Along the eaves of the cowshed and the main house, bubbles moved around, each bubble breaking into smaller ones. He waited with secret impatience for his mother to leave home. Finally, his thick eyebrows raised with anxiety, he asked, “Are you going out today to sell?”

His mother took it differently. She thought he did not want her to go, and said apologetically, “I must, Bau. Mealtime comes on rainy days as well as on fine days. Perhaps I was born to be in the water—on fine days in the sea, and on rainy days in the sea of rain.”

She put on many patched old clothes, and as she stepped out onto the wet porch, she said, “Another unexpected expense is this new home. We need a tin roof that will keep our porch boards dry.”

Bau watched her tall figure, without any protection from the rain except the round tub on her head, her shoes already buried in the pool of water at the front gate. Poor Mother, he thought. Before she has left her own gate, she has been drenched!

He went outdoors and stood in the shelter of the eaves, to watch her farther with pressing sadness mingled with unfolding relief from anxiety. She walked slowly, and rigidly erect, unmindful of the rain, and suddenly, crossing the rice field into a still harder rain, she disappeared from sight, as though she had dived into an underwater world.

Bau led his cow to the shore path, which had streams of water running down it. The sea was not high, but the waves broke in white foam. Farther out, the murky surface had needle spots of rain. He did not want to pass the hunchback’s house, so he left the path. He pulled at the cow’s halter, but the creature, swinging her head upward, mooing, refused to follow him. He pulled at the halter and tried to get her to go toward a ditch that led down to the water’s edge. Finally, the cow, her tail dripping down, moved on, sometimes halting, wary of the pouring water from the path above and the crawling

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waves below. Now he walked in front of her, holding the halter tight, bending his head down. His clothes were glued to his dripping body. His mouth was shut tight against the rain.

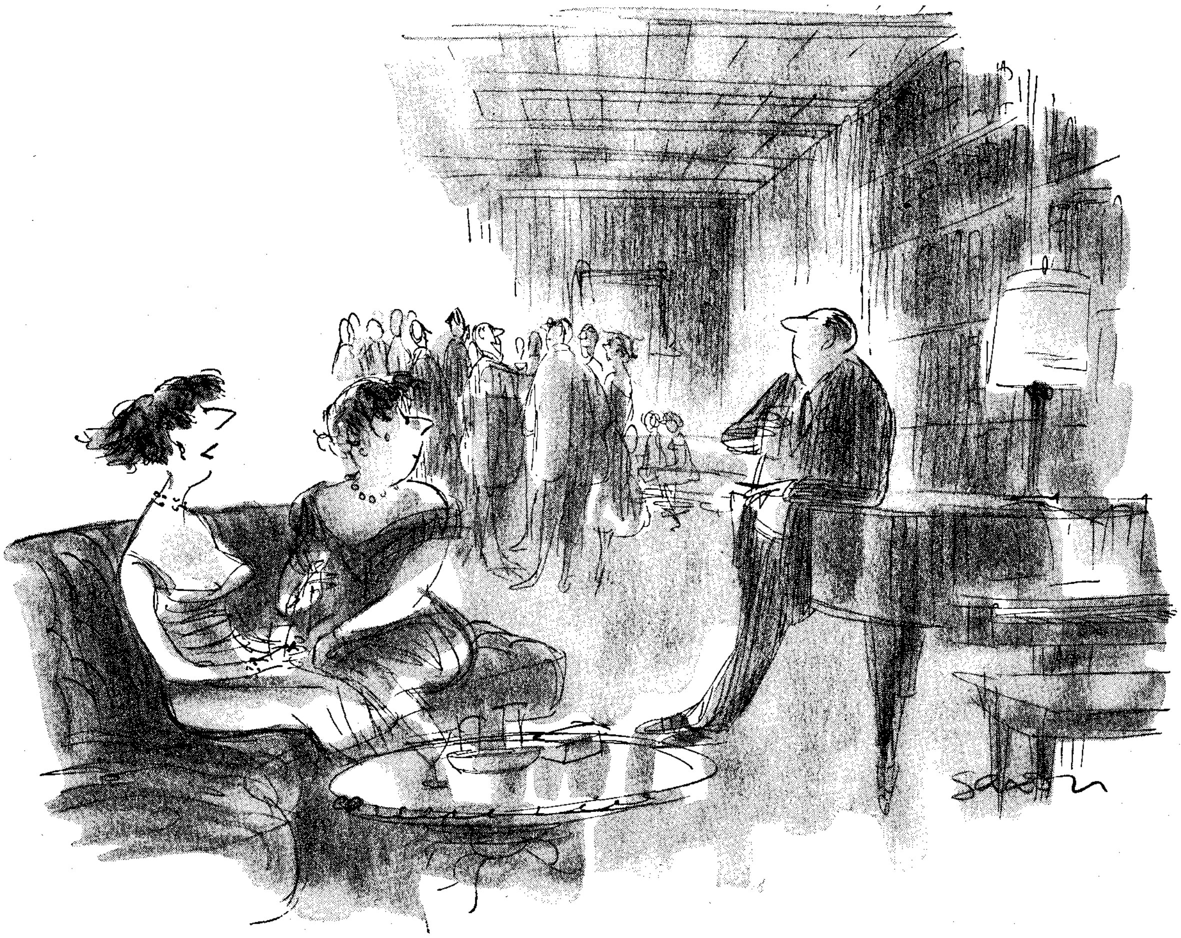
At the neck of West Mountain, a surf as tall as a house pounded against the black rocks, sending spray high into the air. In the lee of the mountain, Bau looked around for Songha and could not see her, so he started up, pulling his cow toward the path, and calling, "Songha! Songha!"

Then, through the rain screen, he saw a gaunt-looking animal down by the shore, and nearby, against the cliff, a sardine fisherman's shed. Pulling his cow on as fast as he could, he again called for Songha. The wet, dark animal down by the shore didn't move. Its ribs protruded like rocks over its backbone.

Suddenly, the bull turned his curved horns. His prominent humps rose steep on his back. Bau's cow pulled on her halter, her hoofs digging the water, and bellowed in anticipation. He released his grip on the halter and stepped back, covering his forehead with his wet sleeve. As he went to grab the halter again, the bull lowered his head, eying Bau, who was frightened and dashed into the sardine shed.

Inside the mud walls of the sardine shed, which was straw-roofed and sagging, the warm air had the strong odor of fish. As he stumbled in, he got a side view of the slim bare body of a girl before two fire pits. Songha was squeezing water out of her clothes. She turned and saw Bau, and raised her clothes to cover her breasts.

Bau pointed out toward the shore, through the streaks of water. He tried to tell her what was taking place out-



"Ted ought to be a writer. His keen powers of observation are working every minute."

side; his jaws moved, but he could not speak. The rain blew, churning in the air, and the water occasionally came down in floods from the roof. Bau stood for a moment looking out the door at the wind and the rain. Then he turned and grabbed one end of the skirt Songha held, and the two of them, twisting the clothes as hard as possible, squeezed every bit of water out of them. Songha's lips were black-green, like a sea cucumber. She had laid her coat along the rim of one of the fisherman's caldrons. She turned her coat over now, so that the other side would be exposed to the heat of the fire pits. Then, stooping, she spread her skirt out on the caldron, arching her naked body.

Bau again turned to the door, and saw the movement of a dark-brown mass blurred by the steam inside and by the rain. Coming back to the fire pits, he peeled down his stuck hempen clothes. Standing between the red flame in the pits and their flickering shadows on the mud wall, they wrung the water out of Bau's coat and trousers, twisting them like a rope, bending opposite ways, perfectly balanced. The fire smoke and the steam from Songha's clothes on the caldron blended, the foggy warmth filling the gap between the two magnetic nudes that were as alert as fish.

Bau, dabbing himself with his wet clothes from his face downward, again looked out at the sea. The bull was moving slowly toward the shed, against the background of arched surfs. Bau saw, a little behind, between the two separated animals, a shabby-looking man in a sedge rain cape. The man paused, like an alarmed, drenched dog, and then followed the animals up toward the shed.

Bau turned quickly to warn Songha, and saw that she was already taking her clothes from the caldron rim. He had difficulty finding his wet trouser legs. When he had put on his clothes, Songha ran out to her bull. In front of the shed, Bau grabbed the halter of his cow and pulled hard, running, but then after he had gone a short distance he turned around and came back, realizing that he had left Songha behind. She ran after the bull, which was within a few feet of the strange man.

"Don't these urchins have any parents?" Bau heard the fisherman ask. The man had a leather basket strapped across his sedge-covered shoulder, and in his hand an octopus hook, and so Bau knew that he was a fisherman. Waving his hook, the man tried to catch Songha, saying, "You are burning logs in another's shed! What are you doing here?"

Songha, making her body short and small, clung to the heavy side of her bull, who lowered his horns at the approaching stranger. Walking crabwise away from the threatening animal, the fisherman shouted something at her.

Songha picked up the halter of her bull and ran splashing into the surf. Bau, pulling his cow hard, went after them. He heard the words that chased him: "Evil dreams will awake you from sleep! The sardine-net hauler will catch you, both of you!"

AFTER they were safely past the neck of West Mountain, the animals, bending over to one grass patch after another, above the sandy shore, set the pace. Bau and Songha, also with heads down, moved as though they themselves were grazing on the raindrops on the summer grass.

Songha didn't lift even a casual glance toward Bau when she left him and walked upward, alongside the orange pumpkin flowers blooming on the bank of an overflowing rice field. Bau couldn't make himself call to thank her for bringing the bull, for he felt that nothing had happened except in a nightmare, seasons ago. He stood mystified, with his cow nibbling on the ragweed and cattail not far from the place where he had lost the seed money.

—KIM YONG IK

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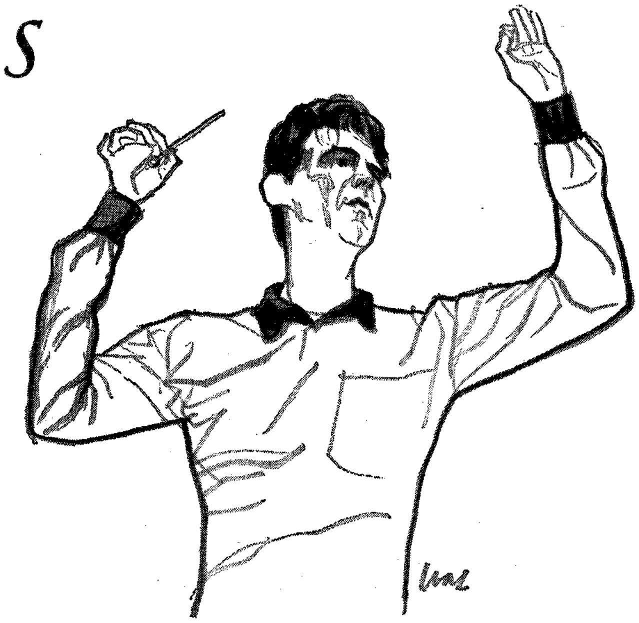
We crossed to Manhattan from New Jersey on the George Washington Bridge, itself an awesome sight, and drove south on the Henry Hudson Parkway. Below our expressway, layers of city traffic squirmed in a maze of roads and ramps, overpasses and turnouts. From our right, Gotham's towers gazed down at us. On our left, the Hudson River and Jersey's Palisades flowed past.—*Dodge News Magazine.*

Yes, but we get sick riding backward.

PROFILES

THE PERVASIVE MUSICIAN—II



Leonard Bernstein

BACKSTAGE at Tanglewood one night the summer before last, a few minutes after Leonard Bernstein had finished conducting the Koussevitzky Memorial Concert, his father, Samuel Bernstein, a Boston businessman who deals in beauty-parlor and barbershop equipment, said to an acquaintance, "You know, every genius had a handicap. Beethoven was deaf. Chopin had tuberculosis. Well, someday I suppose the books will say, 'Lenny Bernstein had a father.'" There was perhaps more than just a touch of irony in the elder Bernstein's acknowledgment that the career of America's most gifted all-round musician had been hampered by paternal opposition; that, however, is exactly what his son believes. As a matter of fact, the first twenty-five years of Bernstein's life as they are recorded in his scrapbooks and as they are imprinted on his memory present a curious contrast. The scrapbooks indicate that they were a period of rapid and orderly progress toward inevitable early success; Bernstein recalls them as a troubled time—a time of domestic contention, professional frustration, and economic distress—that was ended only by a triumphant and, as it seemed, magical public vindication over a national radio hookup. Diffidence has never been one of Bernstein's conspicuous traits, yet apparently the one musically knowledgeable person who has ever doubted, even occasionally, that he was destined for a spectacular career was Bernstein himself. He describes his youth as a sort of endless fairy tale in which he was the beleaguered prince, always in mortal peril from an ogre, his father, and always saved in the nick of time by a succession of guardian spirits bearing such names as Helen Coates, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Aaron Copland, Fritz Reiner, and Serge Koussevitzky.

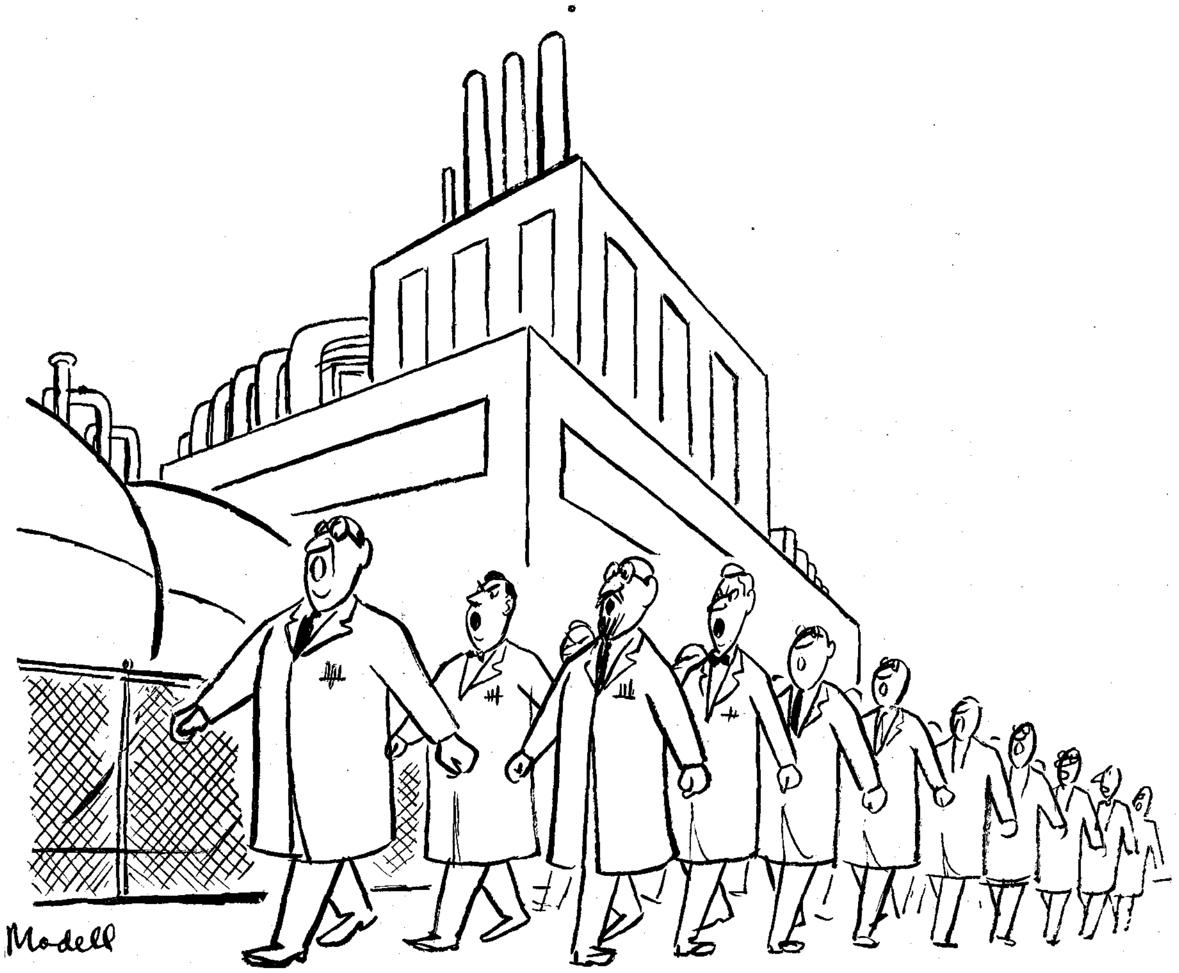
Perhaps one reason Bernstein regards his first twenty-five years as miserable is that during that time he had little or no audience. He is not a man who can gratify his musical appetite by sitting alone in his parlor with a phonograph or by putting one note after another in a soundproof studio. Not long ago, he remarked, "I need to communicate, and you can't communicate without communicatees," and though that sentence is by no means typical of his conversational style, which is likely to be less ponderous, it does appear to be an accurate statement of his position. He was a public figure by temperament long before he became one in fact. He confesses that he has always wanted to outshine everybody at everything, and though he hasn't quite managed to achieve that, he is better than most people at a great many things: conducting, composing, playing the piano, teaching, writing, even doing crossword puzzles. (One thing he does worse than almost everybody else is draw. "Why, he can't even draw a duck," his wife recently said, in a pitying tone, as she drew an admirable duck for their five-year-old daughter.) So automatically does Bernstein seek to make himself conspicuous, even when engaged in activities that practically anybody else would consider private, that he has been known to stand in the aisle of a crowded parlor car as it went around a curve and realistically feign seasickness, and to shout tearful farewells to utter strangers on shore from the rail of a Martha's Vineyard ferry. As for the public portion of Bernstein's life, it has long been conspicuous in the extreme, and never more so than in the last few months, during which his musical comedy "West Side Story" became one of the biggest hits on Broadway and he was appointed sole musical director of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony—perhaps the most important musical job in the country.

THE eldest of three children, Bernstein was born on August 25, 1918, in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Both his parents were Russian immigrants, his father hailing from a province, or *guberniya*, called Rovno, which Bernstein has commemorated in a tango lyric he wrote for "Candide":

I was not born in Buenos Aires.
My father came from Rovno Guberniya.
But now I'm here I'm dancing a tango:
Di dee di; dee di dee di.
I am easily assimilated.
I am so easily assimilated.

The family moved to Boston when Leonard was only a few months old, and thereafter moved frequently from one neighborhood to another in Boston as the elder Bernstein's business prospered. Of his first ten years, Bernstein chiefly recollects that he was "a scared, sickly, skinny kid," who suffered not only from asthma but from beatings by the boys in the new neighborhoods. Then, in his eleventh year, one of his aunts gave the Bernsteins an old upright piano that she no longer had room for, and Leonard suddenly saw an end to his bondage. The vehemence with which he applied himself to that piano and the earnestness with which he begged his parents to let him study the instrument quite frightened them. In their view, his passionately reiterated intention of becoming a professional musician proved that he was in the grip of a dangerous monomania. Neither of his parents had much interest in music, and, indeed, his father looked upon it with positive suspicion; the only personal experience he had had with musicians had been in his native village, where a strolling reprobate in tattered clothes would show up from time to time and scrape away at a gypsy fiddle. Furthermore, the father took the not uncommon position that most of the effort and enthusiasm he had put into building a business had been for the benefit of his son and that for the son to abandon it would be a tragedy. Nevertheless, he agreed to let the boy take lessons—probably in the hope that time, the great healer, would bring him to his senses.

Bernstein's first teacher was an amiable young woman in the neighborhood, whose assets included a kindly disposition and a moderate scale of fees. In return for a dollar a lesson, once a week, she undertook to open to him the mysteries of, among other pieces, a schottische called "The Mountain Belle" and a march called "On to Victory." These two were the first compositions



"From the cyclotron of Berkeley to the labs of M.I.T.,
We're the lads that you can trust to keep our country strong and free."

Bernstein ever learned, and like practically everything else he has ever learned, they are still fresh in his memory; it takes a minimum of entreaty to induce him to sit down at a piano and play them. He remained under this inexpensive pedagogue for two years, and then, to his sorrow (he remembers her as beautiful), she got married and moved to California.

Bernstein was now twelve, his monomania was more pronounced than ever, and he was sufficiently venturesome to seek further instruction a longer way from home and at a higher price. In downtown Boston, he found a lady willing to guide him for three dollars an hour, and after some stormy domestic scenes he negotiated a settlement with his father whereby he was to give up all but twenty-five cents of his weekly allowance to help defray the expense. As Bernstein now sees it, this was very nearly a catastrophic victory. Watching him play for the first time, the new teacher declared that he had "no system." "You have humps," she added, pointing to his hands. "Only a camel has humps, and he's an awkward beast." The lady, it appeared, sternly disapproved of the way most pianists, including the very best ones, arch their hands over the keyboard, and she had invented a system of playing in which the hands were held rigid, with the knuckles down and only the fingers moving. For almost two years, Bernstein did his best to follow this exacting method, and he says that if he had followed it much longer, his technique would have been irreparably ruined and he could never have become a pianist. At fourteen, his hands and his spirit much chafed by the hump problem, he set out once again to find a new teacher. This time, he went to the top, and got an audition with Heinrich Gebhard, who was universally conceded to be the leader of his profession in Boston. Gebhard did not think that Bernstein was ready for his personal attention—even if he had thought so, it wouldn't have made much difference, since Gebhard's personal attention sold for twenty-five dollars an hour—but he did recommend him to his assistant, Helen Coates. Miss Coates, at six dollars an hour, was a pretty stiff proposition herself, and Bernstein's delight at his good luck was somewhat mitigated by the fact that he could now take a lesson only once every two weeks, thus keeping his expenses at the same level.

Miss Coates' first discovery was that Bernstein had no humps, and she lost no time in reviving them. Her second discovery was that she had an extraordinary—and, in some respects, exasperating—student on her hands. Although he spent every spare moment with music—reading scores, listening to radio concerts, solving musical problems of his own construction, and composing anything from concertos to popular songs—he found finger exercises a nuisance, worked on them as little as possible, showed scant interest in perfecting his technique, and nevertheless played almost everything better than almost everybody else. (In a recent review of Bernstein's playing, ex-President Truman's old musical enemy, Paul Hume, of the Washington *Post*, remarked: "Technical problems do not exist for him and probably never did in the sense that they do for many pianists.") Miss Coates' third discovery was as much to the point as either of the others: he was not only a musical genius, or close to it, but a human boy. And so, although she strove—sometimes sucessfully—to persuade him to perspire over Czerny finger exercises and Chopin études, she did not confine herself to academic routine. She became what one old friend of Bernstein's has called "his musical mother," and of all her contributions to his development, the most valuable was recognizing him as a *Wunderkind* without ever attempting to push him into the dreary life of a child virtuoso. Since she was the first adult he had ever met who took his music seriously, and took him seriously as a musician, their relationship was not long in deepening. The hour piano lesson was likely to last two hours, and far from being confined to formal piano instruction, it ranged over the whole field of music. Bernstein, who made a practice of borrowing scores from the Boston Public Library, had just discovered opera, and sometimes, at

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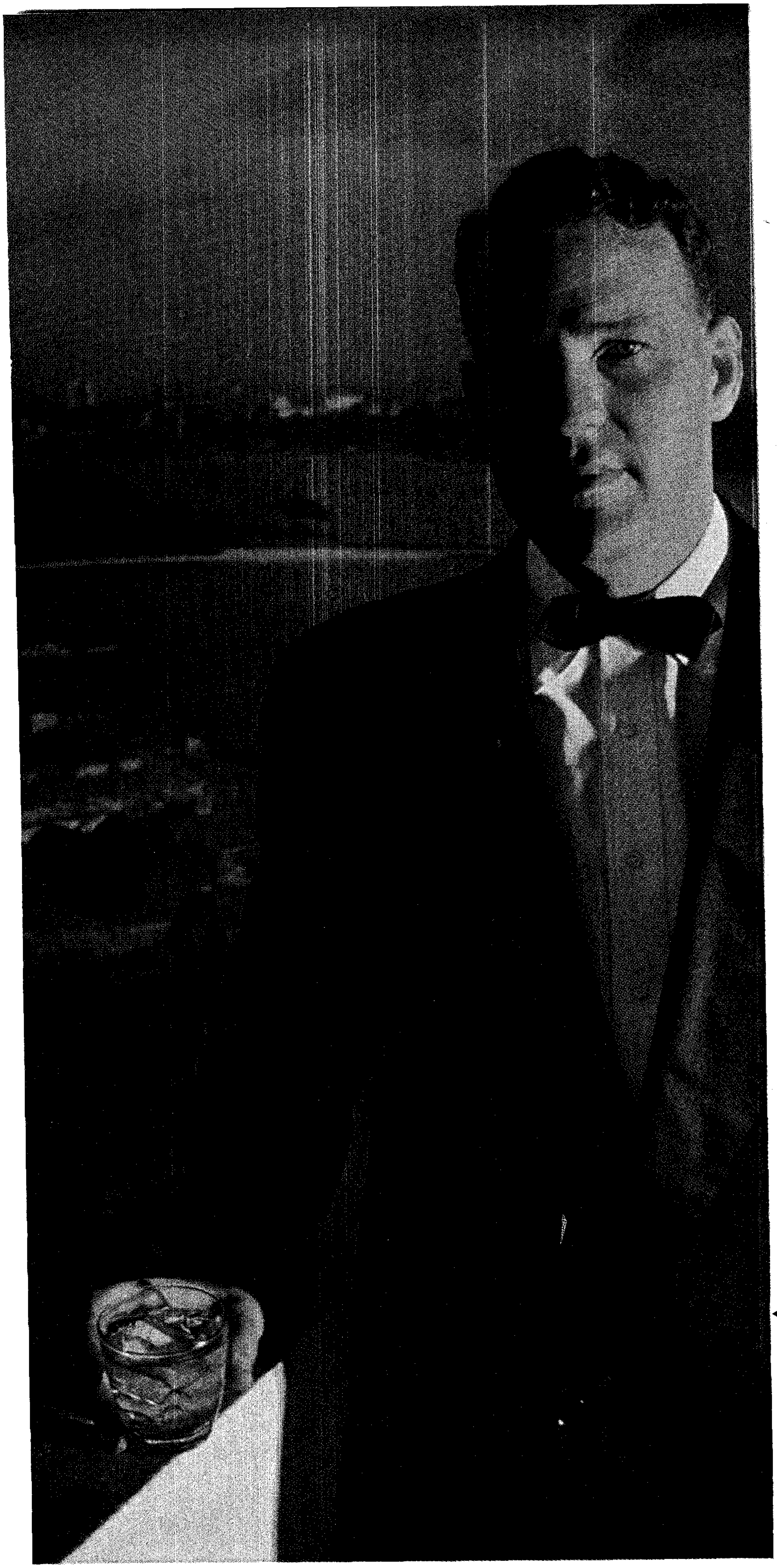
a lesson, he would play and sing an entire act of some opera, and discuss it with Miss Coates. (Even then, she recalls, "he could read, sing, and memorize anything.") Sometimes he took along his own compositions for her edification—among them a gigantic piano concerto, which he had written when he was thirteen and which, since the music was largely derived from the works of Liszt and Tchaikovsky, he now describes as "a war between the Russians and the Gypsies." Sometimes he discussed music theory with her, for although he had never studied the subject, he had given it much thought and had constructed a surprisingly inclusive theory of his own; he had isolated the tonic chord, which he called the "finishing chord," and the dominant chord, which he called the "governing chord." Sometimes he even brought poems he had written—poetry being regarded at home with scarcely less suspicion than music. Sometimes, too, he brought Miss Coates his moral dilemmas. The summer he was fifteen, for example, a Boston newspaper sponsored a contest having to do with music and offering a new baby grand piano as first prize. Bernstein, who coveted the piano, entered the competition, although the rules stated that the minimum age for entrants was sixteen. After falsifying his age on the entry blank, his conscience was sufficiently agitated for him to confess this sin to his teacher. (Her advice, it is to be feared, was to let *faits accomplis* lie.) Bernstein didn't win the piano. He came in second, and second prize was a vast collection of obsolete piano arrangements of minor works, which he hadn't the slightest use for, and which he may well have regarded as retribution for his delinquency. Over the years, Bernstein has entered a number of other contests, and has yet to win the top money. (Seven years after that first one, while he was at Tanglewood studying conducting under Serge Koussevitzky, he tried for the five-hundred-dollar first prize in a similar competition, and again came in second. Second prize this time was an all-expenses-paid weekend at Tanglewood.)

One Saturday evening when Bernstein was sixteen, he made what he considers one of the most momentous discoveries of his life. He tuned in the broadcast of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert, as was his habit, and heard Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps." It was the first contemporary music he had ever listened to. The Prokofieff made him literally roll on the floor with laughter, and the Stravinsky put him into a state of violent excitement. "Up till then, I had never realized music had a future," he said not long ago. "I had thought of music simply as what had already been written." He immediately started reading and listening to all the recent music he could find, and presently was spending a good deal of each session with Miss Coates playing pieces by Prokofieff, Stravinsky, and other contemporary composers for her and attempting, not always successfully, to explain to her what they were all about. In the first flush of his enthusiasm, he even whipped up a sonatina of his own in what he thought to be the "modern idiom." He behaved, in short, with the inebriety of a young man who, having seen long, hard service in the Russo-Gypsy war, has finally received his discharge.

Perhaps one of the original reasons for the elder Bernsteins' alarm over their son's headlong pursuit of music had been a fear that it would prevent him from attending to such important matters as school and social life. They need not have worried; it had just the opposite effect. Once he had found a vocation in which he could immerse himself, he was able to deal with the world from a position of strength. Shortly after he had started taking piano lessons, he was admitted to Boston Latin School, the crack institution in the Boston public-school system. Since, as he grew older, he made a point of acquiring a sound jazz style and a compendious repertory of popular songs (in doing so, he picked up the sideman's habit of banging the pedal in time with the music, and thereby provided Miss Coates with another source of bafflement), he became one of the school's full-grown social lions. As for the elder Bernstein, while he continued to regard music as an irrational vocation, he gradually learned that as an avocation it was inoffensive, and even conceivably rewarding. By the time Bernstein was sixteen, his father had given in to the point where he took his son to hear Serge Rachmaninoff play with the Boston Symphony—the first live concert that either of them had ever attended. Moreover, the father was proud that his son was piano soloist with the Boston Public School Orchestra; that in the summers, in Sharon, Massachusetts, his son was a leading spirit because of the businesslike way in which he produced, directed, performed in, rewrote the lyrics of, and arranged the music



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says Lawrence Earle
of Berwyn, Pennsylvania

"Suddenly I notice everybody talking about Puerto Rico—and its *rum*," says Larry Earle. "Now that I've been there, I know why.

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◀ "I could see mountains, ancient fortresses and sun-washed beaches from my hotel in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Earle. "Here's where I discovered rum on the rocks." Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

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for juvenile productions of "Carmen," "H.M.S. Pinafore," and other popular works; that on a couple of winter cruises the family took, his son provided such splendid piano entertainment that he was once offered a job plying the Caribbean at the keyboard; that whenever the congregation of which he himself was a magnate organized a social or fund-raising affair, his son was the entertainer most in demand, particularly for a number he had devised that consisted of a theme of his own composition as it would have been developed by Chopin, Liszt, Gershwin, and anyone else who came to mind. None of this, furthermore, prevented his son from graduating from Boston Latin with distinction or from being admitted to Harvard College. The Boston Latin School Class of '35 was the three-hundredth to emerge from that institution, and there was a considerable ceremony in honor of the anniversary. As the boy who wrote the music for the class song, Bernstein had his share in the occasion. The words of the chorus, written by a classmate, went:

All for one and one for all,
Sharing each success or fall.
All too soon has come the parting
To worldly realms beyond our wall.

There can be little doubt that Bernstein's melody did full justice to the lyric.

AT Harvard, Bernstein naturally chose to major in music. The music faculty was ornamented by several composers, including Walter Piston, so Bernstein, in addition to getting his first opportunity to study such recondite matters as orchestration and counterpoint, was able to meet some of the men who were writing the sort of music that most stimulated him. Through a professor in the Philosophy Department—Bernstein took as few music courses as a music major could, and as many in philosophy and languages as his schedule had room for—he was introduced to the music of Aaron Copland, and then, through another acquaintance, to that gentleman in person. It was the beginning of a close friendship that has continued right up to the present. By that time, Bernstein had graduated from Miss Coates to Gebhard himself, and he worked up Copland's formidably intricate "Piano Variations" for his teacher, to the surprise and confusion of the latter, who was no partisan of contemporary composition. It was for Gebhard, too, that Bernstein intransigently learned Ravel's Piano Concerto in G, the piece he has played most often since, and one of several that he can

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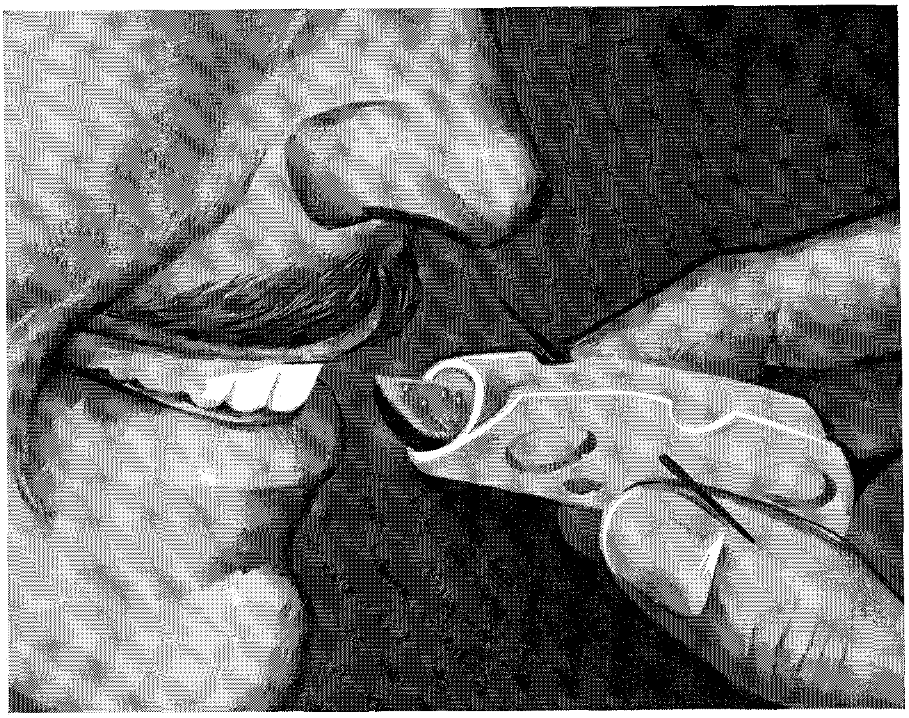

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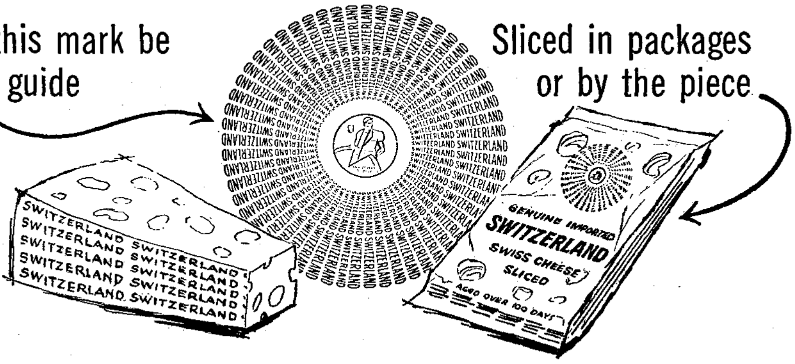
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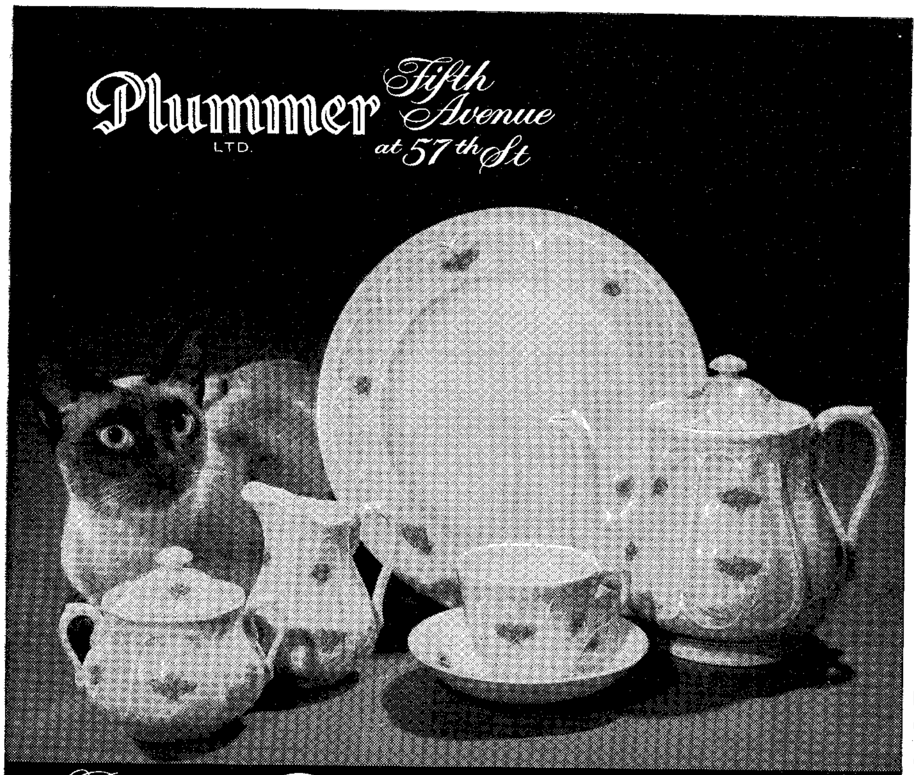

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Academic work, which ultimately earned him a bachelor's degree *cum laude in musica*, and lessons with Gebhard were by no means sufficient to fill the time of someone as energetic as Bernstein. ("I'm always hearing about my 'facility' and my 'versatility,' " he told an acquaintance plaintively a while ago. "What never gets mentioned is that I work hard.") He managed to appear as a piano soloist with the Pierian Sodality of 1808—as the college orchestra is chastely called—and with the Massachusetts State Orchestra, a W.P.A. enterprise; to accompany the glee club; to write, stage, and perform in various Class Day japes; to compose the music for and conduct a pickup orchestra in the performance of a Harvard Classical Club production of Aristophanes' "The Birds," in the original Greek (snatches of this music have since found their way into Bernstein's Second Symphony and his musical comedy "On the Town"); and to put on his own production of Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock," which he directed, played the piano for, and acted in. This last venture created quite a municipal stir; Bernstein wanted to stage it in a Boston theatre, but the city authorities would not permit him to, because of what they considered the play's general incendiarism, moral and political, so it finally had to be presented in a Harvard auditorium. It also created quite a stir in the Bernstein family; Leonard engaged his fifteen-year-old sister, Shirley, to act the part of a prostitute, to their parents' consternation and their own vast amusement. When Bernstein could sandwich in a little time between projects like these, he reviewed concerts for the college's literary publication, the *Advocate*. An excerpt from the first piece of criticism he ever wrote is interesting not only as a demonstration of his manner of handling English prose but as a demonstration of his manner of handling Serge Koussevitzky in the days before he met that maestro and became a protégé and worshipper: "The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is over and eligible for review. By and large it was the traditional BSO offering: magnificent precision, the unbreakable tradition of false notes in the French horn department, the phenomenon (in the Vivaldi) of seeing woodwinds blown and not hearing them, the remarkable industry of the percussion boys, Our Director's most individualistic conception of tempi—all the things we have come to

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love. One innovation, however: Dr. Koussevitzky has added a tenth bull fiddle, so that the Scherzo of Beethoven's Fifth had something of fate in it after all."

The high point of Bernstein's college years was a meeting with Dimitri Mitropoulos. Nothing makes him more certain that occult forces have supervised his life than the circumstances leading to this encounter, which he remembers—in characteristically exhaustive detail—as a chain of inexplicably connected events. Event No. 1: One Saturday afternoon in January, 1937, just before midyear exams, in the common room of Eliot House, where he lived, a casual acquaintance casually invited him to a party that night in Brookline. Bernstein already had a date to take a girl to the Boston Symphony, and he wasn't really much interested in the party, but he said politely that they would drop in on it afterward if they could. Event No. 2: On their way back to the girl's home after the concert, at which Mitropoulos was guest conductor, the car Bernstein was driving (his father's) ran out of gas in Brookline. Fortunately, they were right in front of a service station, and, strangely, the service station was just around the corner from the house where the party was. So they went to the party after all. Event No. 3: It was not a very entertaining party, in Bernstein's opinion—possibly because it took place in a house without a piano—and they didn't stay long. As they were leaving, they met another casual acquaintance coming in, and he mentioned casually that the Harvard Hellenic Society was giving a reception for Mitropoulos the next afternoon at Phillips Brooks House. Event No. 4: Bernstein spent Sunday with his family and, after hearing the Philharmonic broadcast, decided to return to school early and study for midyears. His mother urged him to stay home a while longer, but he was adamant, so she put an antique fur coat on over her house dress and started driving him back to Harvard. In the maze of Cambridge streets, she happened to make a wrong turn, and presently found herself in front of Phillips Brooks House. Event No. 5: Being there, Bernstein resolved to go in, and he insisted that his mother accompany him. Inside, it was jammed and stifling, a flutist and a pianist were playing a *concertino* by Chaminade, everyone except Mitropoulos was standing, and everyone including Mitropoulos was looking miserable. Mrs. Bernstein couldn't take off her fur coat, because of what she was wearing underneath, and Bernstein couldn't abide his mother's discomfort, the way the *concertino* was being played, or the crowd. Just as the mother and son turned to go, the music ended, a reception line suddenly formed, with them in the middle of it, and they found themselves advancing inexorably upon the Maestro. And so, Bernstein likes to point out, if he hadn't been in the Eliot House common room on Saturday afternoon, he would never have learned about the Brookline party; if he hadn't learned about the party, it would not have mattered that he ran out of gas in Brookline; if he hadn't run out of gas in Brookline, he would not have gone to the party; if he hadn't gone to the party, he would not have heard about the reception; if he hadn't heard about the reception, it would not have mattered that his mother made a wrong turn in Cambridge; if his mother hadn't made a wrong turn, he would not have gone into Phillips Brooks House; if he hadn't gone into Phillips Brooks House, he would not have heard the end of Chaminade's *concertino;* and if he hadn't heard the end of Chaminade's *concertino*, he would not have met Mitropoulos. Someone with a finger less firmly pressed on the pulse of the occult might think it quite a natural occurrence for the most talented music major at Harvard to meet a distinguished visiting musician. But Bernstein prefers to feel that a divinity has shaped his ends.

Whether or not supernatural forces had conspired to arrange the meeting, its results were uncanny enough. As Bernstein took the Maestro's hand, he recalls, he was overwhelmed by "the incredible hypnotic quality of this man." Mitropoulos must have had a rather similar feeling about Bernstein, because the glazed receiving-line smile left his face and, with his first show of interest that afternoon, he inquired who Bernstein was. When he learned that the young man was not a Hellenist but a pianist, he asked him to play after the hands had all been shaken. Bernstein played—"horribly," according to his recollection—a Chopin nocturne and the last movement of his own sonatina. Mitropoulos, it appears, was not horror-stricken. He had a long and eager conversation with Bernstein, and invited him to that week's rehearsals of the Boston Symphony. Bernstein, by his own account, spent the week in "an absolute state of hysteria," which was of no help to his midyear grades. Mitropoulos took him to lunch one day. "He gave me oysters for the first time and called me 'genius boy,'" Bernstein recalls. The orchestra rehearsals, which Bernstein attended every day, were a rev-

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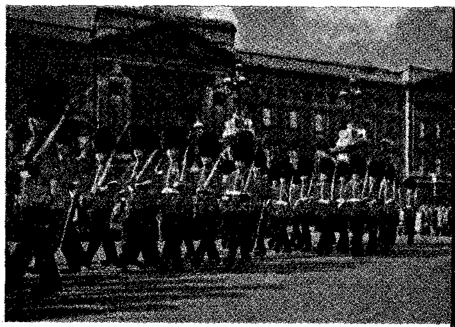
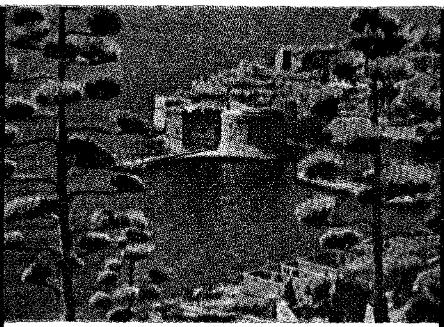
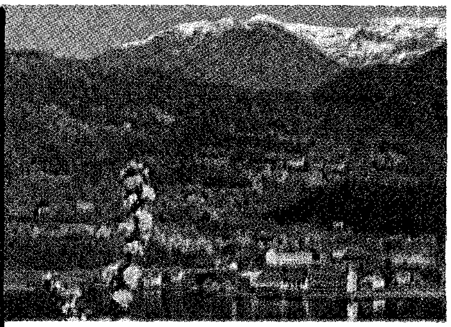


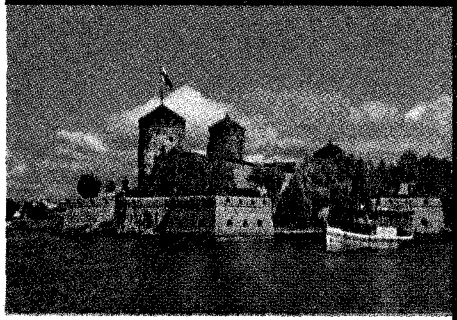
1. ☐ Changing of Guard, Stockholm, Sweden
☐ The Swiss Guards, Vatican City, Italy
☐ Changing of Guard, London, England



2. ☐ Port of Reykjavik, Iceland
☐ Walled City of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia
☐ Castle Orth, Traun Lake, Austria



3. ☐ View of Hardanger, Norway
☐ Lake of Lucerne, Switzerland
☐ Harbor of La Condamine, Monaco



4. ☐ Ancient Vianden Castle, Luxembourg
☐ Olavinlinna Castle, Finland
☐ Tower of Belem, River Tagus, Portugal

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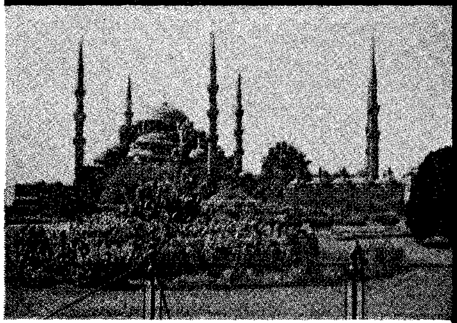
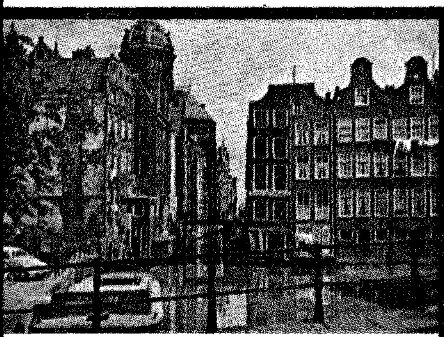
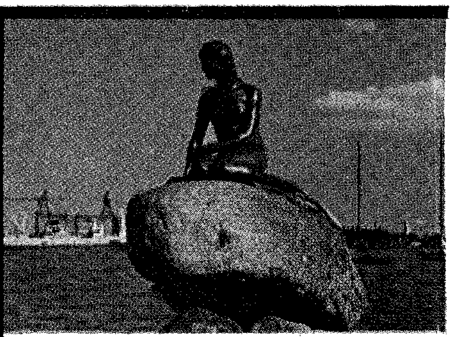


5. ☐ The Mezquita (Mosque), Cordoba, Spain
☐ Chapel of St. George, Athens, Greece
☐ Sultan Ahmet Mosque, Istanbul, Turkey



6. ☐ The Old City, Amsterdam, Netherlands
☐ Canal Scene, Bruges, Belgium
☐ The River Liffey, Dublin, Ireland



7. ☐ The Lorelei, River Rhine, Germany
☐ Venus de Milo, Paris, France
☐ "Little Mermaid", Copenhagen, Denmark

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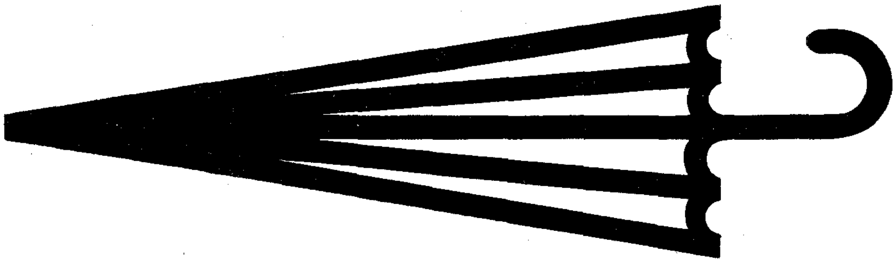
ANSWERS:

1. Changing of Guard, London, England; 2. Walled City of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. 3. View of Hardanger, Norway. 4. Olavinlinna Castle, Finland. 5. Sultan Ahmet (Blue) Mosque, Istanbul, Turkey. 6. The Old City, Amsterdam, Netherlands. 7. "Little Mermaid", Copenhagen, Denmark.

elation to him, not only because of the insight into music they gave him but because of the guest conductor's explosive personality. In those days, Mitropoulos was the most violent of maestros, thrashing and stamping about the podium and occasionally, to Bernstein's astonishment, charging into the midst of the orchestra to berate a trembling musician. Mitropoulos conducted Schumann's Second Symphony that week (a piece that Bernstein has felt a special affection for ever since and has often included in his own programs) and also, as his own soloist, conducted a piano concerto from the keyboard (a feat of strength and skill that has become one of Bernstein's favorites). By the week's end, when Mitropoulos left for his regular duties in Minneapolis, Bernstein's addiction to a musical career had been powerfully reinforced. He suspects to this day that the fervor of his own conducting style is a direct result of Mitropoulos's influence.

IN the summer of 1939, Bernstein found himself with a diploma and without a job. His father was no more pleased than he had ever been by the notion of a musical career for his son, and no more willing to sink funds in it. There was a job waiting in the business, but Bernstein flatly declined to consider it. A few summers before, in deference to incessant paternal urging, he had spent six weeks in the office, serving as shipping clerk, messenger, and general boy-of-all-work, and had found it unendurable. He resolved to go to New York and see if any musical work was to be had there. Two years previously, he had spent the summer as music councillor at Camp Onota, near Pittsfield. His chief project there had been to stage a production of "The Pirates of Penzance," for which a Bronx youth named Adolph Green, who has since become a leading musical-comedy and movie writer, was invited up as guest Pirate King. Prior to Green's arrival, Bernstein had been told with much earnestness—and, as it turned out, complete truth—that Green possessed an immense fund of musical knowledge, and, in fact, could sing from beginning to end practically any piece of music in the concert repertory. If not precisely mortified by this intelligence, Bernstein was at least put on his mettle, and he determined to subject Green to a characteristic piece of practical wit. As soon as possible after introductions had been made, he steered Green to a piano, and their conversation to modern music. "Now, you remember this Shostakovich andante, of course," Bernstein said,



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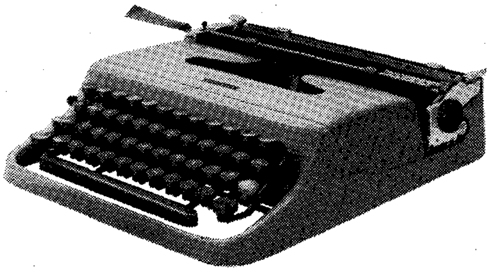

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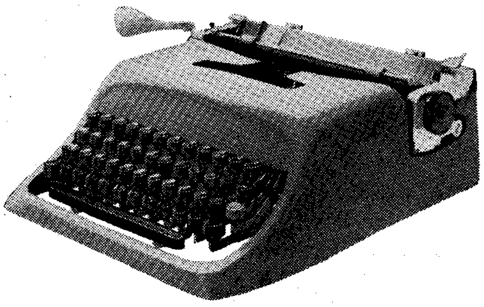

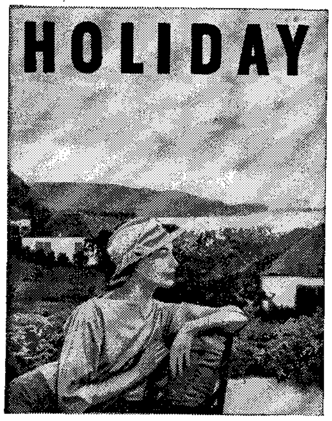

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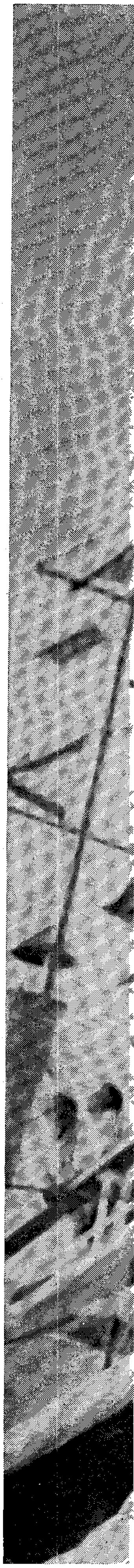

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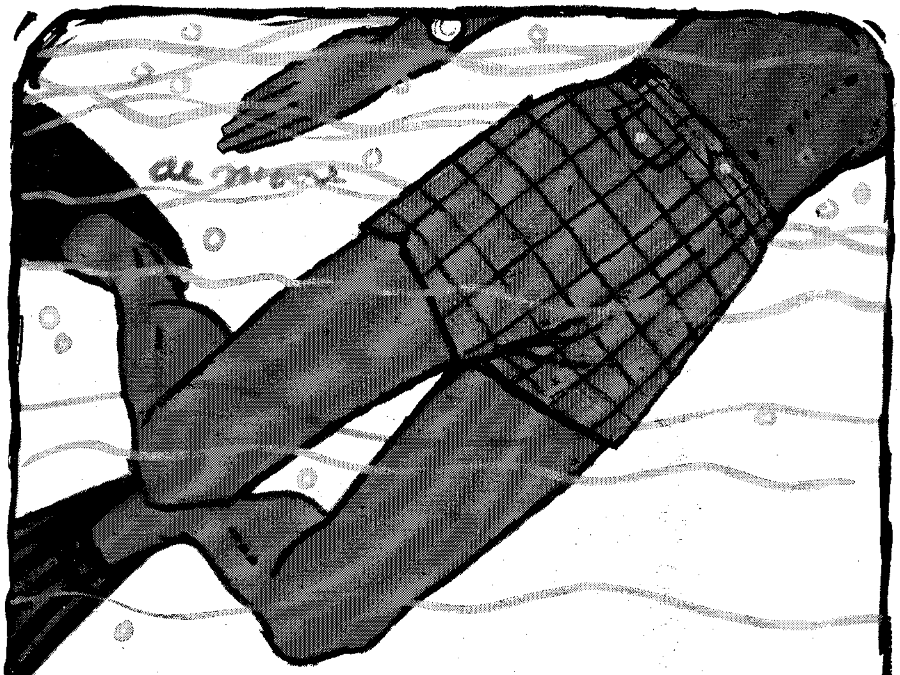

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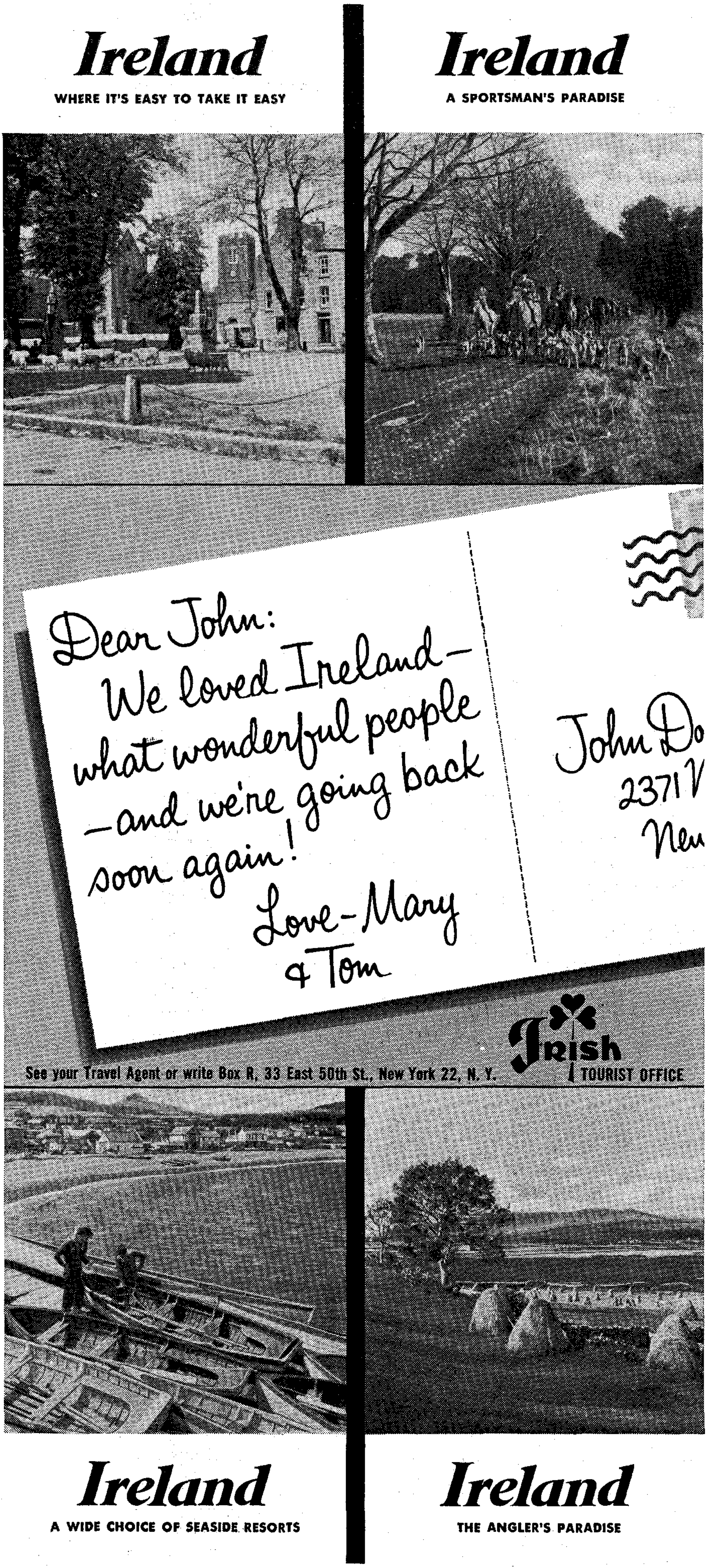
playing, with all the Socialist realism at his command, a series of stirring dissonances of his own invention. Green said he didn't remember any such Shostakovich andante at all. Bernstein then and there fell upon Green's neck and swore eternal friendship, on the ground that everyone else who had ever listened to that andante had remembered it perfectly as one of Shostakovich's most brilliant themes. The friendship between Bernstein and Green flourished, and when Bernstein came to New York after graduating from Harvard, he and Green took an apartment together in Greenwich Village.

Bernstein did not find a job in New York that summer—partly because it took six months' residence in the city to become eligible for membership in the musicians' union. He did manage to entertain himself a good deal of the time by spending his evenings, often at the piano, at the Greenwich Village cellar night club called the Village Vanguard, where Green worked as a member of a troupe called the Revuers, but that brought him no closer to establishing himself in a career. By September, he was flat broke, and since his alternatives seemed to be his father's business or starvation, he dejectedly returned to Boston. A day or two after he got there, as he was preparing to take another stab at the barbershop-equipment business, word reached him occultly—through a chance acquaintance—that Mitropoulos was at the Hotel Biltmore, in New York, on his way home from Europe. Bernstein immediately came back here, called on the Maestro, and stated his problem, and Mitropoulos offered to help get him into the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia, to study conducting under Fritz Reiner. It was late in the year to enroll for the school, but Reiner agreed to give Bernstein a special audition. Like every other important musician before or since, he at once recognized Bernstein as a prodigy, and admitted him to his class. Bernstein was also taken on by Isabella Vengerova, one of the Institute's leading piano teachers. It is doubtful, Bernstein feels, whether he could have found two teachers anywhere who would have been more useful to him than Reiner and Mme. Vengerova. Reiner, a consummate technician, is able to convey his desires to an orchestra with the smallest quiver of a baton and virtually no body English. Bernstein finds it impossible to conduct that way—assuming he has ever tried—but if Reiner's style made no impression on Bernstein, his exposition of the fundamentals of the conductor's trade made a great and lasting one. Mme. Vengerova, a formidable lady, of whom Bernstein was in terror during his first months, corrected what he believes to have been the basic weakness of his piano work—a tendency to throw himself so passionately into his playing that he couldn't hear what he was doing. Despite the excellence of the instruction, though, the year at Curtis was not a particularly happy one for Bernstein. After the show-business excitements of Cambridge and the Village Vanguard, he did not find Philadelphia a titillating city, and although Curtis is an endowed institution and charges no tuition, the modest allowance he received from home, even when it was augmented by an occasional contribution from Mitropoulos, forced him to live penuriously. Most distressing of all was the society; Curtis at that time was just beginning to transform itself from a forcing ground for virtuosos into an institution that provided an all-round musical education, and Bernstein was one of the very few students there who had some knowledge of, or interest in, anything but the fastest way through a Chopin étude or a Paganini capriccio.

Meanwhile, Serge Koussevitzky had arranged, as part of the program of the Berkshire Music Festival for 1940, to have three or four promising youths spend the summer studying conducting with him at Tanglewood. Bernstein, armed with unequivocal recommendations from Mitropoulos, Reiner, and Copland, who was a good friend of Koussevitzky's, applied and—to no one's surprise, except perhaps his own—was accepted. Almost immediately, a profoundly affectionate relationship developed between Koussevitzky and Bernstein, and it lasted until the Maestro's death in 1951. If Miss Coates had been Bernstein's musical mother when he was a confused boy of fourteen, Koussevitzky became his musical father when he was an unsettled man of twenty-two. Eager to pass on his knowledge of music to a new generation, and without children of his own, Koussevitzky found in Bernstein an almost completely receptive and understanding pupil. And Bernstein, of course, was thrilled at being taken so wholeheartedly under the protection of one of the most exalted musicians of the twentieth century. So close and long-lasting was the relationship between the two men that one section of the trade came to regard Bernstein as Koussevitzky's duly designated musical heir, and was rather surprised that the directorship of the Boston Symphony was given to Charles Munch instead of to him when Koussevitzky died. (There is reason to believe that Bern-



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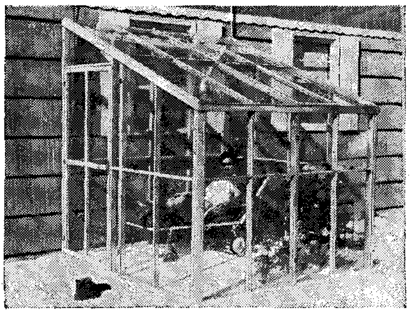

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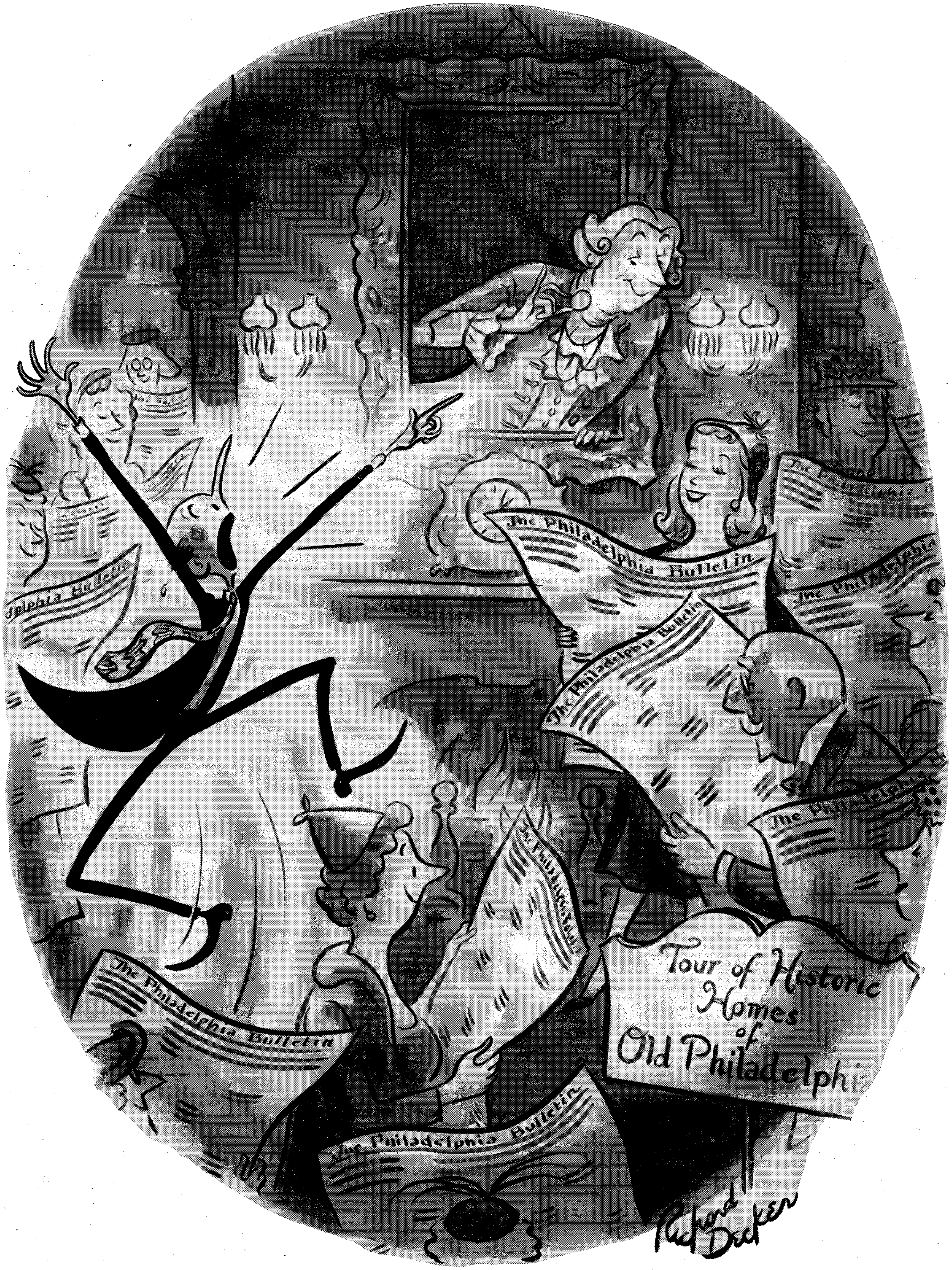
stein himself was rather disappointed for a time at being passed over.) Those more familiar with the workings of the Brahmin mind, however, found it quite natural that the job in Boston should not be awarded to an antic youth who had played piano in a Greenwich Village cellar.

BERNSTEIN spent one more winter in Philadelphia and one more summer in the Berkshires. By the autumn of 1941, he figured he had had enough education; the time for earning a living was clearly at hand. Mitropoulos would have liked to hire him as assistant conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, but there was no room in its budget for such a position. Bernstein was eager to have another go at New York, but Koussevitzky, who wanted to keep an eye on him and hoped to be able to get him some work, insisted that he stand by in Boston. Ever since, Bernstein has referred to that winter in Boston as his Valley Forge. With Koussevitzky's help, or on his own, he got a good deal of work, but most of it was playing the piano or conducting at benefits, for which he wasn't paid. He tried opening a piano studio, but he opened it two days before the attack on Pearl Harbor, and practically no students came. Next, he tried to enlist in the Army, and was rejected because of congenital asthma. He was able to hang on until summer, and Tanglewood time, when he assisted Koussevitzky, but that fall he shook the dust of Massachusetts from his feet and returned to New York. His first few weeks here were no improvement over his previous stay. Then, in the course of his job-seeking, he encountered Irving Caesar, whom he had met in Boston that spring when "My Dear Public," a show for which Caesar had written the music and lyrics, was trying out there. Adolph Green and Betty Comden—she was also an ex-member of the Revuers and is now Green's collaborator—were appearing in it, and they had invited Bernstein to a party at the Ritz-Carlton to celebrate the Boston opening. Bernstein had naturally taken over the piano, and Caesar had been impressed. He remembered the occasion when they met in New York, and asked Bernstein what he was doing. Bernstein told him. "What?" he quotes Caesar as having said. "You, a genius, starving?" And Caesar recommended him to Herman Starr, a magnate of the music-publishing firm of Harms, Inc. Starr, upon interviewing Bernstein, was also impressed, and gave him a job at twenty-five dollars a week. He earned the money. The work consisted of all sorts of intricate musical odd jobs—among them transcribing jam sessions from records to paper and arranging pieces, as Bernstein recently put it, "for four hands on two pianos, eight hands on two pianos, two hands on eight pianos." He even did some band arrangements for the firm, under the name of Lenny Amber. ("Bernstein" means "amber" in German.)

After working hours, Bernstein devoted much of his time to composing a symphony, suggested by the Lamentations of Jeremiah, with which he hoped to win a contest sponsored by the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston. The deadline was December 31st, and Bernstein barely managed to beat it; he spent part of New Year's Eve on a train to Boston, where he delivered his score in person a couple of hours before midnight. The symphony didn't win the contest, of course—in fact, Koussevitzky, who had agreed to conduct the winning composition with the Boston Symphony, didn't much care for it—but Reiner liked it, and arranged to have Bernstein himself conduct it the following winter with the Pittsburgh Symphony.

Meanwhile, Bernstein was slowly insinuating himself into the more serious musical life of the city. With David Oppenheim, a clarinettist who is now in charge of classical artists and repertory for Columbia Records, he played several times over WNYC, one of their pieces being his own recently composed sonata for clarinet and piano. In February, 1943, at a sort of symposium at Town Hall that was devoted to performances and discussions of contemporary music, he played the Copland Piano Sonata, talked a good deal, and received favorable newspaper mention for both his music and his wit. In April, he conducted a program of modern music at the Museum of Modern Art. In May, he talked and played again at Town Hall, at a benefit. When summer came, however, he was once more in a state of gloom; he was unable to believe that, with his twenty-fifth birthday almost upon him, a year devoted to two hands on eight pianos had done much to further his career. After the 1942 season, Tanglewood had closed for the duration, but Koussevitzky was giving some Sunday lectures on music in the nearby town of Lenox, and Bernstein agreed to help him out by playing illustrative passages on the piano. On his way up to the first lecture, Bernstein stopped off in Boston to visit his draft board again, and was again turned down. His mood not visibly improved by this set-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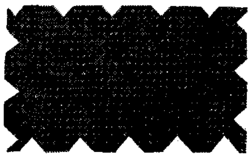

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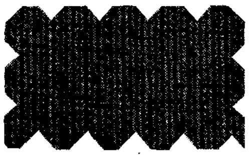

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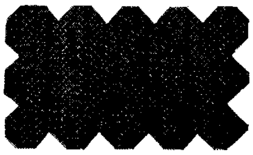

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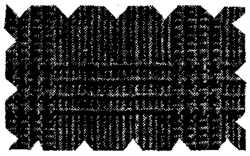

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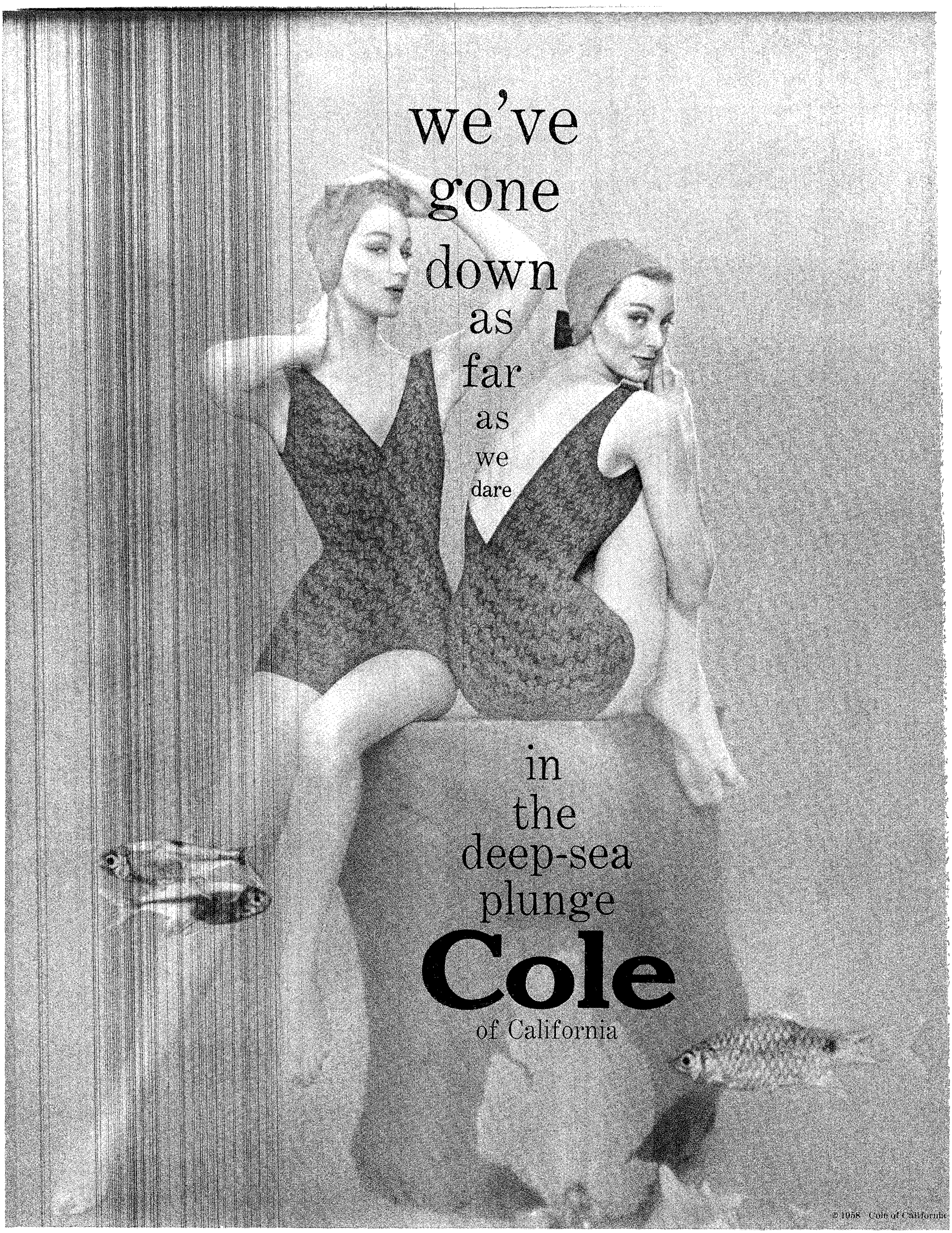
back, or by a bad cold in the head that was practically as chronic as his asthma, he arrived in the Berkshires on a Saturday afternoon and found a message asking him to telephone Artur Rodzinski, who had recently been appointed director of the New York Philharmonic and was spending the summer on a farm outside Stockbridge. When he made the call, Rodzinski suggested that he come over the following morning. Bernstein, who had no car and couldn't afford a taxi, asked about the bus schedule from Lenox to Stockbridge—a query that Rodzinski, always a touchy man, apparently regarded as a monstrous piece of lèse-majesté, and fumed over at some length. However, when Bernstein arrived on Sunday morning, Rodzinski led him into a newly mown hayfield, invited him to sit down on a rick, and offered him the job of assistant conductor of the Philharmonic. So the twenty-fifth birthday, which Bernstein spent in Lenox, was a success after all, and Koussevitzky made it an even greater success by presenting a song cycle Bernstein had written, "I Hate Music!," as a special feature on one of his lecture programs, with Jennie Tourel as the soloist and the birthday boy at the piano.

The job of assistant conductor of a symphony orchestra is singularly unglamorous. It consists, in the main, of attending all the rehearsals, learning all the scores, being eternally ready to go on, and never going on. And this particular job of assistant conductor had an additional piece of drudgery connected with it: Rodzinski, who was anxious to find some new compositions for the Philharmonic to play, had made his need widely known, with the result that hundreds of scores poured into the office, and Bernstein had the chore of going through them with the forlorn hope of finding something presentable. Even so, Carnegie Hall was a considerable improvement over Harms, Inc., and Bernstein thought that after serving a long enough apprenticeship there he would have a reasonable chance of being offered an orchestra of his own somewhere. The job didn't leave him much free time, but what little he had he spent working on a ballet in collaboration with a young dancer he had met named Jerome Robbins, who has, of course, become a celebrated choreographer, and who directed and did the choreography for "West Side Story."

At the end of the second week in November, the dam that Bernstein felt had been holding back his career suddenly burst. On the evening of Saturday, the thirteenth, Miss Tourel gave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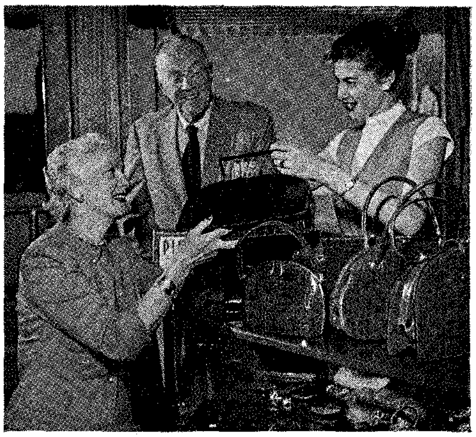

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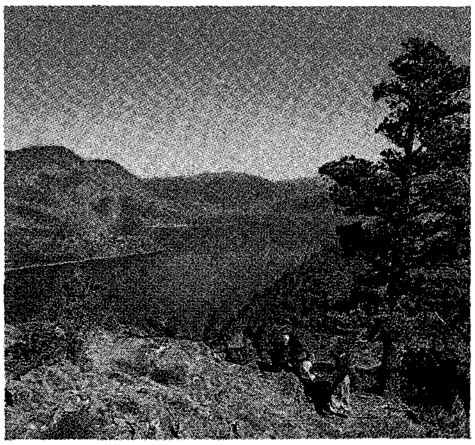

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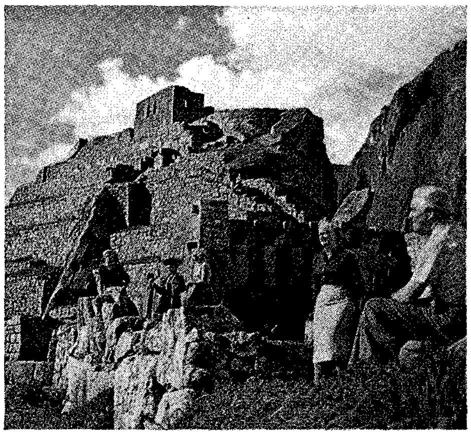

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El InterAmericano DC-7s and *El Pacifico* DC-6Bs all feature radar. No change from New York over routes of National, PAA and Panagra a recital at Town Hall, with "I Hate Music!" as part of the program. Naturally, Bernstein attended, even though he had been working hard and was tired, and his upper respiratory tract was giving him trouble again. (The following summer, his chronic cold was finally alleviated when he underwent an operation for a deviated septum at Doctors Hospital; much to the prejudice of that establishment's usual repose, he shared a room there with Green, who was there to have his tonsils removed.) After the recital, he went to Miss Tourel's apartment for the customary party. Scarcely had he had a sip of his first drink when he received a phone call informing him that Bruno Walter, the Philharmonic's guest conductor that week, had been taken ill and, since Rodzinski was out of town, Bernstein might conceivably have to conduct the broadcast concert the following afternoon. Considering this highly unlikely, Bernstein returned to his drink and stayed at the party until 4 A.M. Four hours later, the phone in his apartment—a one-room studio in Carnegie Hall—awakened him and he was told that Walter would positively be unable to appear and that he was to take over. The program was to consist of Schumann's "Manfred" Overture, Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote," and Rózsa's "Theme, Variations, and Finale." Except for a few minutes spent beside Walter's bed, during which the Maestro indicated what tempi he had been using, Bernstein stayed in his room studying until just before two-thirty. Then, he put on his best suit, a conservative gray flannel (he did not own a pair of the striped trousers conductors usually wear at daytime performances); went downstairs; and, with bleary eyes, a stuffed-up nose, and a good deal of trepidation, stepped onto the podium. The concert was a triumph. The audience cheered; the critics raved; and, since the understudy-success story is a staple of American news, the event received national publicity. Most gratifying of all to Bernstein, perhaps, was the fact that his parents, who had come to town for "I Hate Music!" and were scheduled to return to Boston that day, had been persuaded to cancel their train reservations and had seen the whole thing from a box at Carnegie Hall. The ogre was out for the count at last.

PROBABLY no one has ever been less flabbergasted than Bernstein by overnight renown. Once safely in the limelight, he had no trouble staying there; just about every move he has

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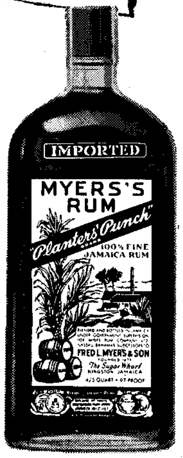

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made since November, 1943, has been a matter of public record. In the year 1944 alone, he performed so many extraordinary feats that one friend was led to crown him "musical decathlon champion of the world." The "Jeremiah" Symphony, whose première he led with the Pittsburgh Symphony, and which was performed later in the season by both the Boston Symphony and the Philharmonic, was voted the outstanding new work of the year by the Music Critics' Circle; the ballet he did with Robbins, "Fancy Free," was the smash hit of the Ballet Theatre's spring season and was performed no fewer than a hundred and sixty-one times in the first year of its existence; he became one of the most sought-after guest conductors in the country, and travelled fifty thousand miles to conduct eighty-nine concerts; and, finally, he and Robbins, using the story of "Fancy Free" as a starting point, and enlisting Green and Miss Comden to do the book and lyrics, wrote a musical comedy called "On the Town," which opened in New York, amid cries of acclamation, three days before the end of the year. That last piece of work established Bernstein in a way that no symphony, ballet, or conducting job ever could have: it made him a hundred thousand dollars. By the end of the year, his position in the hierarchy of celebrities was so unassailable that the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce—an organization that he had never looked to as a possible source of professional prestige—named him one of the ten Outstanding Young Men of 1944, thus classing him with Nelson A. Rockefeller, among others.

One of the odd—or perhaps not so odd—circumstances attending this phenomenal progress was that some of the eminent musicians at whose feet Bernstein had hitherto sat, and who had eagerly fostered his career, began to regard him with a rather fishy eye. When "On the Town" was in Boston for its tryout, Koussevitzky spent three hours one evening telling him, Dutch-uncle fashion, what a shocking waste of talent it had been for him to fritter away six months on a Broadway musical. Another old patron, appalled at discovering that Bernstein actually enjoyed having his picture in *Harper's Bazaar* and his name in Leonard Lyons' column, was for a time—so he said recently—"personally very hurt that Leonard wanted to be a world personality, like Frank Sinatra." The spectacle of a maestro being besieged by bobby-soxers was, in truth, a unique one, and one that was particularly baffling to men of Eu-

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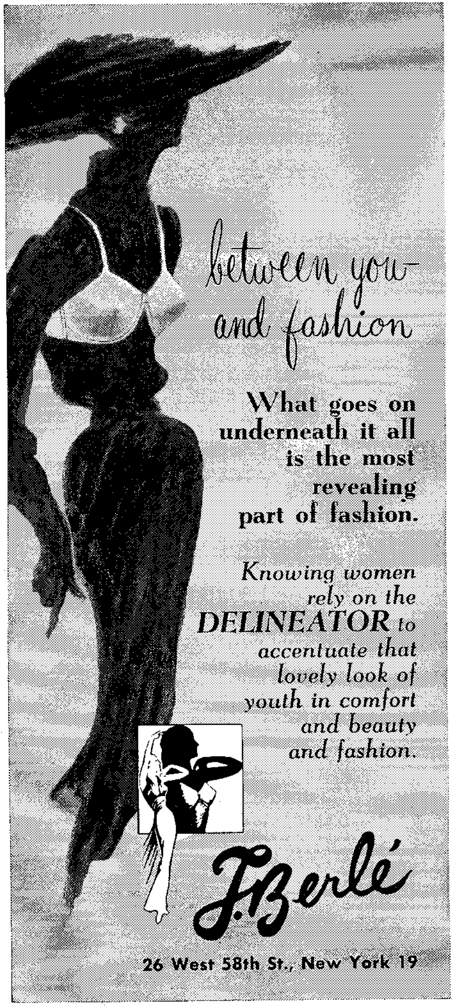

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ropean background and education. There is still a section of the musical world that is dismayed by Bernstein's affinity with Broadway, but it is diminishing. Not long ago, one distinguished composer even found it in his heart to say, "You must remember that Lenny has so many talents that he is exposed to temptation as few of us are." A notion that seems to be gaining ground—evidently the directors of the Philharmonic have come to share it—is that a lack of solemnity is not necessarily a lack of seriousness, and that Bernstein's congenital showmanship may actually do the cause a service by making the public performance of music attractive to more people.

At thirty-nine, moreover, Bernstein, though still possessed of enough animal spirits to daunt most companions, is not quite the "world personality" he was at twenty-five. For one thing, he has been married for six years to Felicia Montealegre, an actress whom he had met in 1946, and he is the father of a five-year-old daughter, Jamie, and a two-year-old son, Alexander. During the last few years, Mrs. Bernstein has been one of the most vigorous proponents of the idea that her husband should settle down to a steady job with an orchestra of his own—a move he had obstinately resisted making up to last fall. (In the fall of 1956, a year before he was appointed sole director of the Philharmonic, he accepted a job as the orchestra's co-director with Mitropoulos, but that was not nearly so demanding; it left him time, for example, to complete the score for "West Side Story.") Perhaps even more influential than his wife's exhortations in causing him to make the move at last is the fact that he has almost fulfilled an old ambition of his—"doing at least one of everything" in the field of music. As a composer, he has turned out two symphonies, a violin serenade, two song cycles, a short opera, a clarinet sonata, two ballets, two piano suites, four musical comedies, a motion-picture score, the incidental music for a play ("The Lark"), and a long jazz composition called "Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs." As a conductor, he has led most of the major orchestras in this country and in Europe; has conducted opera at La Scala (the first American to be invited to that sanctuary); and has become virtually the guiding spirit of the Israel Symphony, with which he toured this country in 1951, and whose new auditorium in Tel Aviv he opened just this fall. (He is especially admired in Israel for his musical gallantry under fire during the fighting with the Arabs

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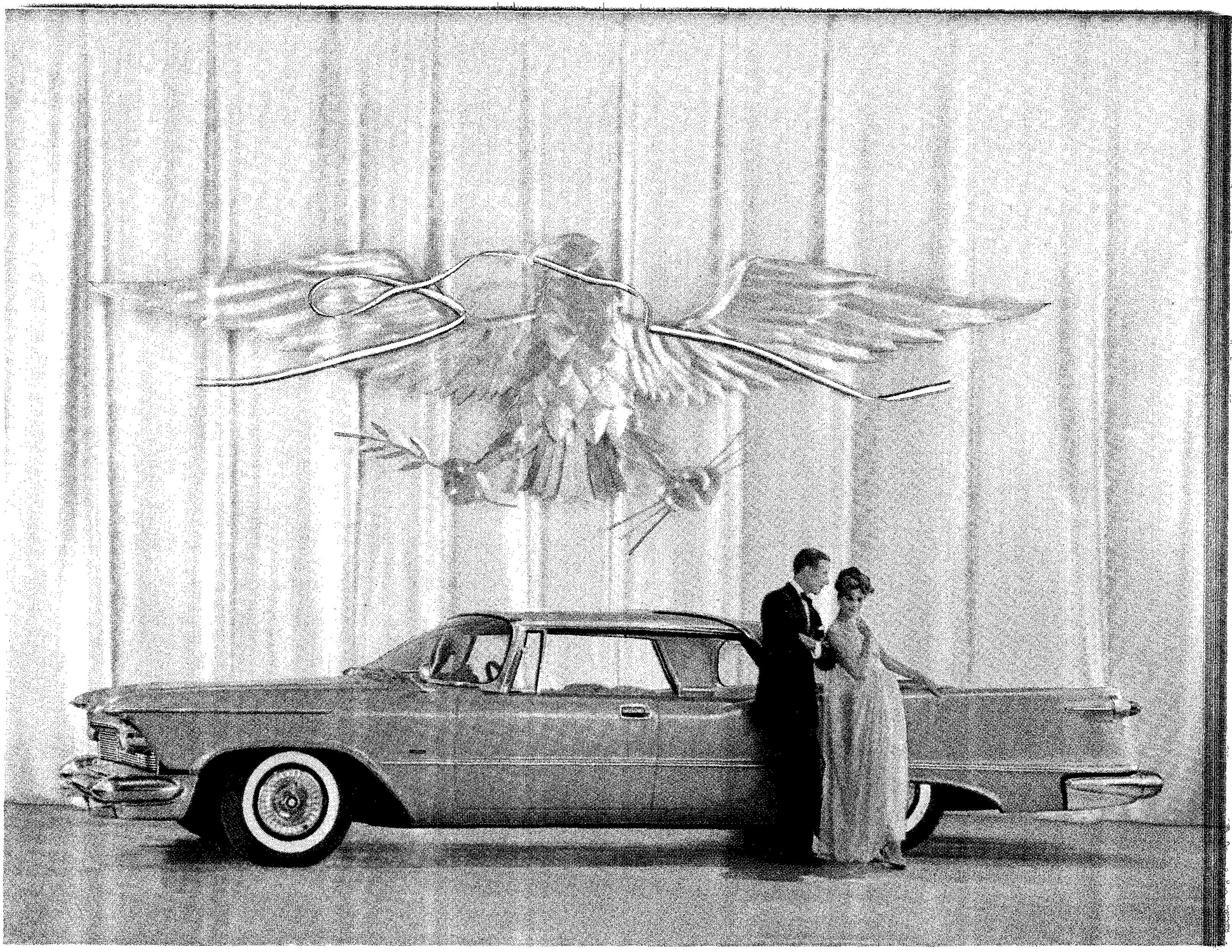

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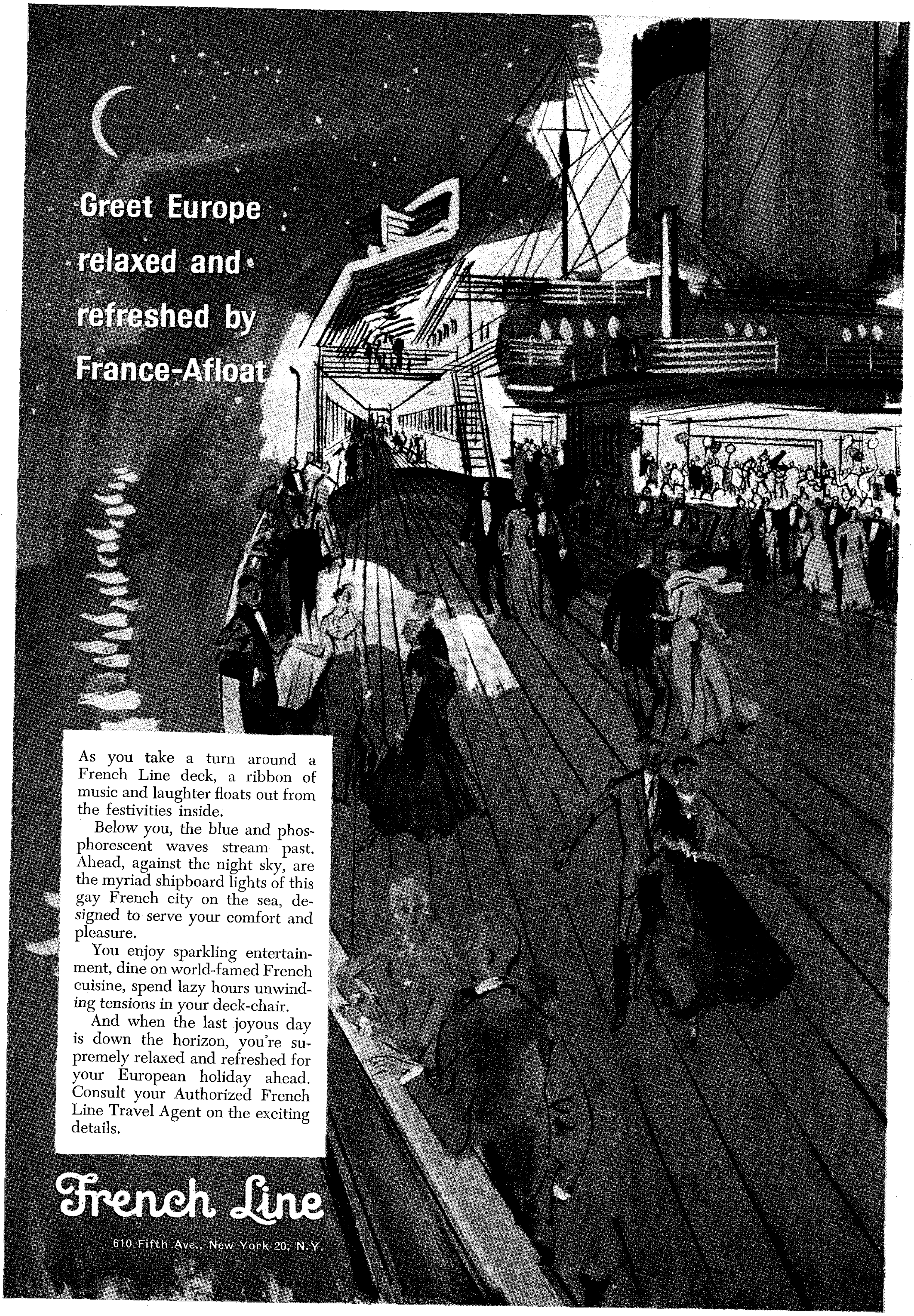
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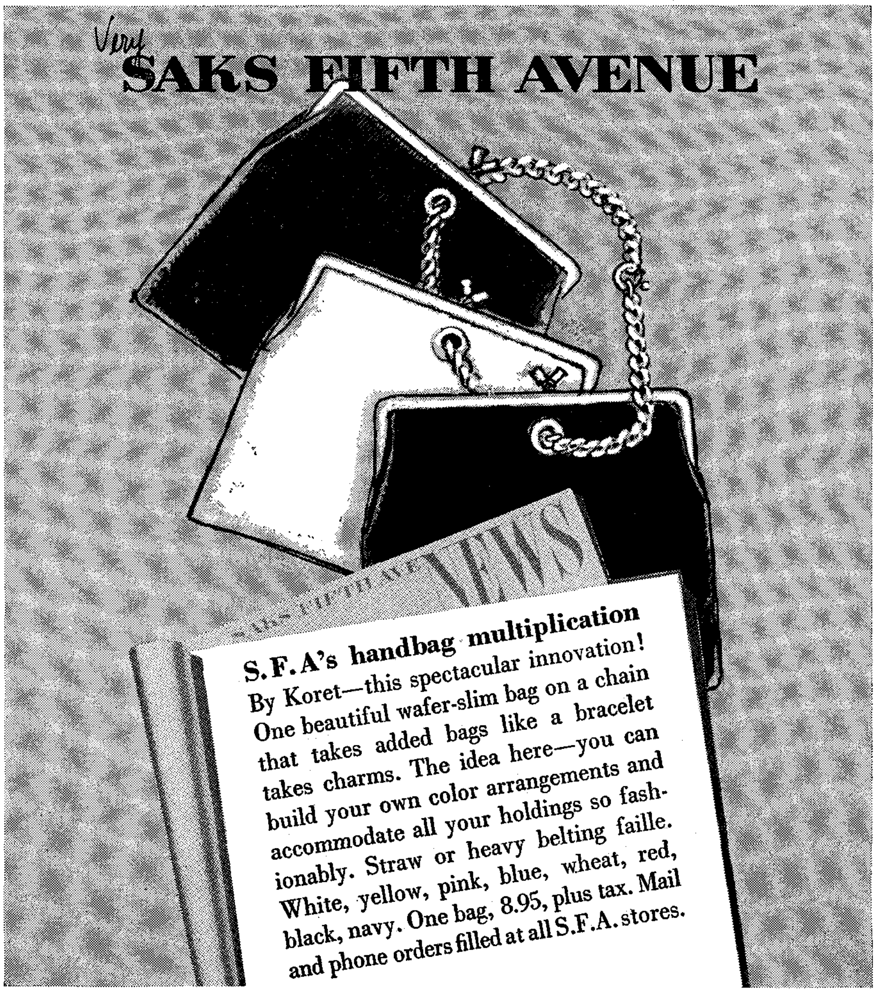
in 1948. During a concert in Rehovot that year, there were two air-raid alarms while he was conducting a Beethoven piano concerto from the keyboard. "I never played such an adagio in my life," he recalled a few weeks ago. "I thought it was my swan song.") As a pedagogue, he has taught, and supervised a couple of music festivals, at Brandeis University, and has lectured to television audiences numbering several million on Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, jazz, conducting, American musical comedy, Bach, and contemporary music. "Why shouldn't he want to run the Philharmonic?" an acquaintance asked rhetorically when the announcement of his appointment was made. "It's the only thing he hasn't ever done."

So far, there has been at least one indication of the effect that taking over the Philharmonic will ultimately have on Bernstein: this season, for the first time in his life, he is using a baton. Hitherto, as a conductor, he had relied solely on his anatomy, employing it in so spectacular a way that critics have frequently described him as "choreographic" and "acrobatic"—two adjectives he finds highly distasteful. No doubt his intention in adopting the baton is to conserve energy and to maintain dignity on the podium, but his grip on the new tool is not yet quite secure. When conducting, he always gets wrapped up in the music—in addition to reacting to it with his whole body, he generally sings it at the top of his voice—and at one moment of particularly deep absorption during a recent concert at Carnegie Hall the baton simply flew out of his hand and landed in the lap of a lady in the front row. The lady didn't know at first whether to keep it, like a foul ball at a baseball game, or to throw it back in, like a point after touchdown at a football game. She finally settled for handing it to the Maestro between the halves. Bernstein was only slightly amused after the concert when Adolph Green, who had been there, advised him to have a thong attached to the stick, so he could bind it to his wrist. Flying baton or not, the music Bernstein made that first week delighted the press, the public, the Philharmonic high command, and Bernstein himself. At the end of it, speaking to a friend in a croak, because he had sung every note of every piece at every rehearsal and every concert, he said, "What an orchestra! What unity! What sensitivity! What vigor! I am a happy man." —ROBERT RICE

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Bernstein.)



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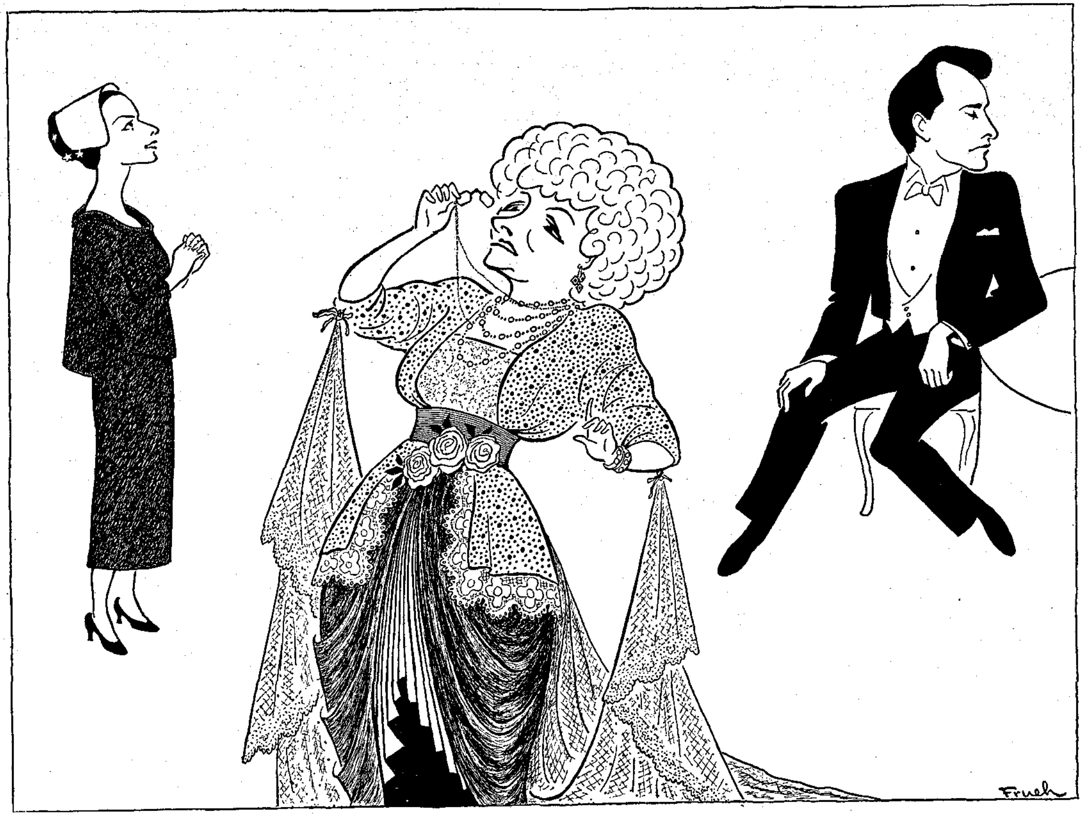
THE THEATRE

ODDITIES, DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED

ALWAYS helplessly attracted to material beyond the scope, or perhaps merely the inclination, of more conventional playwrights, Tennessee Williams, it seems to me, can scarcely hope to avoid an occasional excursion into matters that are bound to strike a great many people as grotesque. It is the penalty of having a special idiom and point of view, and I don't suppose he would really wish things otherwise. Nevertheless, while "Suddenly Last Summer," the major component of his double bill called "Garden District," at the York Playhouse, is in my opinion an impressive and genuinely shocking play, it is certainly not without its odd, unsettling air of self-parody. Wildly facetious observers, I imagine, might easily be led to describe the work as a tragedy of the fast country-club set in New Orleans, and it is unquestionably a fact that the characters in it, living and dead, have a kind of conscientious, literary decadence that still somehow remains invincibly suburban and regional. The story, in case you have escaped any previous reviews, is concerned with the bloodcurdling manner in which a poet is said to have met his death. Like Dorian Gray, whom he resembled in several other important aspects, including an enthusiasm for handsome boys, this man was substantially immune to the ravages of vice, his features retaining their candor and nobility right up to the horrid end. As a poet, his methods were unusual. He composed deliberately, being content with one perfect specimen a year, which he set up lovingly on his own eighteenth-century hand press; and his inspiration was predominantly morbid, nothing stirring his muse more effectively than exquisite savageries of nature like the annual massacre of newly hatched turtles by predatory birds on the volcanic islands of the Pacific—a spectacle that suggested to him the real quality of God's concern about the world.

It might occur to some that the dead man was a tedious, and even a rather ludicrous, poseur, but clearly this is not the opinion held of him by the two relatives, his mother and a cousin, who principally survive him. Both ladies were, in their separate ways, strongly and abnormally attached to him, and both are convinced that he was a genius. They vary in that the mother is fiercely determined to protect his reputation, while the girl is unable to suppress the dreadful truth about his end, which, indeed, has led to her own confinement in a lunatic asylum. It is hard for me not to feel that both these obsessed women are something in the way of caricatures themselves, or at least that in them neuroticism has been extended beyond the rational limits of the theatre, but the struggle between them has an intermittent dark eloquence and a sustained chilling ferocity that, for the most part, take it successfully out of absurdity and into pure horror. I know of no playwright except Mr. Williams who would deliberately threaten an audience with the performance of a prefrontal lobotomy (the mother's bleakly efficient prescription for keeping her rival's mouth shut) or who could invent a story of quite such lurid perversity (a form of cannibalism gets into it, if you care) as the one that the young woman tells about her doomed cousin, and I am sure there is no one else who could do both these things with such style and imagination that the critic, if not entirely persuaded, is at least stunned into a kind of acquiescence. Considering all its manifestations, Mr. Williams' talent is one of the most singular of our time. You may not always be quite easy in its presence, but it is practically impossible to remain indifferent to it.



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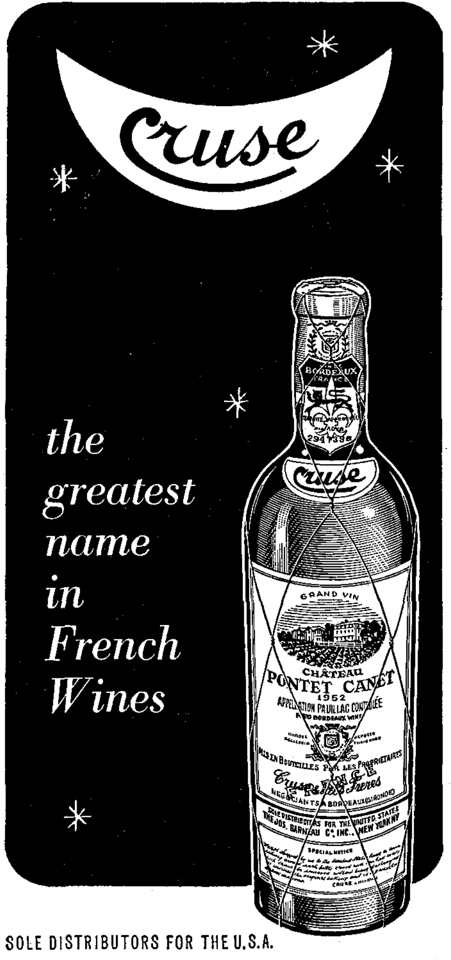

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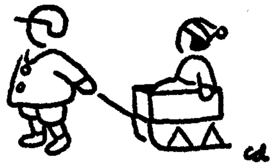
Broadway theatre: Anne Meacham, as the dead man's half-demented cousin; Hortense Alden, as his mother; Robert Lansing, as a brain surgeon who finds the two ladies almost equally disconcerting; Eleanor Phelps and Alan Mixon, as a couple of relatives interested less in the truth than in the possibility of an inheritance; Donna Cameron, as a secretary; and Nanon-Kiam, as a remarkably sinister nun. They have been superbly directed by Herbert Machiz, and Robert Soule has designed a wonderfully ominous Louisiana back-yard garden.



The curtain-raiser, called "Something Unspoken," has to do with a Southern gentlewoman who is a perennial office seeker in the local chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and her secretary, who in fifteen years has been reduced to little more than a ghost. Their conversation is fragmentary and ambiguous, and though Mr. Williams seems again to be in sharp and deadly control of his material, his purpose, I'm afraid, is insufficiently explicit for me. "Something Unspoken" is played by Miss Phelps and Miss Alden, who achieve character brilliantly, if not with a great deal of clarity.

WHEN an artistic experience is totally beyond the capacities of the observer, it is probably best just to stick to the facts, reporting them as far as practicable in simple declarative sentences. The double bill currently on display at the Phoenix, then, is composed of two plays, called "The Chairs" and "The Lesson," by the Rumanian-born playwright Eugene Ionesco. The first of these, defined in the program as "a tragic farce," takes place in a roughly octagonal building, completely surrounded by water, which is conceivably on the site of the ancient city of Paris. The inmates of this establishment are a man and his wife, who have been married for seventy-five years. The lady's impression is that her mate is, or has been, a general commanding an army, but the truth is that his rank was only that of quartermaster general. It is also reported that there was once a son, who died, but as that is subsequently denied, it would perhaps be wise to ignore the point. At the time the play begins, the old couple is preparing to receive a vast conclave of distinguished guests, including an Orator, who will deliver a message of enormous importance to the world. The delusion here might be described as partial. Bells ring, doors open, and some fifty chairs are brought in from another room and arranged formally on the stage. The callers, however, remain invisible and the conversations with them are one-sided. This spectral party goes on for quite a while, but at last the Orator arrives—a pale, unearthly apparition in a doorway at the rear of the stage. He has the merit, or novelty, of existing in the flesh, but unfortunately the great message is only the gibbering of an idiot. "The Chairs," I suppose, may be taken to mean that the best we can hope for at the end of life is a set of crazily garbled memories, and that all we can ever learn from the experience of living is exactly nothing. In a note in the Phoenix playbill, the management remarks, "Ionesco is trying to rediscover true theatre; to push farce, burlesque and parody to the bitter end; to push everything to the 'climax where the sources of the tragic lie.' " I would be the last to deny that he has accomplished his purpose.

"The Lesson" is a much more elementary operation. It has to do with a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl and an elderly professor who appears to be a homicidal maniac. Until its macabre conclusion (it seems he is in the habit of murdering his pupils), this is the kind of labored, interminable exercise that used to ornament humorous magazines about thirty years ago, when jokes about young ladies' struggles with arithmetic were still considered reliable entertainment. It is perfectly awful.

The cast engaged in these two items is composed of Joan Plowright, as the senile woman in the first and the student in the second; Eli Wallach, as the old man; Max Adrian, as the professor; Kelton Garwood, as the Orator; and Paula Bauersmith, as a maid. Miss Plowright's versatility is astounding.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

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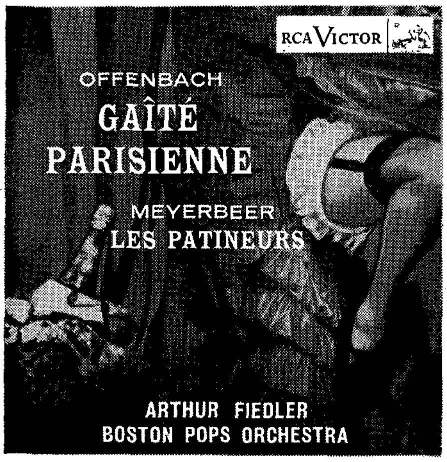
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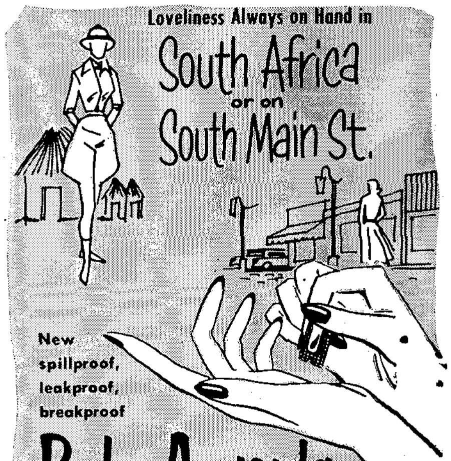

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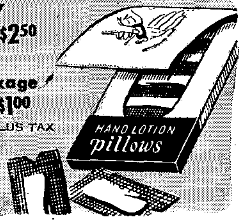

THOSE KUTTKE YADDADUTTKES

ABOUT fifteen years ago, I decided that I was familiar enough with my typewriter's keyboard to do touch typing without studying it, and I tested myself by trying to write, blindfold, a lot of patriotic slogans and the names of various generals and statesmen then in the news. The result—published in these pages—proved beyond doubt that I had not achieved the mastery I had hoped for. Recently, it occurred to me to submit myself to another such examination. I thought, loftily, that after fifteen years *some* improvement should manifest itself. Well, all of us have our moments of euphoria. Let the results speak for themselves.

This time, since we are technically not at war, I chose milder subjects. My first was "Ben Bolt," which, as far as I recall, goes:

O don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.

In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and lone,
They have put in a slab of the granite so grey
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

This is what came out of my machine:

I dibt yiy tererner sweer Akuce, Van Bokt.
Dweey Akuce euth hair so briwb/
She weet with delught when yiy gabe her a snuke
And yremvled with feat ay tiyr friwn.

In the ikf chyrchyard ib the cakkey, Van Bikt,
In a cirber ivscyre and kibe
They have oyr in a skad of the frabute si grey
And sweey Akuce keues undee the stone.

This is a representative effort. I have turned Ben Bolt into a Dutchman (or, rather, *two* Dutchmen), used one authentic French word, "*si*," instead of its English equivalent, and invented at least one word, "snuke," that ought to exist but doesn't.

Next, I tried a pair of lines from "Ruddigore":

When I'm a bad bart I shall tell tarradiddles,
On very false fiddles I'll play a bad part.

I did it several times, and the nearest I came to the original was:

Rhab I'm a bad baty I shall yell yaddaduttkes,
On very false fiddkes I'll play a bad oart.

This seemed to me to have a dis-

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tinctly Yiddish tone. If I was getting no closer to touch typing, I was at least broadening the search.

The word "little" invariably proved to be a problem. I first tried to write it in the nursery rhyme "Hey Diddle Diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle" ("Hey Kuffle Fiffle, the Cay and the Juffle"). The line "The little dog laughed to see such fun" came out as "The kuttke dig laufhed to see sicj dun," and I craftily decided to write "kuttke" in the hope that I would get "little." I won't go into the results except to say that I have never, through guile or honest effort, written "little" by the touch system.

Another thorny problem—a single letter this time, not a word—was "o." What I did with *it* can best be illustrated by a free recollection of a line from one of Mr. Toad's songs in "The Wind in the Willows"—"The automobile went poop poop poop as it raced along the road." This is how I made out in three tries:

> (1) The aurimubuke went oiio oiio oiio as it raved aking the riad.
> (2) The airimibule went lkkl lkkl lkkl as it raxed aling the riad.
> (3) The autimibuke went oppo oppo oppo as it raced alpng the prad.

Sometimes a perfectly good word that wasn't in the text at all would creep into my version of it. When I tried "The Band Played Dixie" I got "The Band Okayed Fixie."

From this, I made a further excursion into old popular music, and produced ("Everybody's Doing It"):

Dee that ragtime vouple over there,
Ratch them snap their fumgers in the air,
I fewkate, I deklate, its a beat.

Then I tried "I've Got Rings on My Fingers and Bells on My Toes," and rang some variants on the last line of its chorus ("I'll make you Mistress Mumbo Jumbo Jijiboo J.

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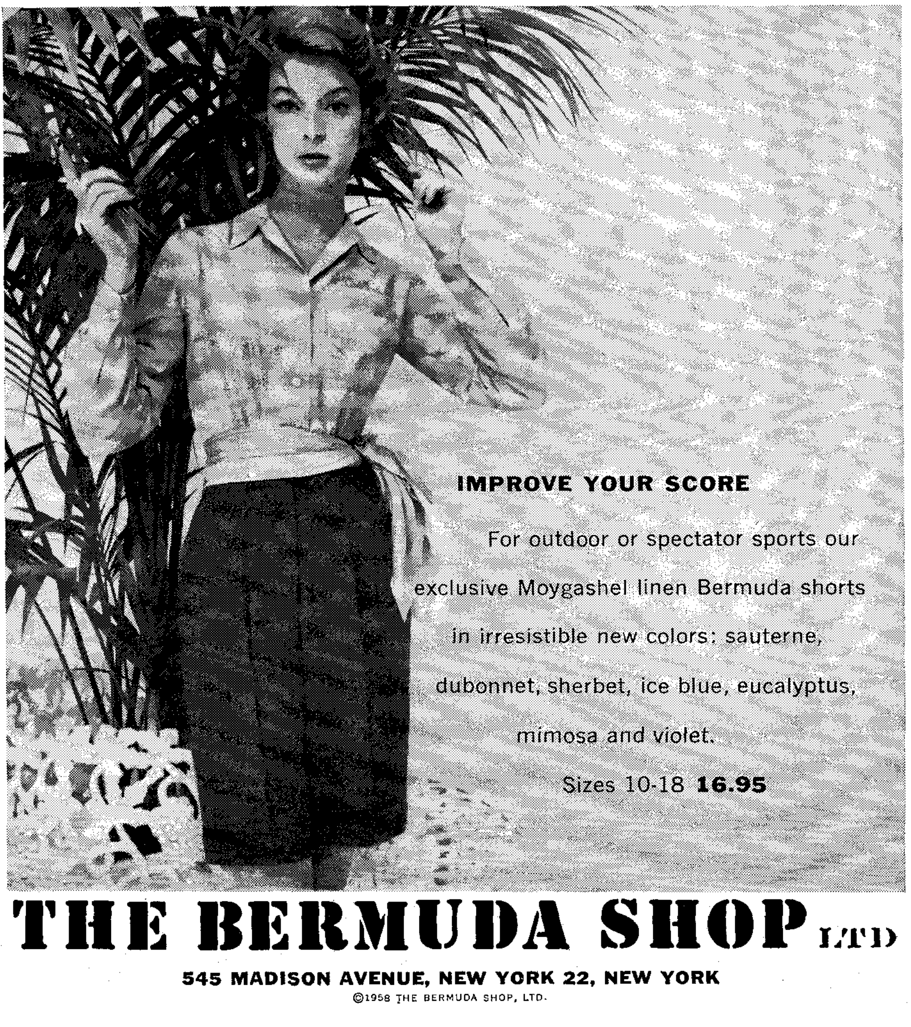

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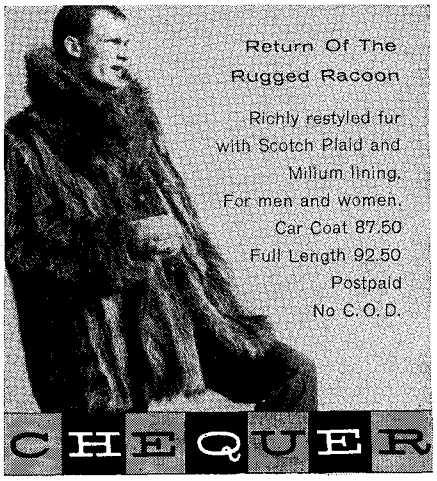

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O'Shea"). One of them was "I'll make you Mysyress Mimbi Himbi Hiffifi Hay I Dhea."

When Frankie shot Johnny ("Vtabjue and Hihnny Were Kivers"), a famous line turned out to be "Rooyi yooy yooy, three yimes she sohhot right through that hardwoof doot," with most of the "o"s suddenly and inexplicably in place.

I was almost through, convinced that the years had taught me nothing about touch typing, but I decided to make one more try—something sentimental and nostalgic. I chose "The Long, Long Trail," and wrote:

There's a kinf kibf trauk a wubdubf ubri
the kabd of my dreans,
Where the nufhtubgakes ate subhibf, abd
a whure miib veams.

"Nufhtubgakes"! It occurred to me that it was just as well typewriters had not been invented in time for Keats to own one, and with this thought I wiped my forehead with my blindfold and gave up. —FREDERICK PACKARD

•

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Very proper—and successful—Dr. David Lawrence is en route home when he trips over a crippled little dog, belonging to Fay, a beautiful but eccentric young miss. David is fascinated by this frank, unconventional girl who, despite a college education, works as a scrub woman at his hospital. The two meet often and the doctor becomes more and more enchanted with the girl. When she tells him that her greatest desire is for her dog to be cured, he has a brace made for the animal's back. Horrified by the brace which she thinks a cruel, torturous device, Fay leaves David. When he goes to see her the next day, he finds the apartment deserted, and thinks he has lost her forever until the dog arrives with a message tied to his neck announcing that Fay has joined a circus. Elated, David packs his bag and prepares to join her. —*Synopsis received from Screen Gems, Inc.*

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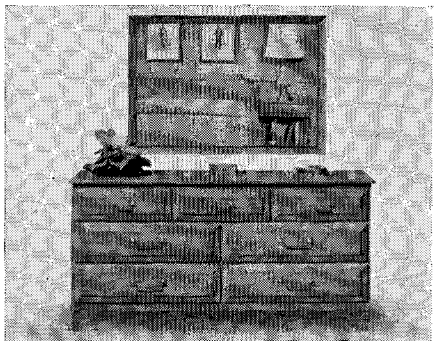

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THE ART GALLERIES

East Meets West

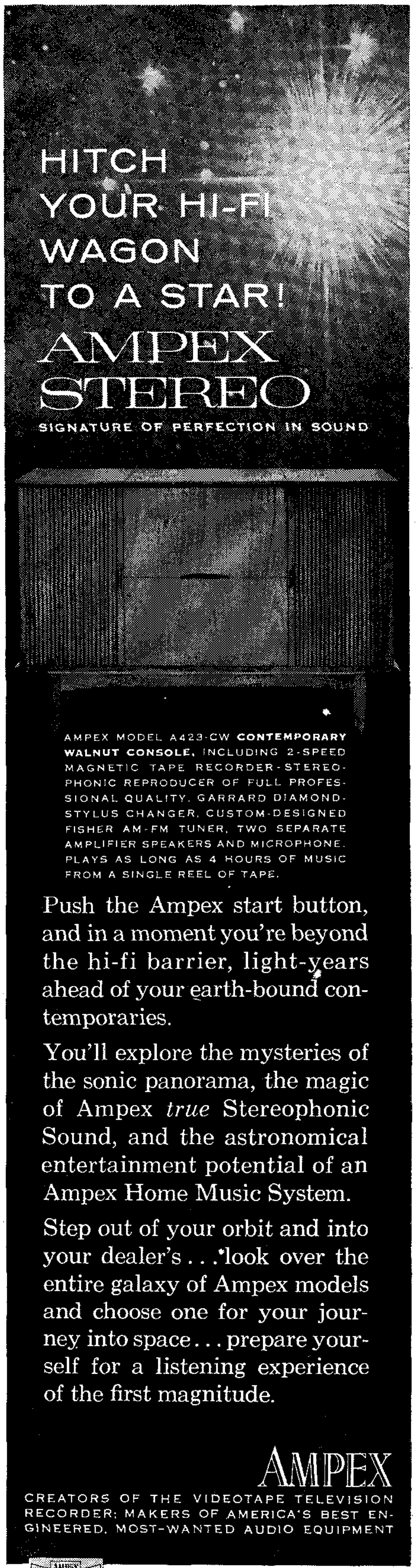
ART, too, has its paradoxical moments, and a fairly neat example confronts us this week, with a Western artist, Leonid, showing paintings of Japan and other points East at Durlacher, and, at the Willard, the Hawaiian-born Japanese Tadashi Sato showing oils that in style, at least, are almost completely Western. This is Mr. Sato's first exhibition here, so I've no way of knowing how the present group relates to his previous work. But in Leonid's case, it seems, the global shift has been all to the good. As I recall it, in his last show, a couple of years ago, a certain monotony was evident, as well as a slight sombreness of color. It was the same old salt flats and tidal marshes, whether in the Camargue, in the South of France, or around Provincetown and elsewhere. Well, the new show does contain a few similar subjects (for instance, "Salt Panning Near Tokyo" and the apparently limitless vista of a flat, irrigated plain, called "Hong Kong No. 2"), but the approach is much more varied and imaginative, and the color has been freshened enormously.

The fact is, I think, not only that the Orient and its way of living appealed to Leonid immediately but that the physical structure of the landscape fitted in with his own painterly vision, so the system of deep perspective, far horizons, and flat, unaccented horizontal design that characterizes his work—and that he always manages to invest with a soft, wistful romanticism of his own—could be adapted easily and instantly to the Eastern scene as he saw it. Like any visitor, he seems to have been struck by the picturesqueness of life in the Orient, and in a few of the canvases—among them "Clog Fishing," in which one sees the fisherman, his robe up around his waist, wading in shallow water on a pair of high wooden clogs, and "Step Fishing–Japan," in which he's dozing on a high stool—this documentary aspect of things is his main purpose. But even here the pictorial commentary is done with more grace and less emphasis on "quaintness" than might be expected, and in most of the work the attitude is as simply and warmly evocative as if—well, as if the artist had been born there. I liked especially "Oiso Beach," with its scattered little group on the shore watching a fishing boat coming in through the haze; "Bali No. 1," overlooking a maze of terraced rice fields; the study of a group of field workers called "Japanese Farmers No. 2;" and the handsomely blue, springlike "Tea Plantation in Japan." The trip out, I'm told, was undertaken on the spur of the moment. Leonid's wife, the harpsichordist Sylvia Marlowe, was invited on one of those cultural exchange tours, and it was only at the last moment that he decided to go along. It seems to have been a happy impulse.

THOUGH I've said that Sato's work is Western in style, and in general it is, there are qualifications that should be made. Abstract almost to the point of the non-objective, it could hardly have come into being as it is if such artists, all Western, as Paul Klee, Kandinsky, and (to come a little closer in time) some of our own "tension painters," such as Clyfford Still, Philip Guston, and Robert Motherwell, hadn't been painting earlier; and it is no surprise to learn that the artist, though he spent his youth in the East (he is now thirty-four, and in New York), had most of his art training under Western auspices.

Yet he could hardly paint as he does if he hadn't the Orient in his background, for his work has a delicacy of attack and a refinement of symbolism that relate it instantly to the Eastern tradition. Based mostly on landscape motifs, and untitled (which of course makes identification here difficult), the designs are painted—drawn, rather—in thin black lines on a glitteringly white background relieved with grayish or darker areas; and their subjects range from a still-life whose tablecloth, plate, and fruit are reduced to a gray, curving form on a slightly lighter oval upon a rectangle only barely darker than the white background (this is about the most "realistic" in the whole show) to a canvas whose entire composition consists of three intersecting black arcs, like longbows in different states of tension, against the ever-present white.

This may sound as if the work were a trifle precious, which, in a way, it is. But there are paintings—notably one whose variations in tone suggest a wave breaking on a beach, with a glistening white sun above and a slender forking of lines for a bit of driftwood—that have more content, and the work throughout is distinguished by an impressive feeling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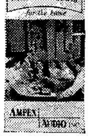

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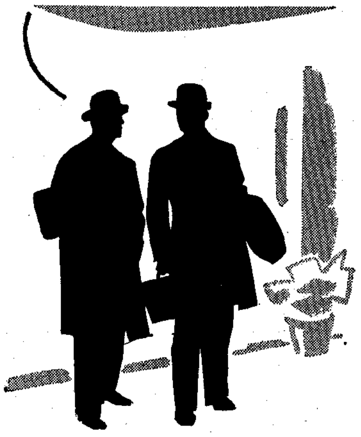

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for structure and balanced design. In this respect, I've rarely seen a first solo of greater expertness and assured taste.

THERE are a number of other nice shows. Louise Nevelson has a new group of her constructions in wood at the Grand Central Moderns, called "Moon Garden + One." These run from a series of oddly shaped, mushrooming "lunar" growths to a large, intricate reredos called "Cathedral in the Sky," and are almost eerily expressive in mood. Ilya Bolotowsky has an exceptionally good showing of his non-objective paintings at the Borgenicht (see "Large Vertical," with its strong ascending movement, and the grave, graceful "White Diamond, Large"), and Kurt Roesch, at the Rose Fried, is back after four years with a minor retrospective, 1954-57, that contains a number of attractive pieces.

I was most taken, though, with the showing of Hans Hofmann's new paintings, at the Kootz. Hofmann is going on seventy-eight, an age when most men content themselves with recapitulation instead of going in for fresh adventures. This artist, though, seems to grow more vigorous and daring every year, and the new collection presents some of his most striking work. Always a bold man with color, he still manages to stop this side of stridency, and while these new canvases seethe with brilliant reds, greens, ochres, violets, pinks, and yellows, this only adds to the feeling of joy and robustiousness that they convey. He has been working on what he calls his "Swamp Series," and of these paintings I most admired "Flowering Swamp," with its curlicues of bright color to represent blossoms; the blue "Gliding Formation;" and "Sunburst," with its adroit suggestion of a vivid sun seen through haze. The curiously calm "Aloft" is fine, too, but the best is "Into Outer Space," with its thick impasto and slashing diagonals.

—ROBERT M. COATES

• •

FLAGPOLE

The high-school flagpole is a jointed staff
Ninety feet high, the joints a fourth, a half,
And three-fourths the distance up. Like a giraffe,

It dominates the scene: our Colonial brick
Schoolhouse, a flat schoolyard, a bailiwick
Of suburban houses, including mine. The click

Of halyard against steel shaft, on windy nights,
Is musical; the pulley, however, delights
No one when, in dark, wintry dawns, it cites

A rusty protest against flag-raising time.
That squeal is our own heartsong as we climb
Out of our beds. Nevertheless, we prime

Our thoughts with summer, when, like a ripe pea pod,
The northwestern sky bursts over our trim sod
And we acknowledge that huge lightning rod.

Five days a week, all winter, Liberty
Floats beneath a golden eagle, free,
Or almost, in the blue; presumably

It floats there, too, though oddly out of sight,
On weekends and in summer. But moonlight
Defines our flagpole best. At deep midnight,

When school and schoolyard lie behind the dark,
A silver shaft stands up like some huge, stark
Finger, or like a fathomless remark;

If you sight upward from the base, the spar
Plunges across the sky's profound bazaar,
And a golden eagle soars beside a star.

—HAYDEN CARRUTH

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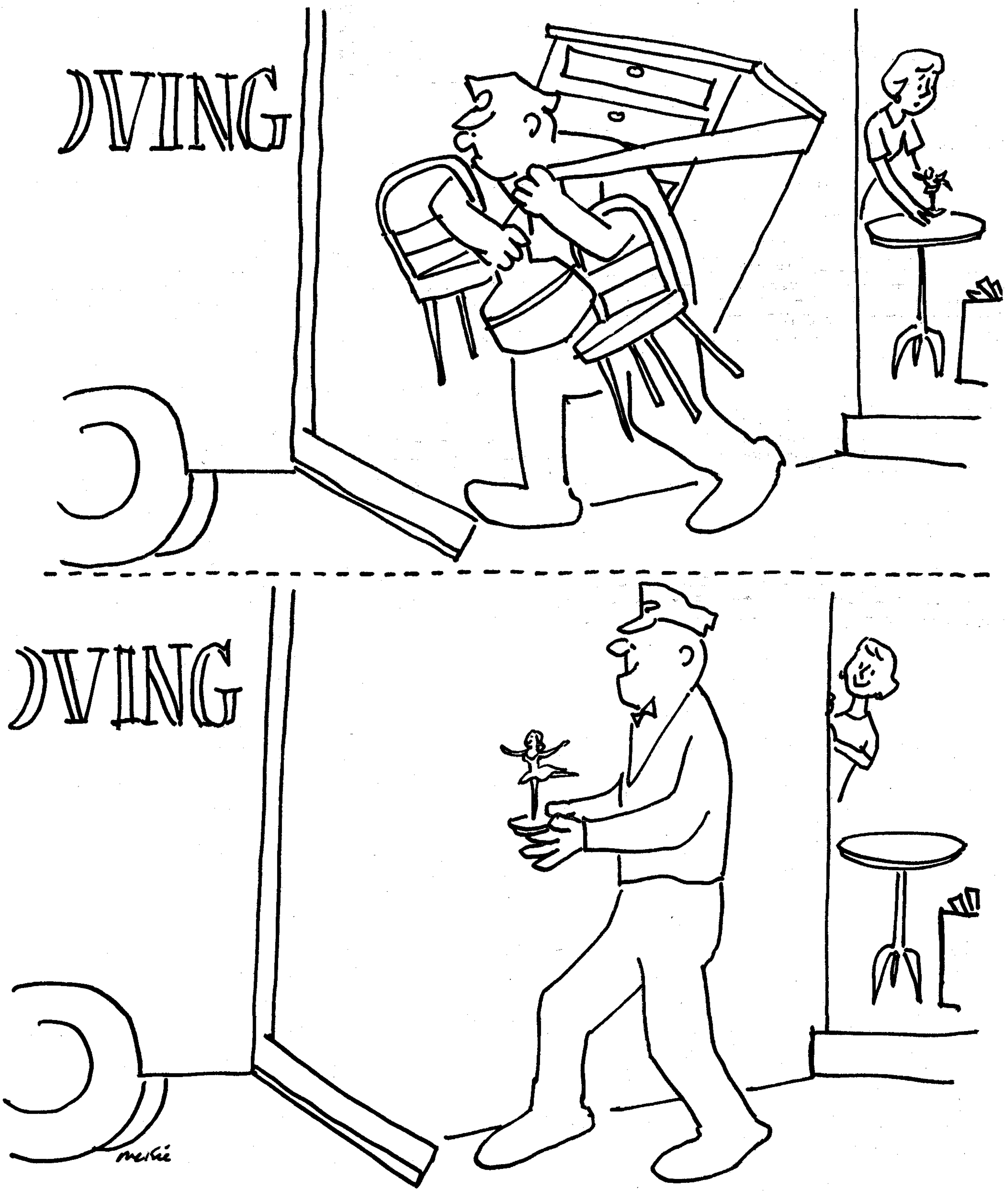

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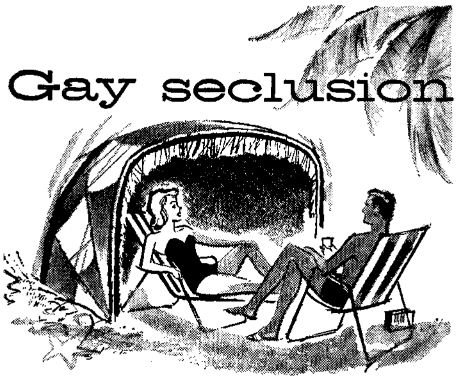

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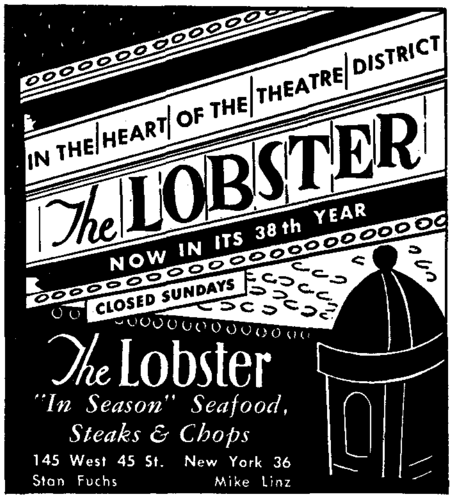

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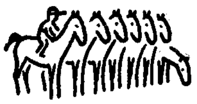

SINCE horsemen and horseplayers are incurably partisan, not a winter passes without its arguments over the Experimental Free Handicap, which has come to be the official rating of the new year's crop of three-year-olds. Nevertheless, it seems to me that Jimmy Kilroe, the handicapper to the Jockey Club, has done a praiseworthy job in assigning the weights for the 1958 Experimental, which were announced last week. Offhand, I can think of easier chores than selecting a hundred and twenty-five of the top young racers out of the several thousand in training, evaluating them, and pleasing everybody concerned. The Maine Chance Farm colt Jewel's Reward headed the list, as was more or less expected, since Mr. Kilroe had picked him in one of those end-of-the-year polls as the colt most likely to succeed this season. He won five starts (all stakes) out of twelve last season, and earned $349,642, which is an all-time high in prize money for a two-year-old. Moreover, on one occasion or another he met and beat all his leading rivals. He was assigned a hundred and twenty-six pounds, which makes him one pound better than A. B. Hancock's Nadir, who won the Garden State, and two pounds better than George D. Widener's Jester, who won the Futurity. Others in the upper bracket include Li'l Fella, Misty Flight, the Calumet Farm's speedster Kentucky Pride, Old Pueblo, Rose Trellis, and Terra Firma. Idun, the best of the fillies, was given a hundred and twenty pounds, which, taking into account the five pounds' allowance for her sex, gives her a rating equal to Nadir's. I may be saying the wrong thing, but, barring Idun, this year's lot isn't a very distinguished one. As you know, the Experimental Free Handicap is not only a rating but a race—one of the fixtures of Jamaica's spring meeting, in fact. For reasons that escape me, it was dropped last season, but it will be restored this year, and I couldn't find the winner with radar.

WHILE we're on the subject of handicaps, Bold Ruler, who had his first workout of the season at Hialeah the other morning, will carry top weight in the Widener, on February

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22nd. He drew a hundred and twenty-eight pounds—one pound more than Gallant Man will carry if he starts, and two pounds more than Round Table, his other great rival. In California, they have a higher opinion of Round Table's ability; he is top weight in the Santa Anita Handicap, at a hundred and thirty pounds. Since he is already in California, I expect he'll pass up the Florida race and go for the Santa Anita on March 1st, a week later. It would be an achievement to run in both, but in any case, he has been doing all right. Two days after the Santa Anita track opened last month, he won the Malibu Sequet Stakes, and last weekend he galloped off with the San Fernando Stakes, a warmup for next week's Maturity. By the way, the Malibu Sequet brought his prize money for 1957 up to $600,258. Only two other horses have ever earned more in a season; Nashua made $752,550 in 1955 and Citation $709,470 in 1948. I suppose it is bad luck to count winnings, but if he keeps his form, he'll be close to a million before we know it.

THE first really imposing outburst of winter racing in Florida came with the running of the Tropical Handicap at Tropical Park last weekend. A dozen of the better older horses went to the post, and after what must have been just about the liveliest race of the meeting, St. Amour II came from far back in the last quarter of the mile and a furlong to win by open daylight from Manteau. Hoop Band was third, and the also-rans included Fabius, who won the Preakness two years ago, Kingmaker, and Gray Phantom, who was unbeatable for a while last month. Earlier in the afternoon, Hartack, who rode three hundred and forty-one winners in 1957, brought in Fleet Argo, his first score for 1958 in twenty-eight tries.

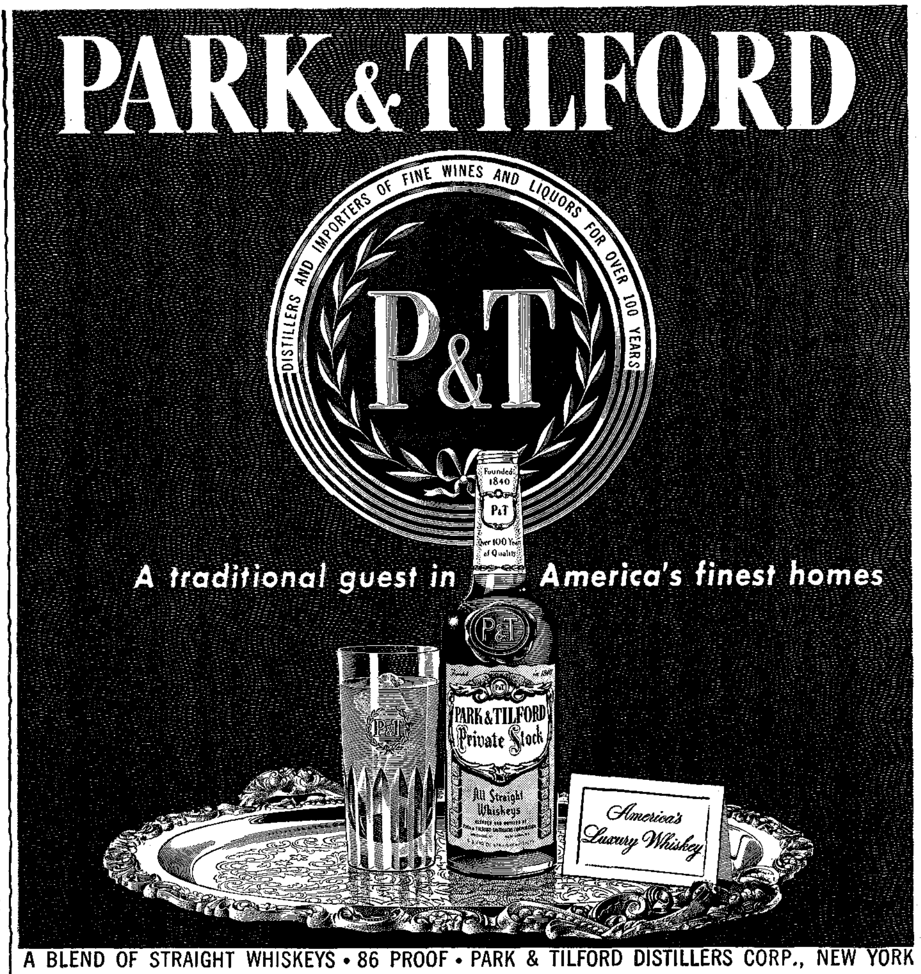
BECAUSE of a how-de-do over dates that is too involved to go into here, the season didn't open at Charles Town this month, as scheduled, and the snowbirds had no place to go. Cheer up, lads. They'll be off and running at Bowie in less than a month.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

WASHINGTON (UP)—Sen. Mike Mansfield (D-Mont.) is "superior" to the NATO allies "on the ground, in the air and under the seas."—*Gallup (N. M.) Daily Independent.*

Yeah, but can he orbit?



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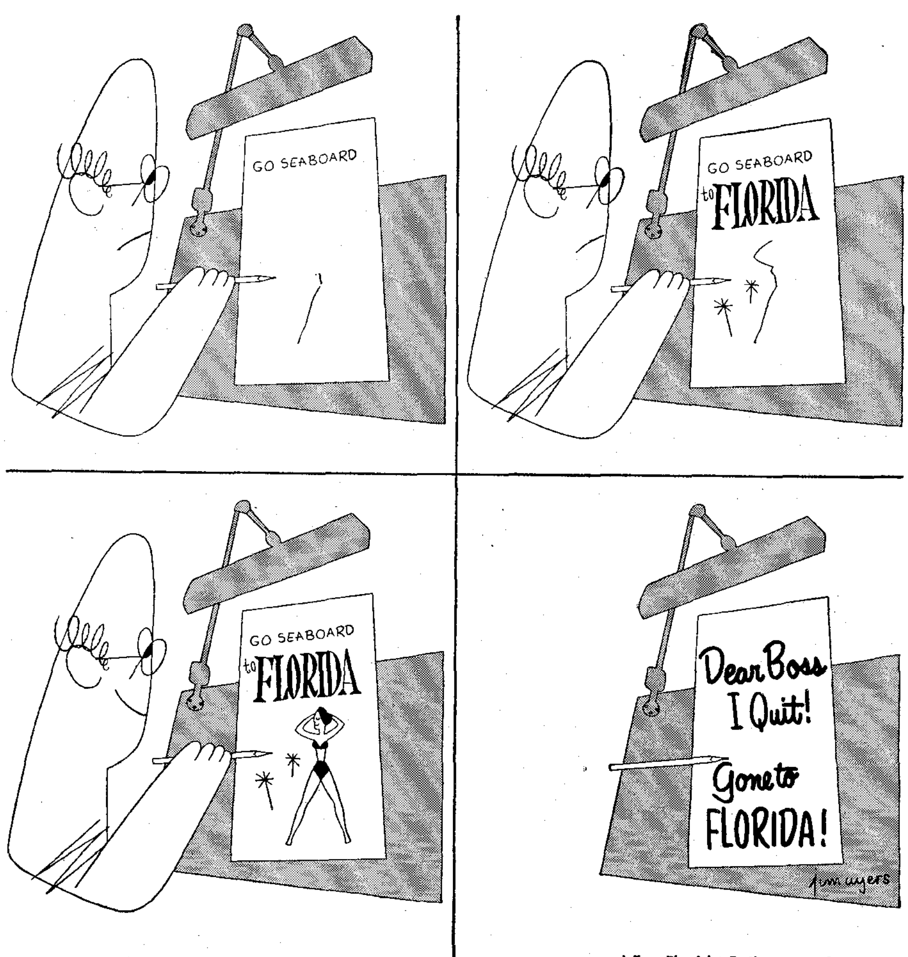

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THE AIR

The Hybrid West

FOR years, according to ecologists, America has been using up her natural resources at a reckless and irresponsible rate, and I'm afraid that in the last television season or two this has begun to be true of another of her soundest and hardiest national assets, the Western story. I'll admit that my foreboding may seem a little untimely. At the moment, somewhat more than a dozen so-called adult Westerns, from "The Restless Gun," on Mondays, to "Maverick," on Sundays, are going strong on the major networks. Of these, I see by Nielsen's morning line, five are among the country's ten most popular programs. A respectable proportion of all the current Western shows are new shows, mined in 1957—a fact that appears, on the face of it, to suggest richness in the vein rather than attrition. The fecundity of the writers of Westerns has been impressive all season; never before have so many variations been played on the basic theme, or themes. It's this very point, now that we've come to it, that gives me a sense of impending disaster—this and a certain general note of decadence, of Corinthian softness and succulence, that I think I detect in the adult Western. Experience—the experience I hear about, anyway—shows that the adult Western, with its literary ingenuity and its candy-coated "reality," has a tendency to spoil the palate of Western fans, children and adults alike, for the old-fashioned "juvenile" Western, with its austere pattern of men, horses, chase, and fusillade. If this is so, it means that an entire audience will soon have been brought to depend exclusively and helplessly for its Wild West entertainment on the new form. The new form is essentially a hybrid. It overlaps other fields of fiction, and it must struggle constantly to retain even an approximation of the old, pure Western shape. Moreover, it devours ideas, plots, and permutations of plots. To provide these, the writers have been plowing up plot material as though, like the prairie grass of pioneer days, there were a sea of it.

Themes used in Westerns that I've seen in the last few weeks have included labor conditions, lynching, show business (twice), Indian rights, disease (spotted fever once, typhoid once), British effeteness (here the plot seemed to have been derived from "Ruggles of Red Gap"), real-estate swindling, and something from almost every page of a psychoanalyst's casebook. In addition, there was an episode of "Gunsmoke" (Channel 2, 10-10:30 P.M., Saturdays) that appeared to touch on the subject of Jukesian genetics, and an episode of "Have Gun, Will Travel" (Channel 2, 9:30-10 P.M., Saturdays) that demonstrated the superiority of the camel over the horse for work in desert man hunts (needs less water). The latter story struck me as being particularly ominous and significant in terms of present Western trends. It's generally true, of course, that the adult Western has greatly reduced the prestige of horses; they've been degraded to the status of bit players. There's no room in adult Westerns for what might be called the adult horse, of the class of Trigger, Champion, Silver, and Tony, who could, if necessary, take a hand in a rummy game or swear in a posse. But the camel episode carried things too far. Although Paladin, the hero of "Have Gun, Will Travel," subsequently went back to horses for routine transportation, his gesture in the desert (it was he who rode the camel) had the unmistakable stamp of corruption. In itself, it foreshadowed the decline of the West.

I won't deny that I enjoy the adventures of Paladin, for all his false and exotic qualities. I like a number of the new Westerns, "Have Gun" and "Gunsmoke" being my favorites. This kind of show is in the flower of youth, vigor, and novelty now, even if, as I suspect, its youth contains the germs of decay and insolvency for the species of Western as a whole. There are people who feel that a Western is something that, almost by definition, possesses fundamental, unshakable assets that make it strong enough to survive any change of style or climate. My own opinion is that these fundamental assets themselves—the chief of which has been a power to keep the distinction between right and wrong starkly plain and uncomplicated—have been tampered with in the adult Western. I think it's the changes and the trimmings, rather than the native strength of the old formula, that are selling such shows at present. Just the same, they do provide certain pleasures. Like Bourbons before the deluge, we're in a position to take advantage of these even while we speculate, not very fiercely, on how the hell the situation came to pass.

The adult Western was inspired, I should say, by the theory, which has proved to be correct, that the audience for Westerns could be vastly increased, without loss of its original members, by breaking some of the rules of the juvenile Hopalong Cassidy product. In practice, this came to mean not only the appearance of alcohol and women in a hero's life, and the reduction of his horse by several ranks, but the laying on of light coats of character and idiosyncrasy, most of which were borrowed from other fictional forms. Paladin, for instance (who is intrinsically a private eye in cowboy clothes), leads a gay, epicurean existence as a man-about-San Francisco when he's not working. Matt Dillon, United States marshal of Dodge City territory and hero of "Gunsmoke," has a streak of passion and violence that underlies his normally slow, sweet nature and erupts at intervals. Now and then, an adult Western will break diametrically away from the stern code of character that has governed child Westerns. In one installment of "Wagon Train" (Channel 4, 7:30-8:30 P.M., Wednesdays), a gambler, a Frenchman, stood in danger of punishment at the hands of the father of a young man whom the gambler had shot and killed in a quarrel. In the end, after a considerable amount of moral rumination, the father forgave the gambler, on the ground that his son had been a heel at heart. The morality here is shockingly gray in tone compared to the sharp black-and-whites that distinguish the honest, primitive Western; in a Western of the old school, a father might conceivably be aware that his son was a heel, but nothing would induce him to pass up a clearly ethical shot at a killer by admitting it. The adult Western, therefore, by old-fashioned standards, is a tired Western. It is also—which may be another way of saying the same thing—a relatively scholarly Western. I remember a chapter of "Maverick" (Channel 7, 7:30-8:30 P.M., Sundays) that was prefaced by a kind of footnote, in which Hoyle was cited as authority for an upcoming twist

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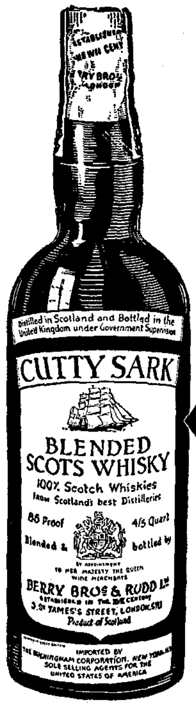
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86 PROOF

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in the plot. (According to an early edition of Hoyle, it seems, a straight in poker has no value unless the players agree before the game to give it one.) There is something disturbingly literary in the idea of a researched Western. Since research is being done, however, I offer the following note for use in plots to come: Percentages given for poker hands by Hoyle in the nineteenth century were largely incorrect.

A television executive—James T. Aubrey, Jr., of the American Broadcasting Company—has defined an adult Western as "one with sex, romance, and humor." It's true that love affairs occur pretty often in the new Westerns; there have even been a few ingeniously contrived hints at the consummation of love outside of wedlock. Humor, however, is almost completely missing from these programs; there's less of it, in fact, in adult Westerns than in juvenile Westerns, since the new writers have scornfully eliminated a stereotype of the old school, the comic incompetent ranch hand, who usually serves his colleagues as chef, or maître de chuck, and carries on a feud with a scrawny chicken. In the adult Western, humor has been largely replaced by psychology. It's an overt, clinical kind of psychology, which, as noted above, smacks strongly of the analyst's office. It has produced an Old West in which Freudian overtones and complexes grow as thick as mesquite.

The gun-slinger, or Gun ("I hear you're a famous Gun," a client or a competitor may say to Paladin, or to Bonner, who is the hero of "The Restless Gun"), is the leading figure in most adult Westerns, and one of his commonest problems, in his usual sideline as a force for social improvement, is the psychoneurotic effect that his weapon and his skill with it have on the population in general. Wyatt Earp (of "Wyatt Earp," Channel 7, 8:30-9 P.M., Tuesdays) went to work one night recently on a child who was a wishful gun-slinger; he cured the patient by transferring his fixation from hardware to an alcoholic doctor. Bonner ("The Restless Gun," Channel 4, 8-8:30 P.M., Mondays) has had to try to cope with an adult wishful Gun; as I remember it, the subject was killed in a fall from a train before the treatment could be completed. Matt Dillon, just a couple of weeks ago, stamped out a case of illusion in a village near Dodge when he ran across an Easterner who was pretending to be a Gun. As long as the townsfolk believed the stranger, there was peace and order in the town.

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When Dillon exposed him as a coward, a crime wave ensued. "In a way, I'm sorry I had to do that," said the marshal afterward, as he brooded philosophically on the ironies of mass hallucination.

In another episode of "Gunsmoke," Dillon took part in as lively a bout of sadism as I've seen on the screen in some time. As I've said, he's a normally serene man who is capable of moments of anger and violence. On this occasion, two anti-social cowhands began molesting women on the street outside the marshal's office. When Dillon sent his deputy, Chester, to break it up, the cowboys, with mad glee, outflanked Chester, disarmed him, and saddle-hauled him, which appears to be an adult Western variety of the old pirates' sport of keelhauling. Chester was unspeakably mutilated, and the marshal was unspeakably enraged. He tracked down the offenders one at a time, sending one of them back to town bound hand and foot on a horse's back (a stroke of torture that aroused favorable comment in Dodge when the victim arrived there), and bringing in the other himself, at gun point. When it became certain that Chester would recover from his wounds, Dillon released the prisoners, but not till after he had taken the second, and larger, of the two into the back yard and beaten him senseless. The second cowboy was played by Buddy Baer, a former prizefighter. "I'll kill you, Marshal!" he cried, in richly paranoiac delight as the fight began, but the marshal knocked Mr. Baer even colder than Joe Louis had done in Madison Square Garden in 1942.

The recent record also shows the case, in "Maverick" some weeks ago, of a father who followed his highly nubile daughter secretly on her dates, and occasionally shot at her lovers from ambush. And "Have Gun, Will Travel," at about the same time, told still another story that presented psychological features of interest. Paladin, in this instance, persuaded a downtrodden and demoralized acrobat to walk a rope across a canyon for a side bet (between Paladin and certain scofflaws) of three thousand dollars. It was obvious that the acrobat was frightened, and that the walk might be fatal to him. But Paladin, when these facts were called to his attention, made the essential point: If the man failed to try the crossing, his life would not be worth living anyway, for his future would be sunk in fear and failure. So advised, and perspiring with terror and reluctance, the patient crossed the canyon and saved his soul.

—JOHN LARDNER

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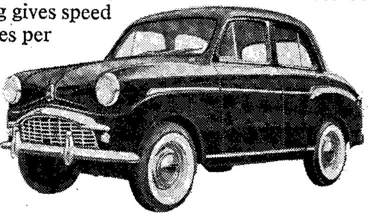

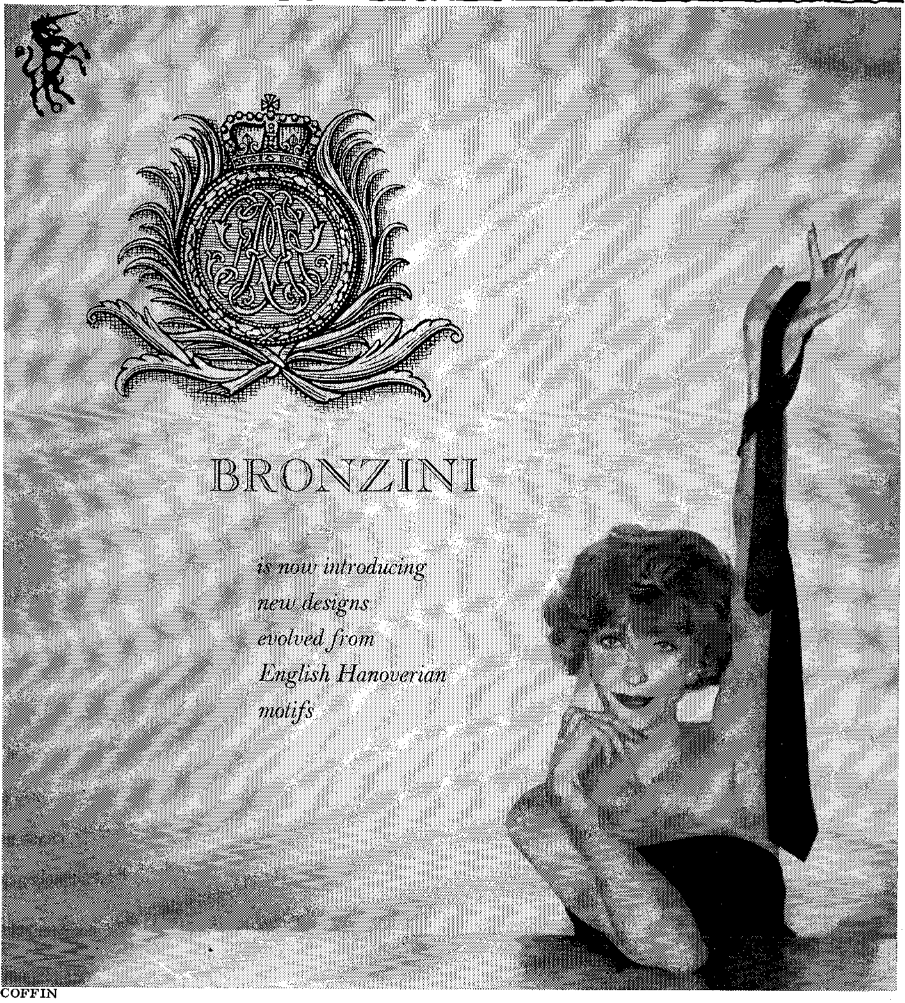
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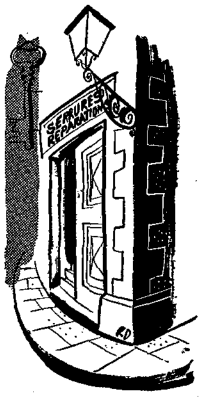
LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 8



THE publication shortly before the year's end of André Malraux's latest illuminating illustrated book on art, "La Métamorphose des Dieux," put it in a correct position to be the most notable art volume both of 1957, when it came out, and of 1958, when people can take the necessary time to read and ingest its four hundred pages. They are less difficult to read than his six hundred and fifty pages of "Les Voix du Silence," of 1951, provided the reader has actually read that preceding crucible work and is therefore familiar with Malraux's molten ideas, with his glowing memory for the light of art all over the world, and with his fiery literary style. The compliment to him as the accepted remaining genius of French letters since the death of Valéry and Gide was manifested by the really majestic treatment that the Paris papers gave "The Metamorphosis of the Gods"—a treatment of such grandeur and amplitude as no one recalls ever seeing accorded an author before, including Malraux for his earlier books. The weekly *Express* for the first time brought out a color supplement—eight glossy pages, containing more than a dozen reproductions from the about-to-be-published book and a text that consisted of Malraux's long introduction to it. *L'Express's* regular tabloid format of the same date added a four-page "profile" of him in the American manner—a form so unusual here as a focus of information that it had to be culled largely from sources fairly recently published only in New York. The weekly *Arts* gave its entire front page, plus a page and a half in back, to a long précis of the book, with a remarkably generous eulogy by Professor René Huyghe, Collège de France art historian, whose rival "L'Art et l'Homme" has also just been published but who hailed Malraux as "the man of our time," because of his "reflex of great intuitive hypersensitivity and the lucidity of his dazzling intelligence." (Huyghe also expressed his fear that some passages of the book might be historically passé or inexact—the inevitable criticism by the professional.) The book reviews have also been especially spacious, with an entire half page by *Le Monde's* Academician critic Emile Henriot and unlimited appreciation by another Academician, Robert Kemp, of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, who called him "Malraux-le-Magnifique." *Combat* was the only consequential paper to print a strongly dissenting opinion—written by Pierre de Boisdeffre, a Malraux specialist and formerly benign—but even *Combat* took three-quarters of a page to disagree with certain of the book's theories, including "the ambiguities that Malraux's philosophy of history offers." The first edition of "La Métamorphose" (as it is already being briefly called), which consisted of ten thousand numbered copies, priced at six thousand francs a copy (more than fourteen dollars, and considered costly here), was immediately sold out—a rare occurrence for so de-luxe and hermetic a work.

As the title of the new book indicates (a second volume will follow), it is a special amplification of the aesthetic theory that Malraux has already stated and has held since youth, when he began his intellectual concentration on art as the earthly immortality of man. This is that "metamorphosis . . . is a law governing the life of every work of art," meaning simply that art takes successive forms in remaining itself over the passage of time—a rationalistic modern notion of universality, which was not shared, Malraux points out, by the nineteenth-century artist Delacroix, to whom Egyptian tombs were not art "but high-class curiosities," and whose ignorance of Romanesque art (regarded for five centuries by the French as barbaric) was "equal to that of Baudelaire, and even Cézanne." Today, however, Malraux declares in a clarion phrase, "From the history of dead civilizations, as from the ethnography of peoples who are dying, we expect to be informed of what man was when he did not look like us," and he goes on to say, "Humanity only knew worlds of art that were exclusive, like religions; our world is Olympian, where all the gods, all the civilizations, speak to all men who understand the language of art (as does science to all those who know its parlance)." Then, summarizing lucidly in his introduction, Malraux writes, "A massed people from all lands, barely conscious of forming a community, seems to wait on the art of all the ages, hoping that it may fill an unknown void in them."

The body of the book is divided into

two main considerations of art—that of the divine and that of faith, or, in other words, the pagan and the Christian. Fortunately for the reviewer, Malraux has provided, in trenchant phrases at the book's end, an analytical table of his ideas, which, since one travels at vertiginous speed in company with his mind, serves in the manner of a railway timetable (as one French critic has gratefully pointed out), so the reader can know which way on earth Malraux is headed. He starts by declaring that the Western world might have known more about the profound questions posed by art's existence if it had not erred for centuries in thinking that the origin of all art was the Greek conquest of the human likeness, and, moreover, in thinking that "Greek sculptors wished the gods to look like men," when their aim was the other way around. Beauty was a matter of divinity, "which set the goddesses apart from mortal women." The statues of the prize athletes—for, as Malraux points out, Greece also invented glory—were "not portraits but ex-votos in the grand style," given by the crowned athletes to the temples, as, later, the Christian princes gave statues of saints to the churches. Greece, all in all, was where the divine was visible only in "the domain of art." The great event, around 500 B.C., was that man began to unlearn the idea of the sacred. And when the Greek heritage passed to Rome, in that city, "for the first time, a major art recognized the system of resemblances as the system of the world; for the first time, resemblance became *the real*."

Malraux's chapters on the art of faith, which was Christian, open with his statement that to replace the former pagan art peopled by statues, Byzantium created a population of immobile apparitions—the holy figures of the mosaics. Then follow chapters illustrated with reproductions of extreme interest to any travellers familiar with the carved Romanesque and Gothic figures of the great churches—St. Sernin at Toulouse, Christ in Majesty at Moissac, the bas-reliefs at Chichester, the figure of Isaiah at Siena, the Chevalier at Bamberg, the Strasbourg Cathedral's figure called Synagogue, the statuary columns of the Royal Portal at Chartres, the Coronation of the Virgin at Notre-Dame de Paris, and so on. (The book contains about a hundred and eighty illustrations—thirty-one in color—which mostly show little-known art items or rare views of well-known art items.) As the Gothic style and the veneration

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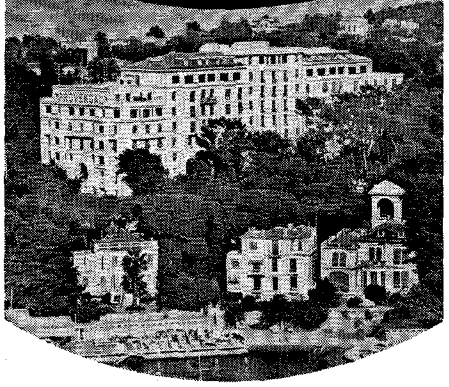

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of the Virgin flowered, and love, pity, and charity became the new ideal of human faith, the carved life of the Virgin came to settle at home in the cathedrals—Queen of the feudal hierarchy of peasants, seigneurs, emperors, and popes who made up the medieval civilization of faith. In its wake, as an extension, came the art of painting—first in two dimensions, flatly stating the world of God, then (with Giotto) in three dimensions, in loving imitation of man and nature. And far to the north, in Flanders, where painting was also strong, came portraiture and the world of Flemish art. There this volume ends, almost abruptly, with the art of van Eyck, who painted Eve, the saints, and the Virgin as people in a living world, enriched by the reality before the painter's eyes, the reality that he saw existed, whereas in the south Italy was getting ready "to paint Venus because she did not exist."

SHOWING the French Communist Party's unflagging talent for heating up the discontented working classes with the idea that they are being robbed anew by the capitalistic Fourth Republic, *L'Humanité* has been moaning since Monday, when Métro, bus, and suburban-train tickets went up fifty per cent, that the new increase has hit the proletariat hardest, as usual. But as the workers—and even the commuting bank presidents from the *banlieu* villas—must have noted on Monday morning, when they bought their regular weekly transportation card of twelve trips, their kind of ticket was precisely the one that had not gone up a centime. For us irregular riders who buy a single ticket at a time, the fare has indeed gone up fifty per cent in second class (from thirty francs to forty-five), and forty per cent in first class (from fifty francs to seventy). But the only thing that has really changed about the *carte hebdomadaire* is that, for the first time since the Nazis left, holders of the card for some reason have to sign it with their names and addresses, which led plenty of impatient Parisians on Monday to ask of the ticket-sellers, "*Eh bien*, are the Boches back in town?" In 1948, after an earlier transportation price boost, employers were ordered to pay each of their card-holding employees a monthly *prime de transport*, which covered the higher fares. This contribution the boss has been paying ever since, of course—plus additional sums to cover succeeding price rises. Now there is some talk in the papers—and a great deal outside, among the people general-

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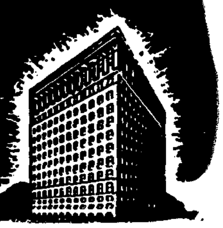

ly—that a new levy will be exacted from the boss but that this time he will pay a monthly sum per employee direct to the transport company to reimburse it for not raising the price of the *carte hebdomadaire*.

In preparation for Monday, the Régie Autonome des Transports Parisiens, known as the R.A.T.P., which operates the Métro, the buses, and the suburban trains, pasted up large announcements in each station, explaining that it felt duty bound to inform the population of its reasons for the new prices. It stated that from 1949 to 1952 the R.A.T.P. had managed to break even, but that since then it had consistently been in the red. Adding, in big letters, "No Enterprise Can Live Under Such Conditions," it also candidly stated that for economy's sake it had sharply cut down on its employees, reducing them by one-sixth, but that the rate of "productivity" of those who remained was "superior" to that of the New York and the London subways. What the weekly ticket-holders now fear is that the bosses may refuse to carry the monthly increase—no announcement has been made of their acceptance, in any event—in which case the unchanged rate of the *carte hebdomadaire* may be boosted and fall on their shoulders. This gloomy forecast seems to have been provoked by ordinary table wine's having also taken a new jump in price on Monday, without warning.

Another esteemed liquid—though only by the middle and upper classes—that has gone up in price is whiskey. Its popularity with the French has so increased over the last years that at smart cocktail parties people drink nothing but Scotch, as in the Françoise Sagan novels. With Premier Gaillard's deflation of

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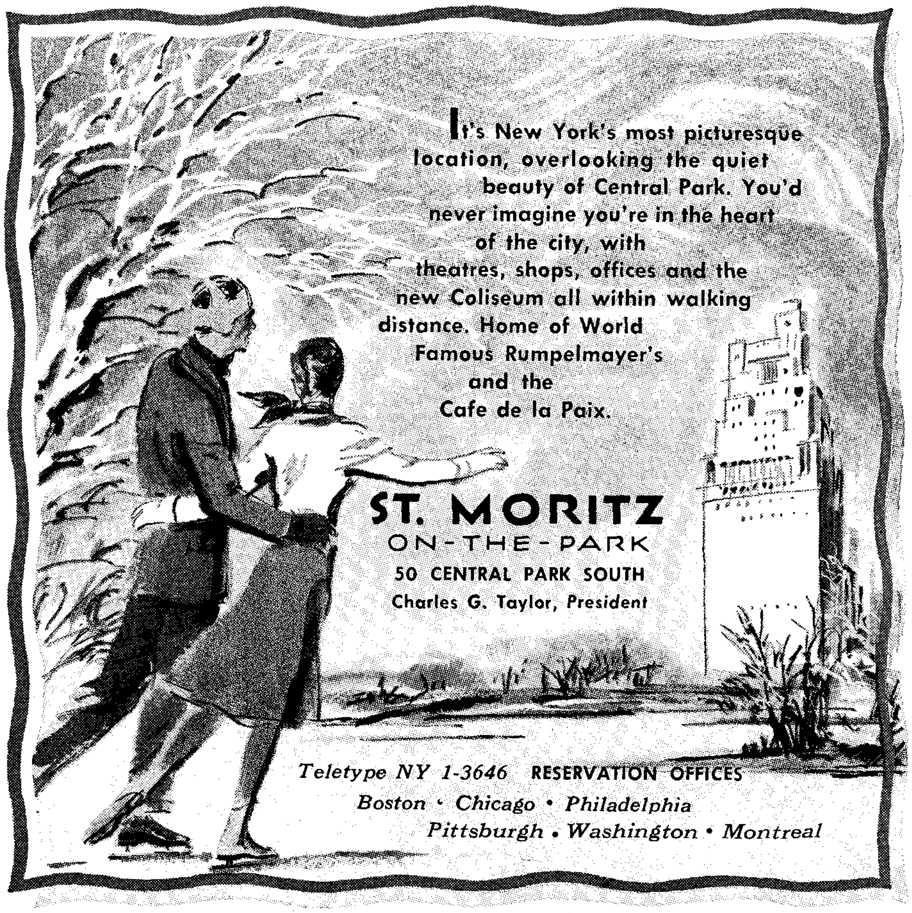

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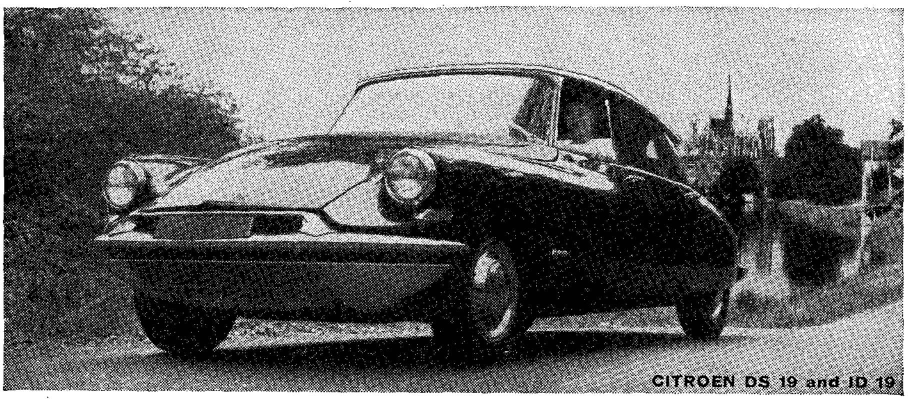

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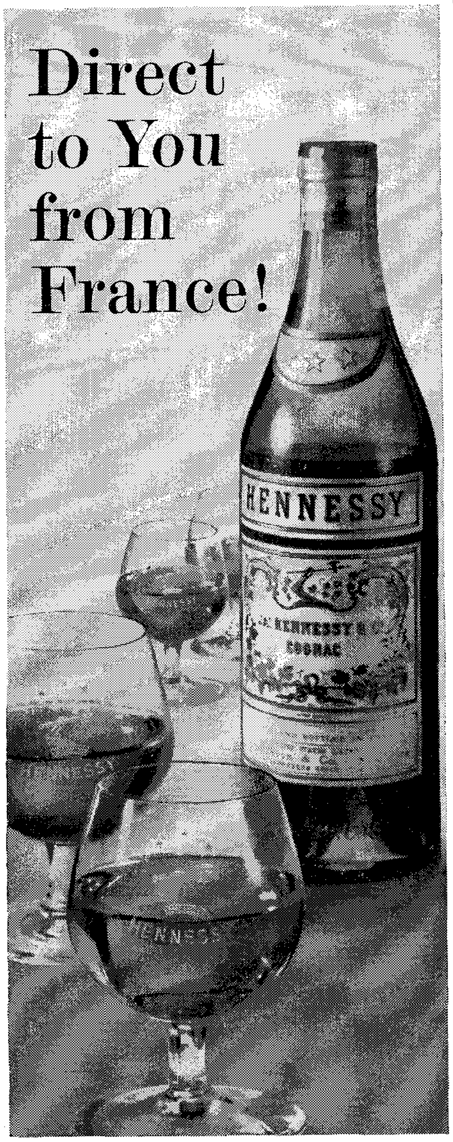

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the franc, imported whiskey has become rarer than hens' teeth in Paris shops. In good bars, the Scotch bottle that two years ago generously served fifteen drinks, at three hundred and fifty francs each, now is stretched to serve eighteen, at four hundred francs. In an effort to participate in this new hard-liquor apéritif style, the leading French cognac firms have all been making a special type of brandy, advertised to be consumed with water, in the old English fashion. Hennessy is making one called Henco, Monnet's is called Fine Dry, Courvoisier's is called Gala, and there is also one simply named Ducky. —GENÊT

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(GUMMY LASH DIVISION)

[*From "The Whistling Shadow," by Mabel Seeley*]

. . . and her lashes were of the kind that look sticky. —*Page 31.*

. . . the sticky dark lashes drooping lower. —*Page 32.*

The flags of her sticky lashes might have been a bit apt to dip in salute to covert glances from men. —*Page 41.*

Tangled lashes confining her glance to her plate . . . —*Page 43.*

She didn't lift the lashes. —*Page 43.*

. . . the lashes lifted at least a little . . . —*Page 48.*

. . . the half raising and lowering of the gummy lashes . . . —*Page 53.*

. . . looking downward with gaze hidden by the lashes which were stickily adhesive . . . —*Page 61.*

. . . just enough so the gummy lashes allowed a glimpse . . . —*Page 63.*

Dark half-moons underwrote the sticky lashes. —*Page 84.*

. . . the dark glance from under the thickened lashes . . . —*Page 97.*

The lashes unsticking farther and farther in astonishment. —*Page 100.*

. . . she'd shed all her beauty aids, including the gummy substance ordinarily thickening her lashes. —*Page 103.*

. . . after the first day, her lashes, when they lifted at all, lifted gummily. —*Page 131.*

•

A lovely writes, "Several weeks ago you mentioned the charm of a smiling face. But it is one that I must forego. You see my upper lip is so short that the gum margins show when I smile. It's not attractive and there seems to be no help for it. Do you know of a correction?"

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Yemenite Hoedown

NOT being an expert on the anthropology of the Middle East, I am unable to say how much of the dancing, singing, and gong and drum playing offered by the Yemenite dance troupe from Israel known as Inbal, which opened last week for a limited run at the Martin Beck Theatre, derives from the traditions of the Yemenite Jews. I thought I discerned in it quite as much of Martha Graham, and even of Ruth St. Denis, as I did of anything that might reflect such primitive folkways as I imagine exist at the southern end of the Arabian peninsula. And the circumstance that the American choreographers Jerome Robbins and Anna Sokolow have been serving as advisers to Inbal lent further weight to the theory that its productions, and even its aesthetic attitudes, are Western rather than Oriental. I am probably quibbling, however. The facts are that nearly half of the members of the company come from the isolated colony of Jews who settled in Yemen shortly after the destruction of the Second Temple and the rest are of Yemenite extraction; that, as typified by the Inbal group, these Jews seem to have a number of traits, both physiognomical and in their way of moving about, that are very much their own; and that they are a remarkably playful and ingratiating lot. The women are generally handsome, the men all wear beards, and the entire troupe dances to, and sings, music that ranges from more or less sophisticated modern scoring to genuine Yemenite Jewish and Arab folk song. There is, in the folk numbers, a lot of vigorous jumping about in costumes that resemble striped nightshirts. Not only does everybody dance and sing but nearly everybody thumps on a variety of percussion instruments. On the whole, Inbal presents a colorful and lively show—a show that the opening-night audience, at least, found very satisfactory.

Of the numbers on the program, the one entitled "Song of Deborah" seemed to me to reflect the Graham style most strongly. It had an Old Testament subject and Biblical costumes, and its rather earnest pantomime provided the troupe's star, Margalith Oved, with an opportunity to display her fairly striking qualities as a theatrical personality. The ensuing number, "Yemenite Wedding," was more obviously based on folk tradition, its aim being to portray the actual events of this people's marriage ceremony, in which, for one thing, the groom is not permitted to see just who it is he's marrying until he's married to her. A great deal of highly expert singing in the florid Near Eastern manner accompanied this item, and the work seemed to me entertainingly exotic and, in parts, quite beautiful.

ON Wednesday night, at the City Center, George Balanchine presented a new ballet called "Gounod Symphony," and while it undoubtedly can be placed among his more conventional efforts, I, for one, found it utterly charming. The stage was filled with the New York City Ballet's entire corps of thirty dancers—the women dressed in peach-colored tutus—and Horace Armistead provided a pleasing set in the Fragonard landscape style, with the result that the whole production had the atmosphere of ballet in the grand and spectacular nineteenth-century manner. Maria Tallchief took the principal female role, and I have never seen her dance more brilliantly. With her handsome partner, Jacques d'Amboise, she made the second-movement pas de deux, in particular, a memorable poetic experience. The corps de ballet occasionally showed some signs of the overconscientiousness that is apt to attend the production of a brand-new and elaborate work, but this will doubtless disappear in subsequent performances, when things shake down a bit. Throughout the work, Mr. Balanchine's unfailing taste and inventiveness were evident, as was his unusual gift for transmuting elegant musical phraseology into terms of motion. The music was, of course, Gounod's engaging little Symphony No. 1 in D Major, and the orchestra, under Leon Barzin's direction, performed it admirably.

ON Thursday night, Leonard Bernstein opened his second week as conductor of the New York Philharmonic, exhibiting some qualities of restraint and poise that I found quite gratifying in view of the air of theatricality that sometimes marks his podium performances. The audience was as large and enthusiastic as the one the week before, and this time Mr. Bernstein provided it with a program of the sort of music he finds most congenial. His reading of Mendelssohn's "Italian"

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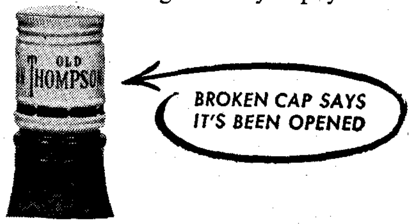

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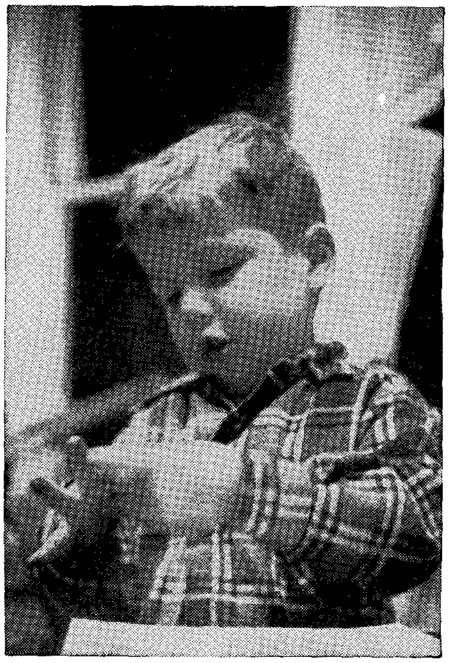

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Symphony, which opened the program, was crisp and orderly, though I should not compare it with the superb interpretations this work received during the great age of Toscanini and Koussevitzky. The Mendelssohn was followed by the Fourth Symphony of David Diamond, a much stronger and more lucid composition than that composer's Sixth, which I greeted with a certain amount of bad temper last spring. The Fourth, which I had heard before, struck me again as a very well-knit composition—one of the many fine examples of symphonic workmanship that are being turned out nowadays by American composers. I could argue that its musical meanings are not very deep, that its emotional impact is rather slight, and that it is essentially a demonstration of technique, but then the same can be said of most contemporary symphonies, and Mr. Diamond's at least has the virtues of conciseness and clarity. Mr. Bernstein performed it as effectively, I think, as anyone could.

The second half of the program was devoted to Beethoven's Violin Concerto, in which the veteran violinist Mischa Elman appeared as soloist, celebrating his fiftieth year of performing in this country. Mr. Elman, whose cherubic appearance hasn't changed much with the passing of the years, has never impressed me as being one of the great musical stylists among performers on the violin, but his physical technique has always been a formidable phenomenon, and he still possesses the hammerlike power and accuracy of the left hand and a great deal of the luscious beauty of tone that have made him one of the outstanding violinists of his period. While I should not describe his interpretation of the concerto as artistically distinguished, there were aspects of his playing—the magnificent assurance of his *détaché* bowing and the clarity of his tone in double and triple stops (especially in the cadenzas)—that showed him to be still capable of much of his old wizardry. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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The meeting is scheduled at 8 P.M. at the E. Board St. Presbyterian Church meeting house. The public is incited.
—*Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.*

Somebody must have stirred up Mrs. Kabelka, too.

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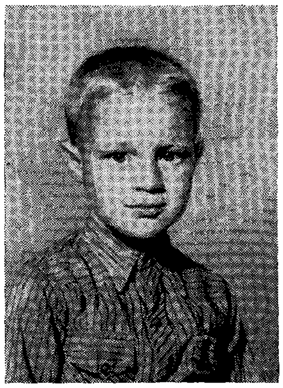

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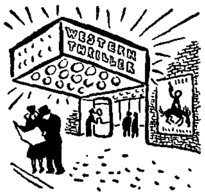

IF, in some access of romanticism, you've thought of yourself as a stunt pilot, a destroyer commander, or the captain of a submarine, you might take a look at "The Tarnished Angels" and "The Enemy Below," just to get new material for your daydreams. The former is an adaptation by George Zuckerman of William Faulkner's novel called "Pylon," and it describes the antics of one of the aerial troupes that barnstormed the country during the depression, the chief figures being an aviator from the First World War (Robert Stack); his wife, who is a parachute jumper (Dorothy Malone); a mechanic (Jack Carson); and a reporter (Rock Hudson). It is Mr. Hudson's conviction that the flying-machine trio is somehow socially significant, and he keeps bothering his editor about doing a story on them. In this he is misguided; all hands are a dull lot. Mr. Stack is obsessed with flying upside down and such, Miss Malone is singularly available, and Mr. Carson isn't very rousing as he goes about waving his oil cans. For that matter, the reporter himself isn't a very entertaining type. His dialogue is hopelessly stilted, his drinking habits are deplorable, and his attempts to keep Miss Malone from surrendering herself to this cad and that are uniformly boring. However, the picture does include some exciting sequences of aerial circuses at work, and I suppose we should be grateful for that.

"THE ENEMY BELOW" is another dish of tea entirely. Directed by Dick Powell, written by Wendell Mayes, and derived from a novel by D. A. Rayner, it is a stimulating account of the pursuit of a German submarine in the South Atlantic by an American destroyer during the Second World War. Mr. Powell craftily maintains suspense throughout this exercise, and he is quite clever in establishing, with a nice economy of style, the fact that the destroyer commander (Robert Mitchum) and the submarine captain (Curt Jurgens) are both seasoned and expert tacticians. The nautical argot is kept to a minimum, and the proceedings are always comprehensible. The usual

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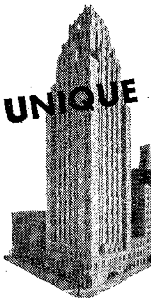

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drama involved in submarine dives, depth charges, and diversionary maneuvers is exploited to the fullest, and both Mr. Mitchum and Mr. Jurgens are stalwart and impressive as they go sneaking about the South Atlantic. The cat-and-mouse routine has been a pretty reliable movie device over the years, and in "The Enemy Below"—which is what we should like to think of as a standard adventure movie—it has an added point, in that the mouse is a formidable opponent.

POSSIBLY, in a nostalgic mood, you might enjoy seeing such performers as the Keystone Cops, Ben Turpin, Harry Langdon, Charlie Chase, Laurel and Hardy, Will Rogers, and many, many more cutting loose in "The Golden Age of Comedy," a mélange of old one- and two-reel silent films. There's an awful lot of pie-throwing in the thing, and the humor in general, I'm afraid, is primitive. Even so, the assortment is not without its moments.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

PHONY PHONE

Have you seen the new Phony Phone gag? It's one of the funniest things you ever saw.

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Another Phony Phone gag that is terrific is as follows:

You pick up the phone and say, "Yes, he's here." Then you turn to some unsuspecting spectator and say, "It's for you." As you say this *you throw* the phone at the spectator who of course ducks thinking he's going to be hit with a real phone.

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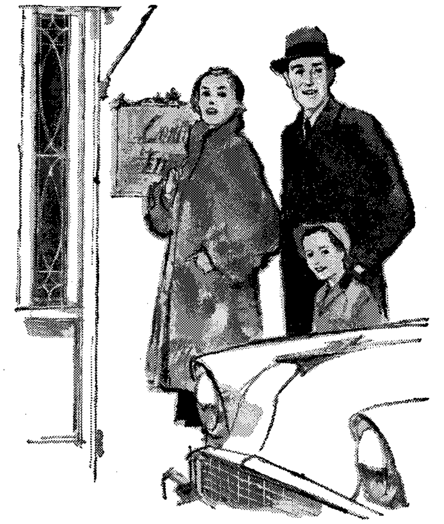
•

The pages of this book ["The Immense Journey," by Loren Eiseley] glow with the wisdom and originality of a scientist.... Such a delight to read that I feel like going out into the street and buttonholing passersby into sharing my pleasure.—*John Barkham, quoted in a Random House adv. in the Times Book Review.*

Patrick White's novel ["Voss"] is so brilliant and sustained a performance that this reviewer felt like going out into the street and buttonholing passersby into reading it.—*John Barkham, quoted in a Viking adv. in the Times Book Review.*

It's raining out, Barkham.



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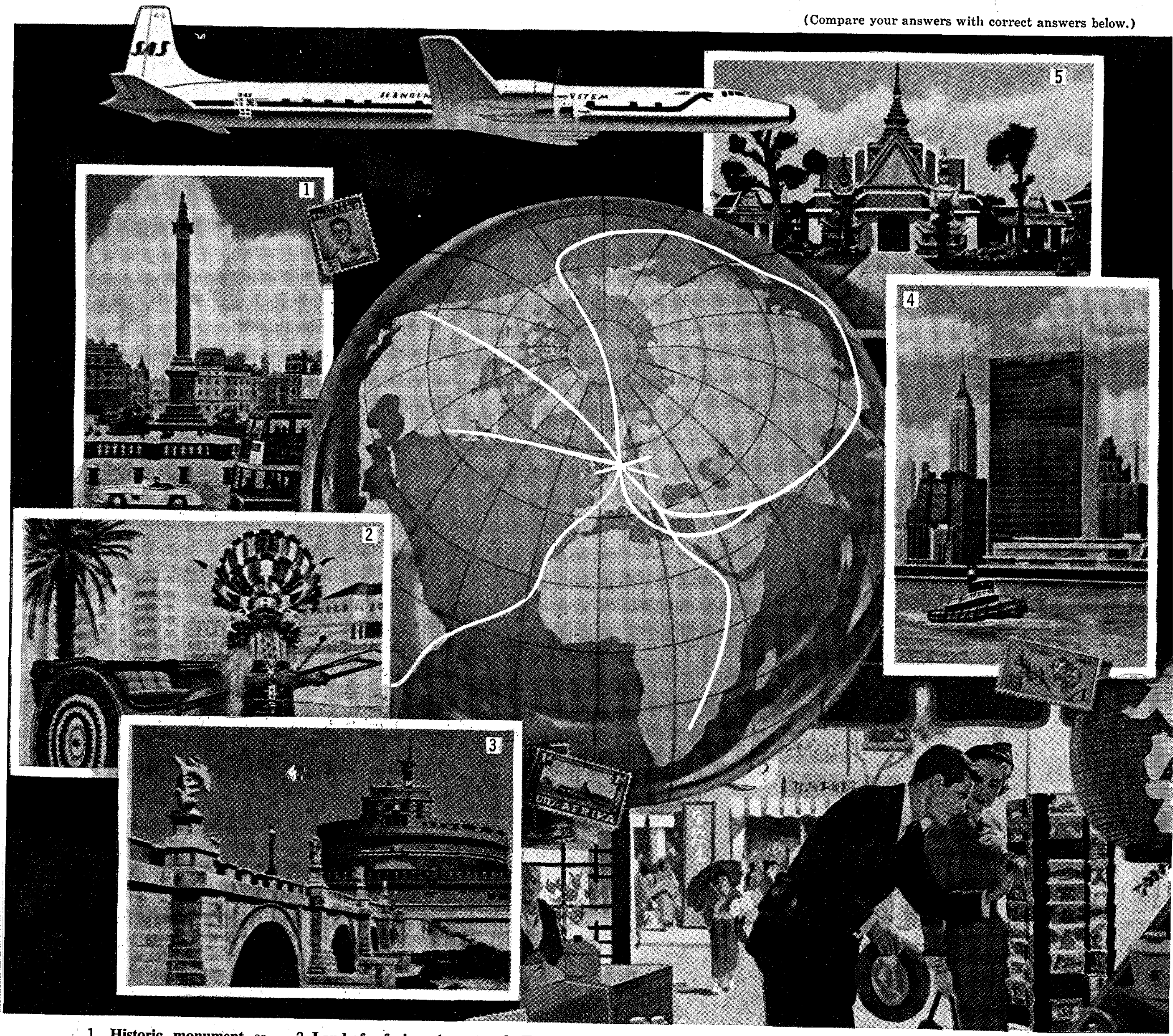

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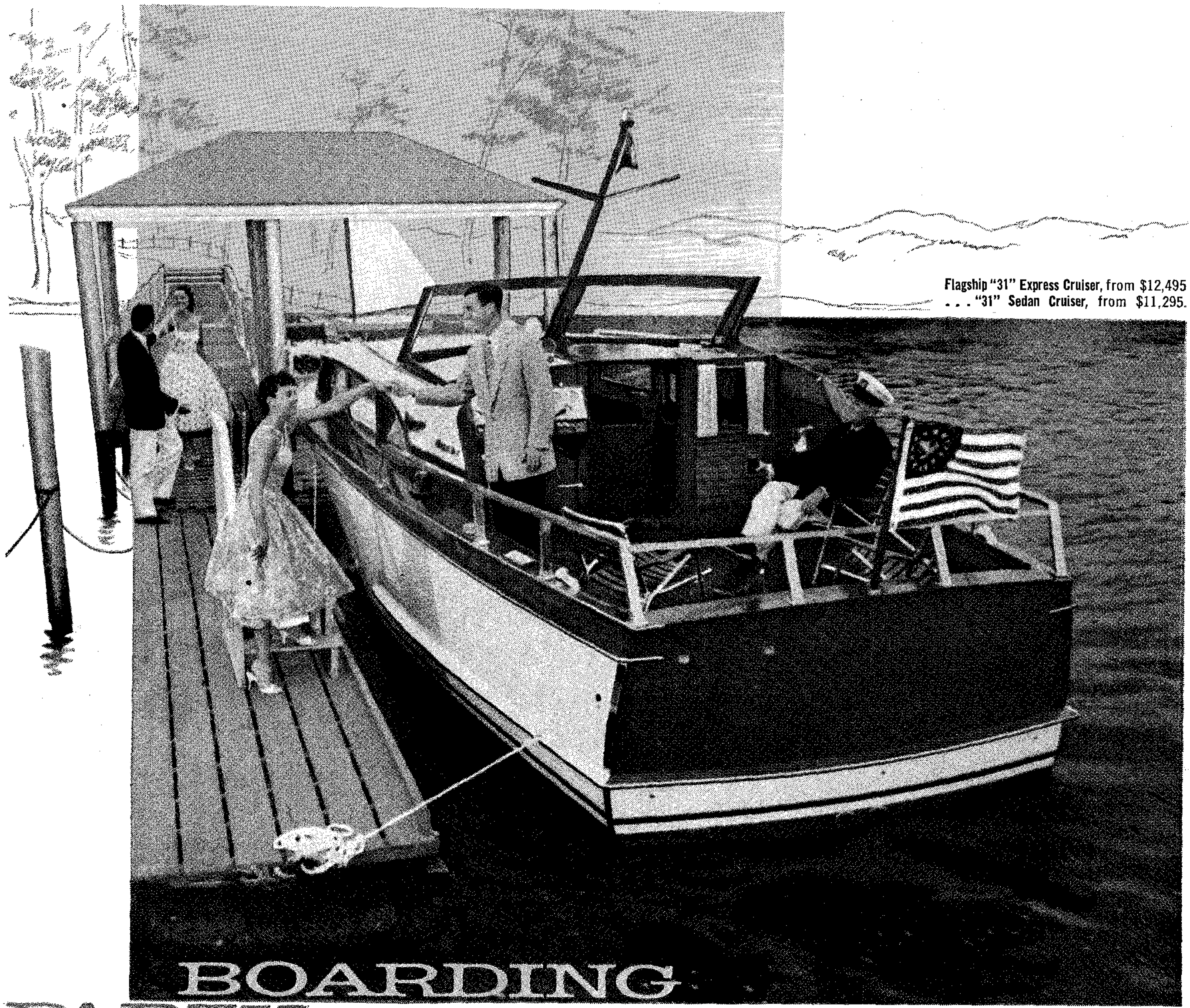

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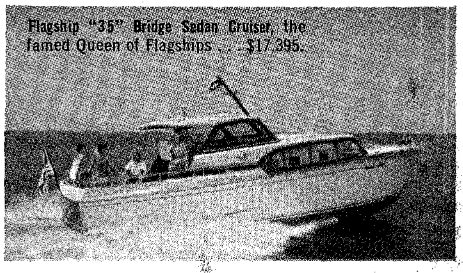

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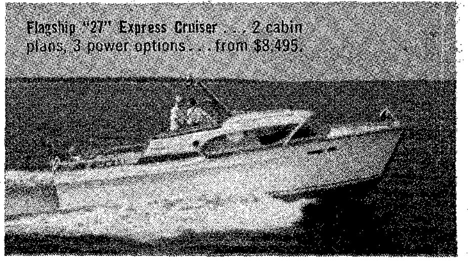

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BOOKS

Moses in the Old Brit'n

“The Lonely Londoners” (St. Martin's Press), the third novel by Samuel Selvon, a young Trinidadian of East Indian parentage, is a nearly perfect work of its kind. Mr. Selvon deserves double praise, for he has mastered, in addition to an unpretentious and poignant picture of a handful of West Indian Negroes adrift in modern London, one of the most difficult and delightful of literary forms—the pure dialect novel. He sets down with unfailing sureness the alternately ambling and somersaulting way in which the West Indian Negro approaches English. Here are the rich, home-cooked syntax of scrambled tenses and floating, antecedent-free pronouns, the casual poetic slang (“old lady look at him with a loud tone in her eye”), and the nerveless, non-stop rhythms that seem, in the end, to tamp all the grammatical bumps effortlessly into shape. Mr. Selvon sets these delicate rhythms going in the very first paragraph—which bears a marvellously foreshortened likeness to the opening paragraphs of “Bleak House”—and they never falter:

> One grim winter evening, when it had a kind of unrealness about London, with a fog sleeping restlessly over the city and the lights showing in the blur as if it is not London at all but some strange place on another planet, Moses Aloetta hop on a number 46 bus . . . to go to Waterloo to meet a fellar who was coming from Trinidad on the boat-train.

Mr. Selvon is the sort of invaluable Johnny-on-the-spot archivist who appears whenever an old language falls into new hands or is subjected to a new environment. This has been classically true in this country, where English has been quilted into an endless variety of warring near-dialects—the tight, slaty New England speech versus the thick, soft, melodious chug of the Alabama backlands, the windy Midwestern boom versus the square gray Germanic tones of the Bronx—which, in turn, have been recorded by an unbroken line of writers that stretches from Seba Smith and Mark Twain to Arthur Kober and J. D. Salinger. “The Lonely Londoners” is, however, more than expert dialect. (Its content, though, is inseparable from its language, which gives one the queer impression of being right inside the head of its hero, Moses Aloetta, looking out at the white-skinned girls in Hyde Park, breathing the soft green smell of a London spring.) The book is both an Impressionistic portrait of the commingling of two wholly alien races and a buoyant celebration of that eternal folk hero, the pioneer. It is done in a series of short sketches of a dozen Negroes—Cap, a hopeless drifter; Bartholomew, a miser; Lewis, an *ingénu;* and so forth—who revolve like moths around Moses Aloetta. (If Mr. Selvon intends any symbolism in the name, it is, though apt in a pleasant, oblique way, never forced on the reader.) Aloetta, one of the first of the forty thousand West Indian Negroes who have poured into the English slums since the Second World War, has been in “the old Brit'n” for ten years. Although he is not a cent richer than when he arrived, and has endured racial discrimination (“Over here is the old English diplomacy: ‘thank you sir,’ and ‘how do you do’ . . . but when you go in the hotel or the restaurant they will politely tell you to haul”), poverty, and hard work, he is a solid, contented man. Yet he has never been able to quiet the questions that recur when a cold fog shuts down:

> What it is that a city have, that any place in the world have, that you get so much to like it you wouldn't leave it for anywhere else? What it is that would keep men although by and large, in truth and in fact, they catching their royal to make a living, staying in a cramp-up room where you have to do everything—sleep, eat, dress, wash, cook, live. Why it is, that although they grumble about it all the time, curse the people, curse the government, say all kind of thing about this and that, why it is, that in the end, everyone cagey about saying outright that if the chance come they will go back to them green islands in the sun?

Aloetta's curiosity and donkey durability are the answer. Such immortal human stoutness, to be sure, was long ago hopelessly sentimentalized, but Mr. Selvon counters this with a broad, deft humor on nearly every page. Tolroy, a Jamaican acquaintance of Aloetta, meets his mother at the boat train:

> A old woman who look like she would dead any minute come out of a carriage, carrying a cardboard box and a paper-bag. . . . Then after she a young girl come, carrying

a flourbag filled up with things. Then a young man wearing a widebrim hat and a jacket falling below the knees. Then a little boy and a little girl, then another old woman, tottering so much a guard had was to help she get out of the train.

"Oh Jesus Christ," Tolroy say, "what is this at all?"

"Tolroy," the first woman say, "you don't know your own mother?"

Tolroy hug his mother like a man in a daze, then he say, "But what Tanty Bessy doing here, ma? and Agnes and Lewis and the two children?"

"All of we come, Tolroy," Ma say.

This is the blessedly balanced realism that skirts completely the depressing passion of the naturalistic novelist—the romance of total misery.

FRANÇOISE SAGAN advances an opposite proposition—that all endeavor, no matter how furious, is futile—with a brevity and grace that, unfairly accented by her precociousness (she is now twenty-two), have almost hidden the fact that her novels are not really novels at all. Her third work, "Those Without Shadows" (Dutton), which has been translated from the French by Frances Frenaye, is still another minor variation on degeneration among the *demi-haut monde* of Paris. It is, like "Bonjour Tristesse" and "A Certain Smile," a silky, attenuated short story in which the difficulties of love are quickly and neatly dismantled, like the parts of a watch, and left for the reader to cope with. The unchanging residue is pain, but it is the self-inflicted, fleeting pain of the adolescent rather than the slow, inescapable suffering that is the beginning of understanding. Miss Sagan's prose—simple, clear, precise—is a delight. She would please Willa Cather for another reason; with the exception of an occasional glancing description of the weather, a street, or the exterior of a house, her stories are so *démeublé* that they seem like Surrealist films in which all but the human figures have been focussed out. This is true of her new story, which is, however, as unsuccessful as it is ambitious. She departs from the tight, seesawing quadrangular love affairs at the center of the earlier books and plunges into the complex relationships of nine people, all of them, with one exception, involved in literary and theatrical Paris. Moreover, she attempts to shift for the first time from the easier first-person narrator—handled before by almost identically limpid, warm, and unscrupulous college girls—to the third person. The strain shows in curious ways. Her characters totter along like the infirm. The brittle but sure epigrams that high-heeled their way through her first works are now the

Harold Brodkey

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These nine stories (eight of which have appeared in The New Yorker) include "Sentimental Education," "The Quarrel" and the Laura series.

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efforts of a young person aping an old one: "Nothing is more like one Italian town than another Italian town," "No one is more conventional than a woman who is falling out of love," "Knitting, that great resource of unhappy women." The book covers exactly a year. At its end, two of her characters sadly discover, after their fruitless round of petty jealousy, lovemaking, and deception, that they are, like Miss Sagan herself, right where they were at its start.

Muriel Spark is a Scotch poet, critic, and biographer, and her first novel, "The Comforters" (Lippincott), is a funny, intricate exercise in plot that owes something to the masterly and malevolent mechanisms of Wilkie Collins. She deals with a smattering of English grotesques, including Louisa Jepp, a seventy-eight-year-old grandmother who turns to diamond smuggling to pass her old age; her grandson, Laurence Manders, an amiable B.B.C. announcer who is an innocuous but incurable snoop, given to cataloguing the contents of people's drawers; his former governess, Georgina Hogg, who, though a pious Catholic, is a witch; Mervyn Hogarth, her ex-husband and the "foremost diabolist" in Britain; and Caroline Rose, Manders' fiancée, who has remarkable hallucinations. Miss Spark sets these eccentrics rolling deviously back and forth across the English countryside until they are made to collide, by a ghostly novel-within-a-novel device. (Caroline's hallucinations involve the sound of a typewriter and voices that repeat exactly passages we have just read.) She decides that she is not real at all but a character in a novel being written by an unknown person, who turns out to be none other than herself; at the end, in fact, she goes off into the country to write "The Comforters." It takes some acrobatic thinking to get all this straight, but Manders and Mrs. Jepp, let alone Mrs. Hogg, who is one of the memorable demons in English fiction, are worth twice the effort.

—Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Man on the Rock, by Francis King (Pantheon). Spiro Polymerides, a handsome, idle young Greek who loves luxury and seldom gets much of it, looks back on his haphazard existence. His tone—mournful, humorous, and casually self-critical—is dictated by the fact that at the moment of writing he is on his

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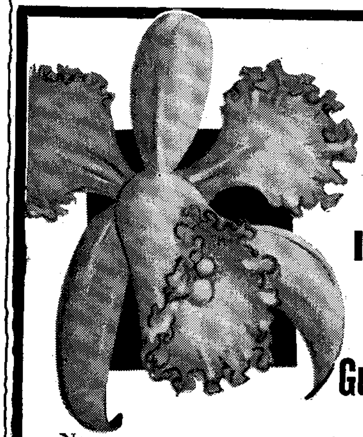

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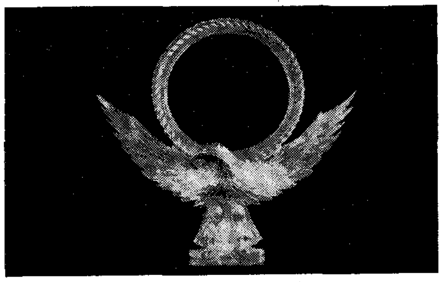

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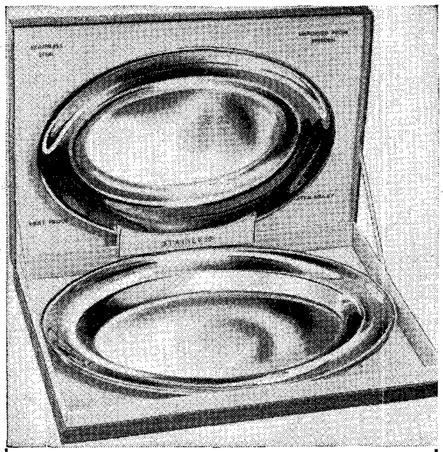
uppers. He begins his recollections with the night that a wandering gang of rebels burned down his native village, shot his mother, father, and elder brother, and abducted him, along with some other teen-age boys and girls. Later, after he had regained his freedom, he lived as best he could, and occasionally found a benefactor. He recalls three people who loved and indulged him, and who were made unhappy by him, and now that they are all three gone and he is stranded, he blames himself for his failure to love them enough. In his heart he knows that those who loved him most gained more from their brief possession of him than they would ever have been able to give him in return. Most of Spiro's memories belong to Athens, where the happiest years of his life were spent, but he also describes his recent married life, in London, up to the time of the accident that drives him finally, unwillingly, back to Greece. Mr. King has shown once again that he is an extremely gifted writer.

THE PROFESSIONAL, by W. C. Heinz (Harper). This precise, poignant, and absolutely honest book examines, almost day by day, the month of training that a middleweight prizefighter, Eddie Brown, undergoes at an upstate New York summer resort before his first crack at the world championship after nine years in the ring. It ends just after the fight, and the outcome, if devastating, is not in the least pitiless.

SOME CAME RUNNING, by James Jones (Scribner). Twelve hundred and sixty-six pages of flawlessly sustained tedium, dealing with three years (1947-50) in the lives of a handful of middle- and lower-class freaks—Dave Hirsh, a novelist and short-story writer; Frank Hirsh, his eldest brother and a successful businessman; Agnes Hirsh, Frank's wife; Gwen French, a college English teacher and critic; Robert Ball French, her father and a poet; and 'Bama Dillert, a small-time gambler—all of them inhabitants of a little town in southern Illinois called Parkman. Walpurgis Night and the last days of the Roman Empire are Mr. Jones' symbolic rallying point, which may explain the non-stop round of adultery, drunkenness, dishonesty, and self-delusion his characters are subjected to before they go under—not so much because of what they have done to themselves and to each other but because of Mr. Jones' apparent conviction that pain and



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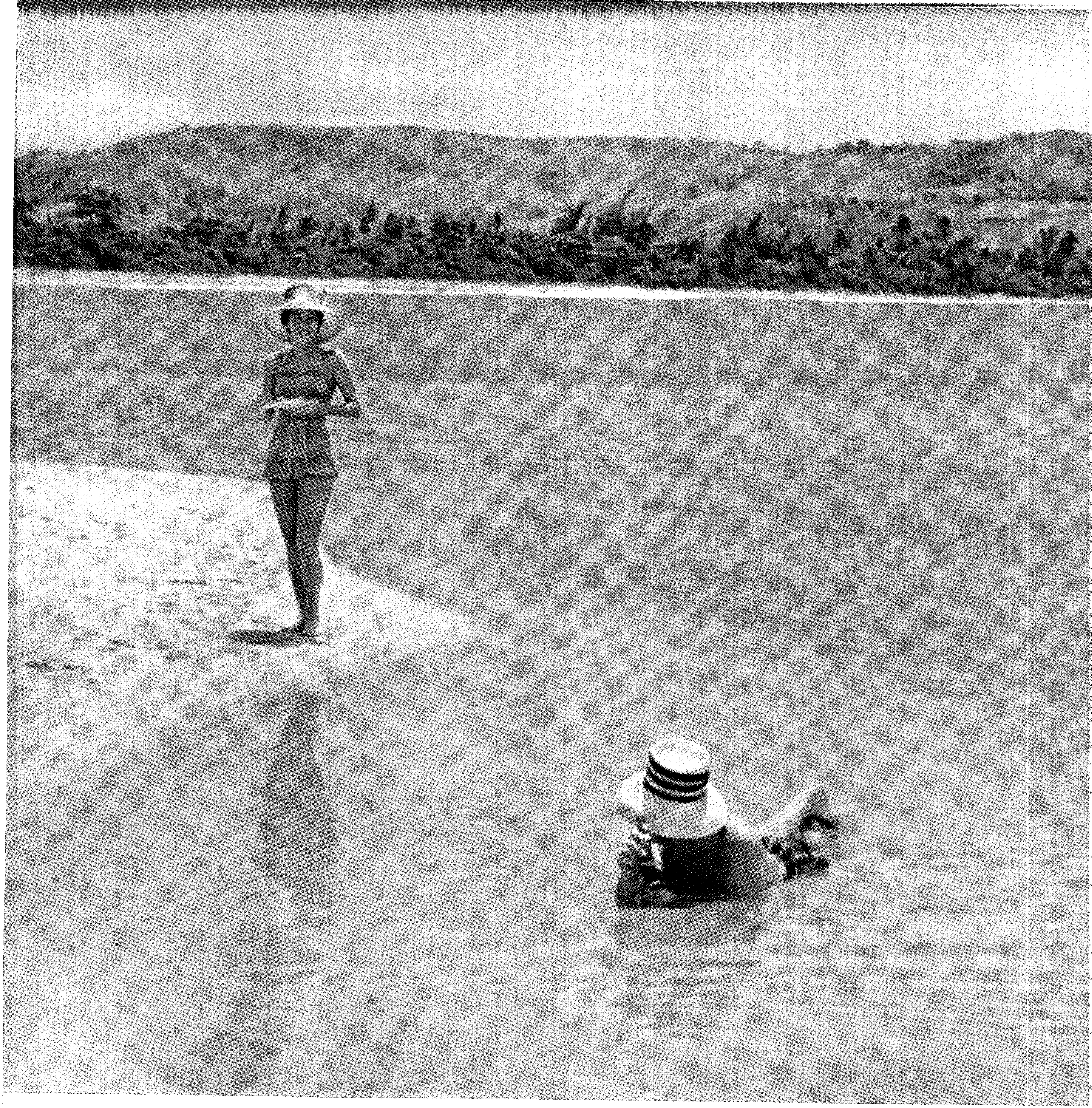

After office hours in Puerto Rico. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

The Executive Life in Puerto Rico

THE OTHER DAY somebody questioned our wisdom in stressing the good life in Puerto Rico. "If life is so delightful," he said, "how can you expect executives to *work?*"

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But they cannot express the more personal rewards you get from being part of it all. Hence our picture. It was taken on Luquillo Beach. After a hard day, wouldn't *you* appreciate a sea so warmly gentle it doesn't even tickle the soles of your feet? And how about a house in those green hills?

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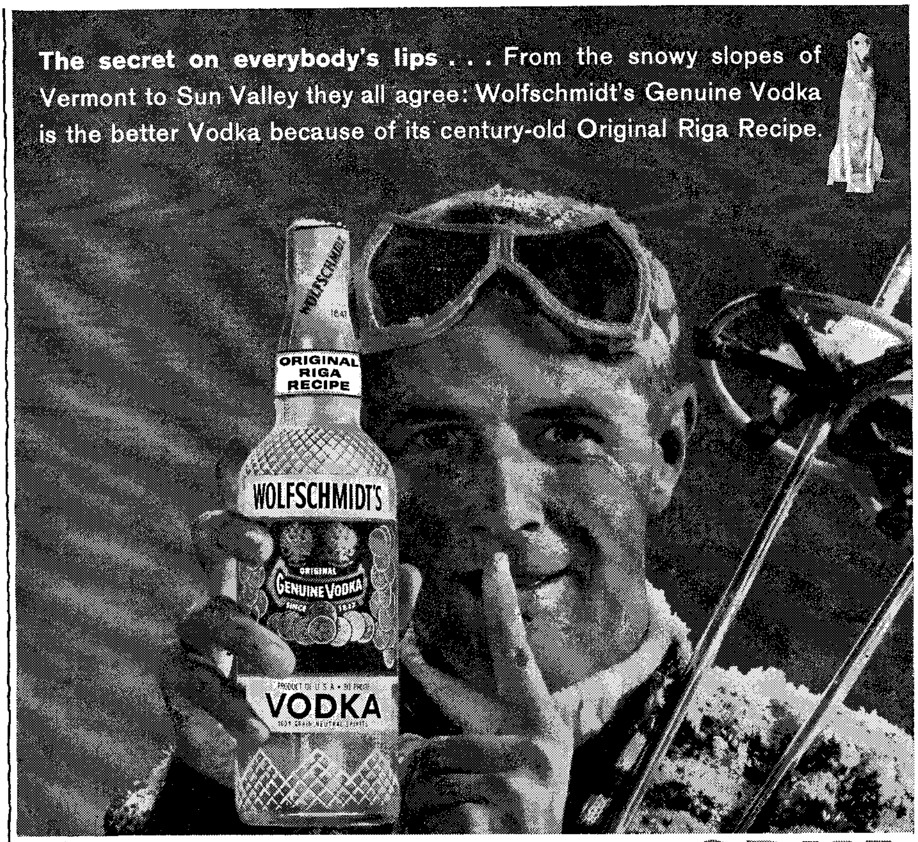
failure are the only realities. (Conrad's celebrated pessimism allowed his figures *some* dignity or intelligence; Mr. Jones' begins right at the lip of hell.) There are, as in the author's first novel, digested and undigested traces of Thomas Wolfe, Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis—as well as, for the first time, a kind of fuddled, Midwestern Proust—but the dominant and inescapable tone is that of Mr. Jones' own smudged, freshman prose.

NOTE: "First Love and Other Sorrows," a volume of nine short stories by Harold Brodkey, of which eight first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Dial.

GENERAL

THE DIARY OF "HELENA MORLEY," translated from the Portuguese by Elizabeth Bishop (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). A minor Brazilian classic, this book consists of three years of a journal kept by a teen-age girl in the eighteen-nineties. "Helena Morley," who is still alive but has never written anything since, had the precocious wisdom and the clear-eyed insight and outsight of the born writer. "It's my fate that everyone who loves me makes my life miserable," she decides at one point; at another, when she is told by her mother that a baby went blind because God may have wanted to make him a saint, she writes, "I couldn't understand why God would want a blind saint. He could make him a saint, but at least one that could see a little." A thoroughly charming, beautifully translated book, with end-paper photographs and an introduction by Miss Bishop that is almost a capsule cultural history of Brazil.

THE WINTER OF THE BOMBS, by Constantine FitzGibbon (Norton). The blitz, as the systematic destruction of London by the Luftwaffe came to be known, began at five o'clock on the afternoon of September 7, 1940, with the bombing of Woolwich Arsenal and the East End docks, and continued, almost without intermission, for two hundred and forty-seven days and nights. When it ended, just before dawn on May 11, 1941, much of the city was in ruins and some ninety thousand men, women, and children had been killed or injured, but even Hitler was forced to admit that the whole ghastly endeavor had been a mistake. As Churchill had predicted, some twenty-five years earlier, the terrorization of civilians was unlikely to win a war. This book,



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the work of an Anglicized American who was in London during most of the blitz, is a comprehensive history of that eight-month nightmare, and on the whole a very satisfactory one. Mr. FitzGibbon is perhaps a little too generous with regional detail for any but British readers, but he is an admirably literate writer, and by calling upon several hundred extremely articulate eyewitnesses he has produced some truly memorable set pieces—most notably the Café de Paris disaster, of March 8th; the explosion of a land mine outside the B.B.C.; and the levelling of Sir Thomas More's Chelsea Old Church. Photographs and a good end-paper map of Central London.

WASHINGTON AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by Esmond Wright (Macmillan). A portrait of Washington and a critical estimate of him as a symbol. The author is a British professor of history who specializes in eighteenth-century America, and the book, a small and concise one, is an addition to a series called, rather forbiddingly, the Teach Yourself History Library. Professor Wright believes that "the quest for the historical Washington" is probably impossible of accomplishment today; the mythical Washington has become too solid, and anyway the man himself was not easily accessible. He was a great gentleman (though he was not born one), a great administrator and businessman (after all his years in public service, for which he asked no pay, he died one of the richest men in the country), and a man of enormous presence ("Not a King in Europe," said a London newspaper, "but would look like a *valet de chambre* at his side"). He was certainly no revolutionary, and he probably only dimly perceived the lineaments of the democratic idea that he, as much as any, sired. This is a good little book; it covers Washington's career—surveyor, farmer, soldier, President—adequately, but its real excellence lies in the almost clear picture we get of the man as he appeared to his contemporaries.

THACKERAY: THE AGE OF WISDOM, 1847-63, by Gordon N. Ray (McGraw-Hill). The concluding volume of Professor Ray's authorized, definitive, two-volume biography. The mature Thackeray is an engaging figure: facing down the story, based on Charlotte Brontë's rhapsodic dedication of "Jane Eyre" to him, that he was the original of Mr. Rochester and that she was his

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former governess; setting up a Victorian intimacy (close but reputable) with the wife of his friend Brookfield; impetuously feuding with Dickens and impetuously making up again; endlessly improvising rhymes at children's parties; and endlessly writing, writing. Professor Ray's concluding judgment is that "Vanity Fair" promised a Juvenal but that "under the genial influence of success, Thackeray came rather to resemble Horace"—and a very English Horace at that. Illustrated.

Lytton Strachey: His Mind and Art, by Charles Richard Sanders (Yale). A biography of the biographer of Queen Victoria and some of her eminent contemporaries by a professor of English at Duke. Professor Sanders goes exhaustively into the details of Strachey's life, friendships, and family connections; he then anatomizes Strachey's writings, even to the sound effects of his prose. ("The explosive *p*'s warn us that we are in the presence of restless, dangerous, pent-up power, and the *f*'s are like escaping steam.") A solid, workmanlike job, but it is a pity that Strachey, who wrote with so much style, should attract a biographer with so little.

From a Writer's Notebook, by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton). A short collection of notions that have occurred to Mr. Brooks—some of them spruced up as epigrams, others running as long as a page or so. They all reflect the author's lifelong interest in writing and in America and in American writing, and one way or another they express his preference for the plain-spoken (and the socially conscious) rather than for the fancy.

Propaganda, by Lindley Fraser (Oxford). Defining propaganda broadly as "the activity, or the art, of inducing others to behave in a way in which they would not behave in its absence," Mr. Fraser gives its history from Old Testament times, and explores such modern examples as the effect of "Black Beauty" on the treatment of horses, the "Belgian atrocities" of the First World War, Hitler and the Big Lie, Communist double-think, and commercial advertising. A volume in the Home University Library, and a characteristically temperate one.

And the Price Is Right, by Margaret Case Harriman (World). A spirited celebration of R. H. Macy & Co., the world's biggest and best-known department store, which will be a hundred years old this year. Mrs.

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Harriman, as always, is full of entertaining facts (the tea bag, for example, is a Macy invention) and overflowing with functional anecdotes, many of them quite funny, but it must be added that she very carefully refrains from saying anything that might bring even the faintest frown to the smiling faces of Jack I. Straus (chairman of the board), Wheelock H. Bingham (president), or Donald B. Smiley (vice-president and treasurer). Drawings by Roy Doty.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Anatomy of a Murder, by Robert Traver (St. Martin's). The defendant on trial in this practically interminable novel shot a man for raping his wife, and most of the book is devoted to his attorney's attempt to show that he was legally insane at the time of the killing. The author, who operates under a pseudonym, is a justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan and presumably knows what he is talking about, but his prose is so blankly undistinguished that it is very hard to care what happens to anybody. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

•

THE SIMPLE LIFE

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A Zulu lives in a round world. If he does not leave his reserve, he can live his whole life through and never see a straight line.—*Headline and text from the Times.*

In Zululand the huts are round,
The windows oval, and the rooves
Thatched parabolically. The ground
Is tilled in curvilinear grooves.

When Zulus cannot smile, they frown,
To keep an arc before the eye.
Describing distances to town,
They say, "As flies the butterfly."

Anfractuosity is king.
Melodic line itself is banned,
Though all are hep enough to sing—
There are no squares in Zululand.

—John Updike

•

All ladies of the church are asked to keep May 10th open to attend the meeting of the Women's Association. During the program that day we will have the privilege and pleasure of hearing the voices of several of our former pastor's wives. —*Bulletin of a Cedar Rapids, Iowa, church.*

How many did the old boy have?

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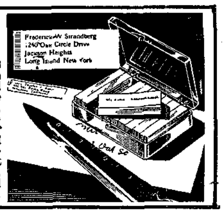

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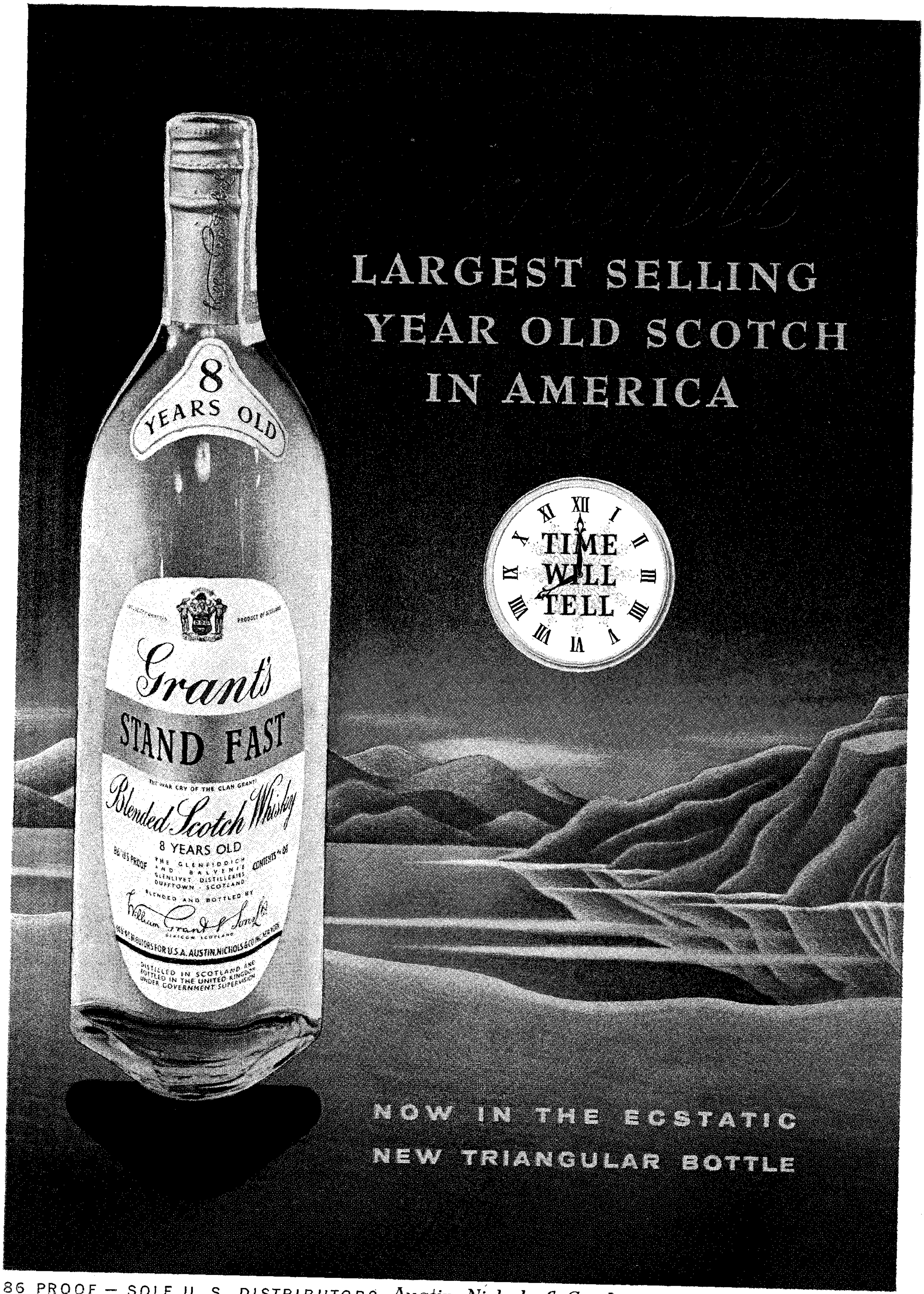
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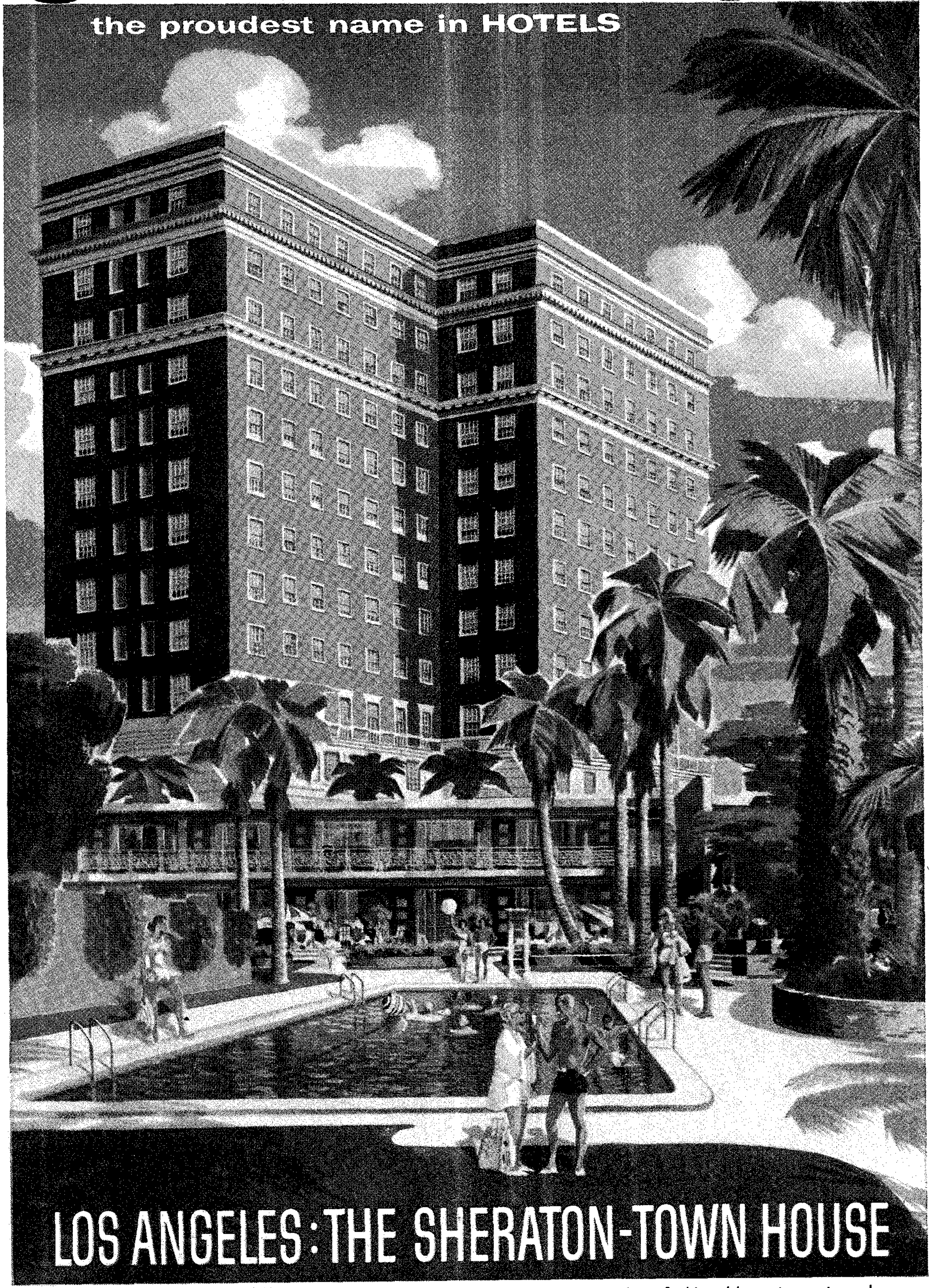

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